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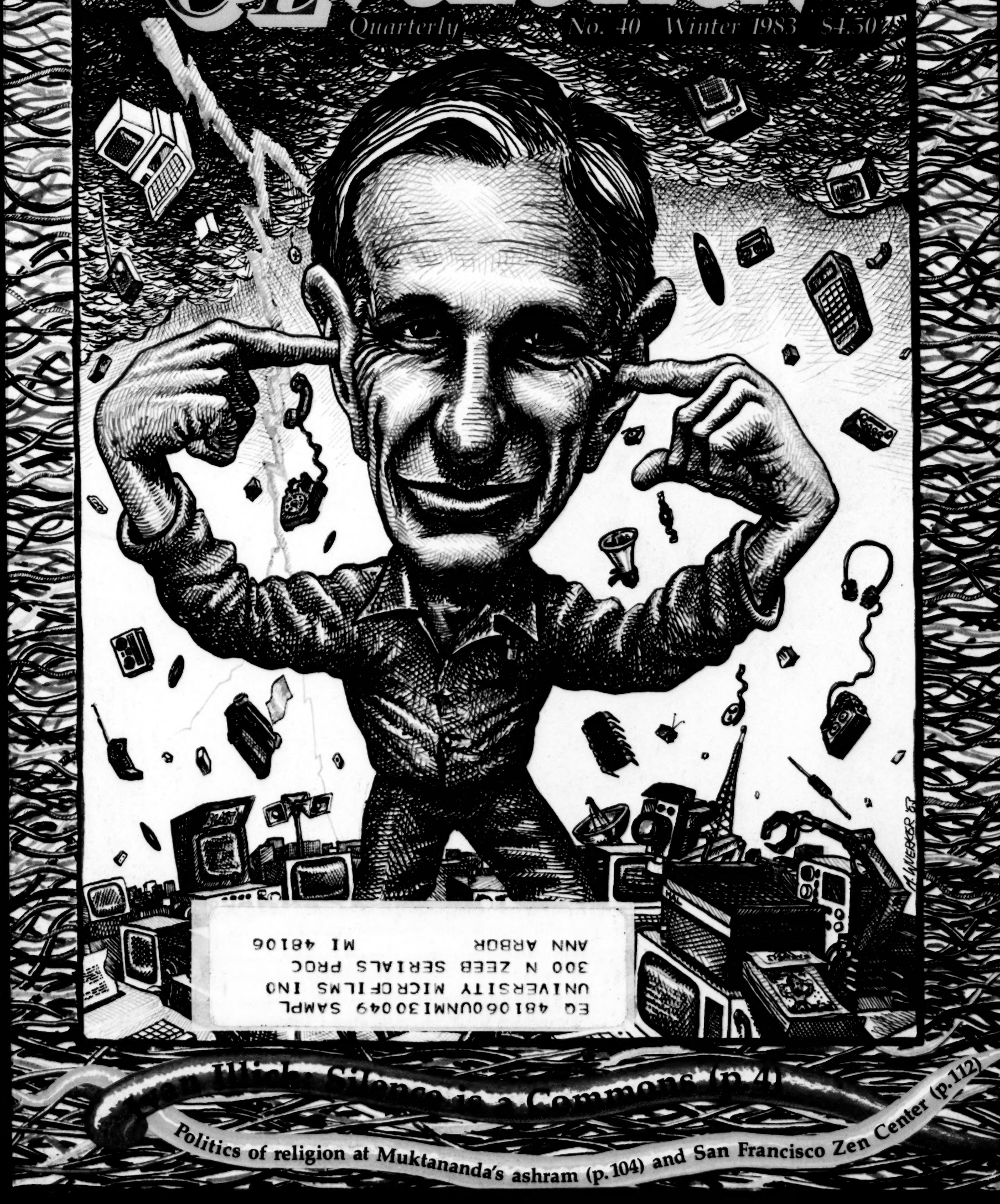

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HANDFAST

by Sallie Tisdale

ONE FACTOR DETERMINES all else about our relationship with our children: it is irreversible. The contract cannot be broken. Daily we leave jobs, houses, friends, lovers, but the child always comes along.

When the going is rough — when we don't like each other — my son and I can't call it quits and cut our losses. I can't pack a bag, make a break for it, perhaps find a more compatible child. Were it even the remotest of possibilities, everything else would change.

So I take risks with him I would never dare take with anyone else. I treat him badly, with rough impatience, with all the bile I hide from friends and lovers for fear of losing them. I am less tolerant of deviation and idiosyncrasies with him. We fight — bitterly — then, sad and weary of it, make up with a tentative kiss. I demand so much: love, loyalty, obedience, attention, and faith to a degree few adults would allow me to approach. For the most part, in these early years, I get what I demand — deserving or not.

He is tied and bound to me. We are entangled. When I wake from a bad dream without a sound, he wakes in the next room and cries for me. As a baby, his cry could make my breasts run with milk, his weight missing from my arms left me restless and sore. I watched the babyfat melt and muscles emerge from the perfect downy skin. I watch the features smooth over, change, gradually hiding the newborn between cheek and chin somewhere. He is the

Each of us is a daughter or son; more and more of us are parents. Yet we don't see much writing like this about resolving the two roles. Sallie Tisdale wrote the equally eloquent "Women's Work" in the Summer '83 CQ. Then she was a nursing student; now she's a nurse, working in Portland, Oregon, in a rehabilitation center with terminal patients. —*Art Kleiner*

The Trick of Children

illustrated by B.S. Beaver

flesh of my flesh that lovers promise and can't deliver.

Yet he is hardly conscious of the intimacy. Later, when he wakes to his own appetites, others' hands — strangers' hands — will stroke where I stroke now. I am jealous of this future secret-sharing apart from me, jealous of the response those hands will provoke.

Between us, yet, is no shame, no inhibition. He thinks me beautiful; he wants to grow to be like me. And I am bound to fail him, and bound to lose him. Daily the gap between us grows. He is not mindful of it — but I am. Oh, I am.

For many years, unremembered years, our children have only the vaguest notion of their separateness from us. We are an immutable and invariable framework in their lives, a perpetual foundation. Therefore they treat us with an abominable negligence and come one day, hat in hand, to claim themselves and leave. They grow into strangers certain to disappoint and perplex us, having long before wakened to disillusionment with us. They seem oblivious to our loss — after all, they've lost nothing. We are only their parents. And haven't we done all this before?

I treat my own mother with an offhand and rather inattentive disregard. She is, after all, my mother. She is always there, and I am always her child, as my son is my child, first, forever and ever.

Could she ever have felt this same fierce protective love for me? It seems she should be grieved, bereft, if that is so. I am far away from her. I cling to my son; this ordinary woman chats of relatives and the weather. What could she be hiding, unarticulate, beneath mundane conversation?

I may never know. Affection embarrasses us. A lump comes to my throat when my mother and I move close to each other; we both feel relief when the contact is averted. Will it be the same for my son and me, who now crawls like a spoiled child-prince across my lap? How could such ease be forgotten, to become the shy silence between my mother and me? — though I know she is like a limb to me, a vital organ.

She shows up, surprising me, in my words to my son. I repeat what she told me, the phrases and platitudes, in the same tone of voice and inflection I heard as a child. We all have vowed to do it differently, to be unlike our parents, and the most we can manage is a variation.

Will my son, then, repeat me, as I my mother and she my grandmother? I become part of his inheritance, and will prevail despite his efforts. Even when he's gone and busy forgetting me I'll show up, surprising him. He'll try to throw me off, the monkey on his back.

I'll grow old on him. The trick of parents through the ages — we turn again into children. "When I grow up," he tells me, "you'll be my baby." Yes, I smile. Yes, if only you knew, my son. I have put my grandmother on the toilet, to bed, consigned to death. Perhaps I'll do the same for my mother in her time. Perhaps one day I'll lie in bed, watching this smooth-faced boy fold my diapers, and see in him a gesture that reminds me of myself once young. But now he remains under my still-strong wing, unconcerned.

This frightful responsibility! I invited it, and I carry it out in a workaday way. But I quail secretly at the number of mistakes I'm bound to make, what I'll saddle him with, what the price for both of us will finally be. I'll give the world a son, heavy with the grief of giving him at all. Then and after, he'll drift in and out of my view, keeping secrets, neglecting me, while I watch from a distance, unrequited. ■

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Winter 1983

CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

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"LITE"/"BOLD"

*CoEvolution USUALLY comes in two editions these days. The one with "BOLD" on the cover has the standard mix of articles. The one with "LITE" on the cover has the same standard mix **minus** sexually explicit articles. As it happens, this Winter '83 issue has no especially rowdy material, so everybody is getting the same, and no distinction is made on the cover.*

The choice of two editions is offered as a courtesy to readers. Subscribers who prefer to receive either "CQ LITE" or "CQ BOLD" should let us know. (If you don't designate, you get "BOLD.") —*Stewart Brand*

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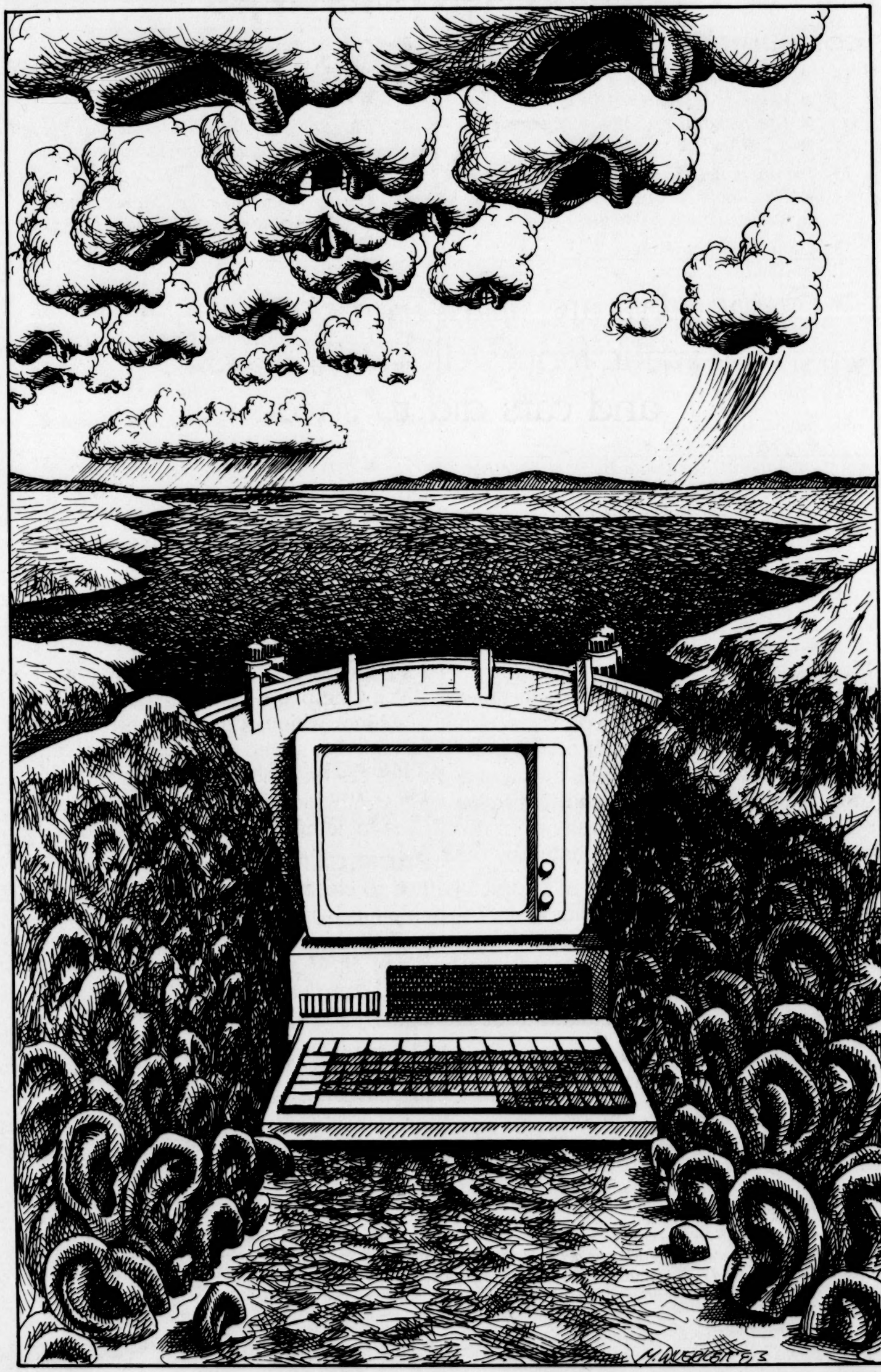
COVERS

If you've seen Ivan Illich speak, you know that he can describe the direst consequences with the most bemused smile — the expression that artist Matthew Wuerker captured on this issue's cover. Based on a speech given at a Japanese symposium, Illich's ***Silence is a Commons*** *(p. 4) worries that computers and other electronic media encroach on the commons in which our voices meet — hence the rain of electronic gear which Illich ignores in the cover illustration. The back cover, sent by author Bill McLarney, illustrates* ***Enemies and Friends*** *(p. 64), his explication of the national characters of three Central American countries. Jeronimo Matute, a Costa Rican prominent in Bill's article with "a good eye for impending disaster," was photographed by Don Graybill in a cocoa plantation, carrying a machete and a few worries of his own.* —Art Kleiner

COMMUNICATIONS



Silence is a Commons

Computers are doing to communication what fences did to pastures and cars did to streets.

by Ivan Illich

Illustrated by Matthew Wuerker

Minna-san, gladly I accept the honor of addressing this forum on Science and Man. The theme that Mr. Tsuru proposes, "The Computer-Managed Society," sounds an alarm. Clearly you foresee that machines which ape people are tending to encroach on every aspect of people's lives, and that such machines force people to behave like machines. The new electronic devices do indeed have the power to force people to "communicate" with them and with each other on the terms of the machine. Whatever structurally does not fit the logic of machines is effectively filtered from a culture dominated by their use.

The machine-like behaviour of people chained to electronics constitutes a degradation of their well-being and of their dignity which, for most people in the long run, becomes intolerable. Observations of the sickening effect of programmed environments show that people in them become indolent, impotent, narcissistic and apolitical. The political process breaks down, because people cease to be able to *govern* themselves; they demand to be *managed.*

I congratulate **Asahi Shimbun** on its efforts to foster a new democratic consensus in Japan, by which your more than seven million readers become aware of the need to limit the encroachment of machines on the style of their own behaviour. It is important that precisely Japan initiate such action. Japan is looked upon as the capital of electronics; it would be marvellous if it became for the entire world the model of a new politics of self-limitation in the

---

*Ivan Illich is doing to computers what he did to education (**De-Schooling Society**, 1971), to energy (**Energy and Equity**, 1974), to medicine (**Medical Nemesis**, 1975), and to sex roles (**Vernacular Gender**, 1983). Each time it has been radical analysis that changes our perception of what is really going on. Each time, and with growing clarity, it is an economic/historical analysis having to do with the idea of scarcity as a means of exploitation. This article is from Illich's remarks at the "Asahi Symposium: Science and Man — The Computer-managed Society," Tokyo, Japan, March 21, 1982. The ideas here are part of a book Illich is working on, **The History of Scarcity**.* —*Stewart Brand*

People
called commons
those parts of the
environment for which customary law
exacted specific forms of community respect.

field of communication, which, in my opinion, is henceforth necessary if a people wants to remain self-governing.

Electronic management as a political issue can be approached in several ways. I propose, at the beginning of this public consultation, to approach the issue as one of political ecology. Ecology, during the last ten years, has acquired a new meaning. It is still the name for a branch of professional biology, but the term now increasingly serves as the label under which a broad, politically organized general public analyzes and influences technical decisions. I want to focus on the new electronic management devices as a technical change of the human environment which, to be benign, must remain under political (and not exclusively expert) control. I have chosen this focus for my introduction, because I thus continue my conversation with those three Japanese colleagues to whom I owe what I know about your country — Professors Yoshikazu Sakamoto, Joshiro Tamanoi and Jun Ui.

In the 13 minutes still left to me on this rostrum I will clarify a distinction that I consider fundamental to political ecology. I shall distinguish the *environment as commons* from the *environment as resource*. On our ability to make this particular distinction depends not only the construction of a sound theoretical ecology, but also — and more importantly — effective ecological jurisprudence.

Minna-san, how I wish, at this point, that I were a pupil trained by your Zen poet, the great Bāsho. Then perhaps in a bare 17 syllables I could express the distinction between the *commons* within which people's subsistence activities are embedded, and *resources* that serve for the economic production of those commodities on which modern survival depends. If I were a poet, perhaps I would make this distinction so beautifully and incisively that it would penetrate your hearts and remain unforgettable. Unfortunately I am not a Japanese poet. I must speak to you in English, a language that during the last 100 years has lost the ability to make this distinction, and — in addition — I must speak through translation. Only because I may count on the translating genius of Mr. Muramatsu do I dare to recover Old English meanings with a talk in Japan.

"Commons" is an Old English word. According to my Japanese friends, it is quite close to the meaning that *iriai* still has in Japanese. "Commons," like *iriai,* is a word which, in preindustrial times, was used to designate certain *aspects* of the environment. People called commons those parts of the environment for which customary law exacted specific forms of community respect. People called commons that part of the environment which lay beyond their own thresholds and outside of their own possessions, to which, however, they had recognized claims of usage, not to produce commodities but to provide for the subsistence of their households. The customary law which humanized the environment by establishing the commons was usually unwritten. It was unwritten law not only because people did not care to write it down, but because what it protected was a reality much too complex to fit into paragraphs. The law of the commons regulates the right of way, the right to fish and to hunt, to graze, and to collect wood or medicinal plants in the forest.

An oak tree might be in the commons. Its shade, in summer, is reserved for the shepherd and his flock; its acorns are reserved for the pigs of the neighbouring peasants; its dry branches serve as fuel for the widows of the village; some of its fresh twigs in springtime are cut as ornaments for the church — and at

The law
establishing the commons
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sunset it might be the place for the village assembly. When people spoke about commons, *iriai,* they designated an aspect of the environment that was limited, that was necessary for the community's survival, that was necessary for different groups in different ways, but which, in a strictly economic sense, was *not perceived as scarce.*

When today, in Europe, with university students I use the term "commons" (in German *Almende* or *Gemeinheit,* in Italian *gli usi civici*) my listeners immediately think of the eighteenth century. They think of those pastures in England on which villagers each kept a few sheep, and they think of the "enclosure of the pastures" which transformed the grassland from commons into a resource on which commercial flocks could be raised. Primarily, however, my students think of the innovation of poverty which came with enclosure: of the absolute impoverishment of the peasants, who were driven from the land and into wage labour, and they think of the commercial enrichment of the lords.

In their immediate reaction, my students think of the rise of a new capitalist order. Facing that painful newness, they forget that enclosure also stands for something more basic. The enclosure of the commons inaugurates a *new ecological order.* Enclosure did not just physically transfer the control over grasslands from the peasants to the lord. Enclosure marked a radical change in the attitudes of society towards the environment. Before, in any juridical system, most of the environment had been considered as commons from which most people could draw most of their sustenance without needing to take recourse to the market. After enclosure the environment became primarily a resource at the service of "enterprises" which, by organizing wage-labor, transformed nature into the goods and services on which the satisfaction of basic needs by consumers depends. This transformation is in the blind spot of political economy.

This change of attitudes can be illustrated better if we think about roads rather than about grasslands. What a difference there was between the new and the old parts of Mexico City only 20 years ago. In the old parts of the city the streets were true commons. Some people sat on the road to sell vegetables and charcoal. Others put their chairs on the road to drink coffee or tequila. Others held their meetings on the road to decide on the new headman for the neighbourhood or to determine the price of a donkey. Others drove their donkeys through the crowd, walking next to the heavily-loaded beast of burden; others sat in the saddle. Children played in the gutter, and still people walking could use the road to get from one place to another.

Such roads were not built for people. Like any true commons, the street itself was the result of people living there and making that space liveable. The dwellings that lined the roads were not private homes in the modern sense — garages for the overnight deposit of workers. The threshold still separated two living spaces, one intimate and one common. But neither homes in this intimate sense nor streets as commons survived economic development.

In the new sections of Mexico City, streets are no more for people. They are now roadways for automobiles, for buses, for taxis, cars, and trucks. People are barely tolerated on the streets unless they are on their way to a bus stop. If people now sat down or stopped on the street, they would become obstacles for traffic, and traffic would be dangerous to them. The road has been degraded from a commons to a simple resource for the circulation of vehicles. People can circulate no more on their own. Traffic has displaced their mobility. They can circulate only when they are strapped down and are moved.

Enclosure
undermines the local
autonomy of community. Enclosure of
the commons is thus as much in the interest of
professionals and of bureaucrats as it is in the interest of capitalists.

The appropriation of the grassland by the lords was challenged, but the more *fundamental transformation* of grassland (or of roads) from commons to resource has happened, until recently, without being subjected to criticism. The appropriation of the environment by the few was clearly recognized as an intolerable abuse. By contrast, the even more degrading transformation of people into members of an industrial *labor force and into consumers* was taken, until recently, for granted. For almost a hundred years the majority of political parties has challenged the accumulation of environmental resources in private hands. However, the issue was argued in terms of the private utilization of these resources, not the distinction of commons. Thus anticapitalist politics so far have bolstered the legitimacy of transforming commons into resources.

Only recently, at the base of society, a new kind of "popular intellectual" is beginning to recognize what has been happening. Enclosure has denied the people the right to that *kind* of environment on which — throughout all of history — the *moral economy of survival* had been based. Enclosure, once accepted, redefines community. Enclosure undermines the local autonomy of community. Enclosure of the commons is thus as much in the interest of professionals and of state bureaucrats as it is in the interest of capitalists. Enclosure allows the bureaucrat to define local community as impotent — *"ei-ei, schau-schau!!!"* — to provide for its own survival. People become economic individuals that depend for their survival on commodities that are produced *for them.* Fundamentally, most citizens' movements represent a rebellion against this environmentally induced redefinition of people as consumers.

Minna-san, you wanted to hear me speak on electronics, not grassland and roads. But I am a historian; I wanted to speak first about the pastoral commons as I know them from the past in order then to say something about the present, much wider threat to the commons by electronics.

This man who speaks to you was born 55 years ago in Vienna. One month after his birth he was put on a train, and then on a ship and brought to the Island of Brac. Here, in a village on the Dalmatian coast, his grandfather wanted to bless him. My grandfather lived in the house in which his family had lived since the time when Muromachi ruled in Kyoto. Since then on the Dalmatian Coast many rulers had come and gone — the doges of Venice, the sultans of Istanbul, the corsairs of Almissa, the emperors of Austria, and the kings of Yugoslavia. But these many changes in the uniform and language of the governors had changed little in daily life during these 500 years. The very same olive-wood rafters still supported the roof of my grandfather's house. Water was still gathered from the same stone slabs on the roof. The wine was pressed in the same vats, the fish caught from the same kind of boat, and the oil came from trees planted when Edo was in its youth.

My grandfather had received news twice a month. The news now arrived by steamer in three days; and formerly, by sloop, it had taken five days to arrive. When I was born, for the people who lived off the main routes, history still flowed slowly, imperceptibly. Most of the environment was still in the commons. People lived in houses they had built; moved on streets that had been trampled by the feet of their animals; were autonomous in the procurement and disposal of their water; could depend on their own voices when they wanted to speak up. All this changed with my arrival in Brac.

On the same boat on which I arrived in 1926, the first loudspeaker was landed on the island. Few people there had ever heard of such a thing. Up to that day, all men and women had

Silence,
according to western
and eastern tradition alike, is
necessary for the emergence of persons.
It is taken from us by machines that ape people.

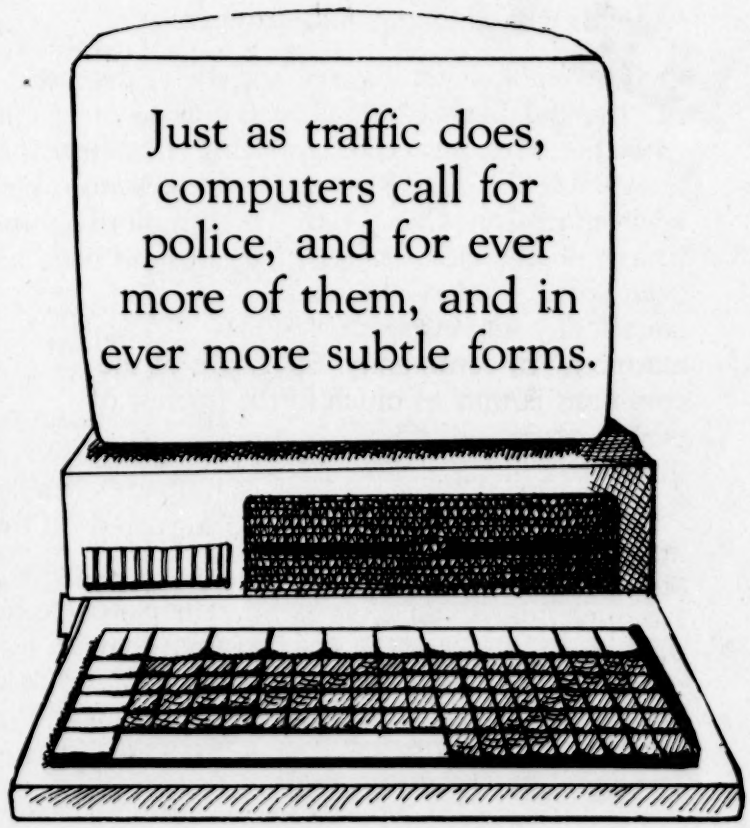
spoken with more or less equally powerful voices. Henceforth this would change. Henceforth the access to the microphone would determine whose voice shall be magnified. Silence now ceased to be in the commons; it became a resource for which loudspeakers compete. Language itself was transformed thereby from a local commons into a national resource for communication. As enclosure by the lords increased national productivity by denying the individual peasant to keep a few sheep, so the encroachment of the loudspeaker has destroyed that silence which so far had given each man and woman his or her proper and equal voice. Unless you have access to a loudspeaker, you now are silenced.

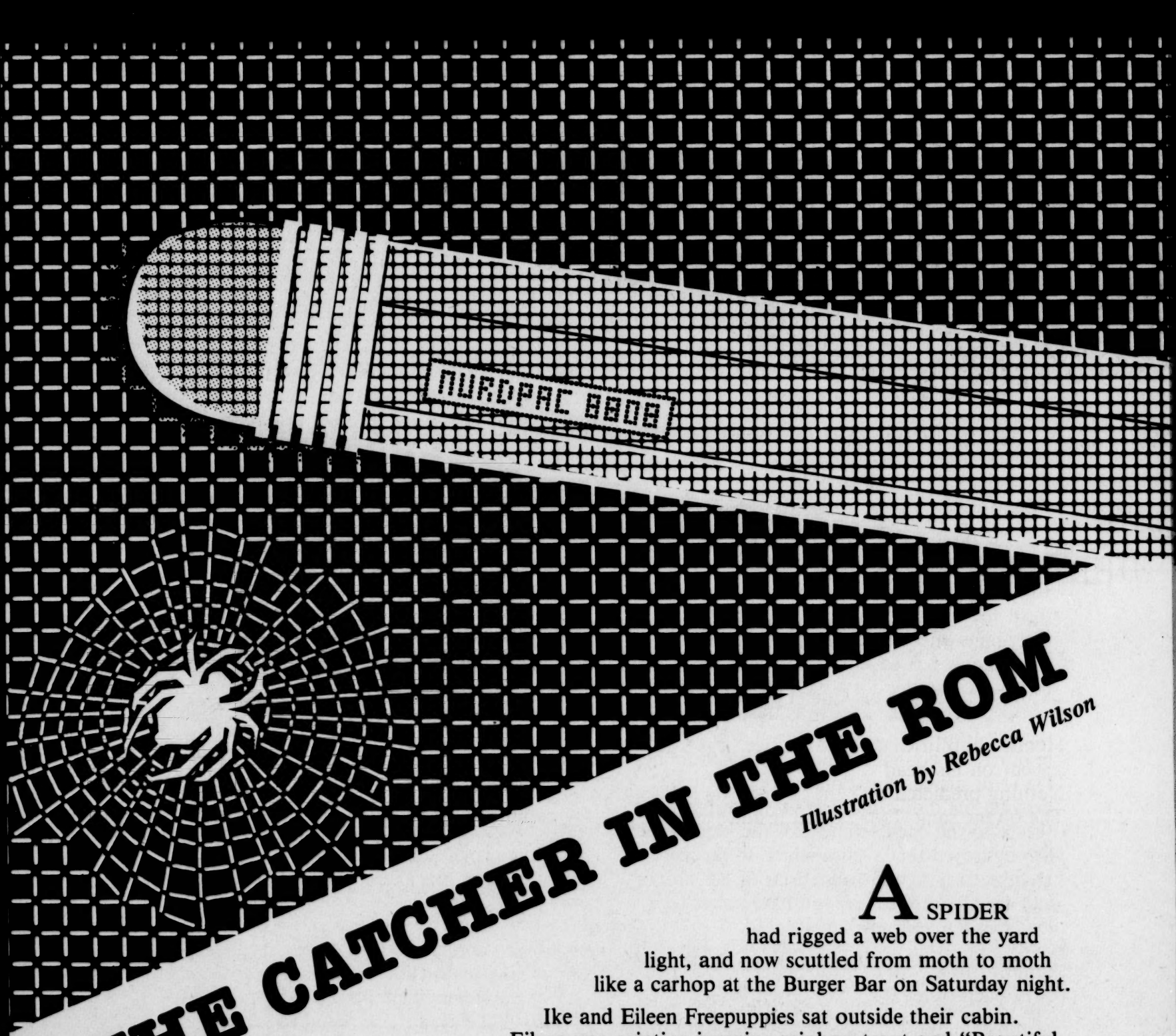
I hope that the parallel now becomes clear. Just as the commons of space are vulnerable, and can be destroyed by the motorization of traffic, so the commons of speech are vulnerable, and can easily be destroyed by the encroachment of modern means of communication.

The issue which I propose for discussion should therefore be clear: how to counter the encroachment of new, electronic devices and systems upon commons that are more subtle and more intimate to our being than either grassland or roads — commons that are at least as valuable as silence. Silence, according to western and eastern tradition alike, is necessary for the emergence of persons. It is taken from us by machines that ape people. We could easily be made increasingly dependent on machines for speaking and for thinking, as we are already dependent on machines for moving.

Such a transformation of the environment from a commons to a productive resource constitutes the most fundamental form of environmental degradation. This degradation has a long history, which coincides with the history of capitalism but can in no way just be reduced to it. Unfortunately the importance of this transformation has been overlooked or belittled by political ecology so far. It needs to be recognized if we are to organize defense movements of what remains of the commons. This defense constitutes the crucial public task for political action during the eighties. The task must be undertaken urgently because commons can exist without police, but resources cannot. Just as traffic does, computers call for police, and for ever more of them, and in ever more subtle forms.

By definition, resources call for defense by police. Once they are defended, their recovery as commons becomes increasingly difficult. This is a special reason for urgency. ■





THE CATCHER IN THE ROM

Illustration by Rebecca Wilson

By Keith R. Knox

A SPIDER had rigged a web over the yard light, and now scuttled from moth to moth like a carhop at the Burger Bar on Saturday night.

Ike and Eileen Freepuppies sat outside their cabin. Eileen was painting jumping rainbow trout and "Beautiful Oneyota Island, WI" onto teacups and saucers. Ike, "Seamless Ike" as they had called him since his years as a welder at AMC in Kenosha, played large hollow notes into the woods on his Japanese bamboo flute while the baby droned two chords in and out on a harmonica, hyperventilating herself to sleep.

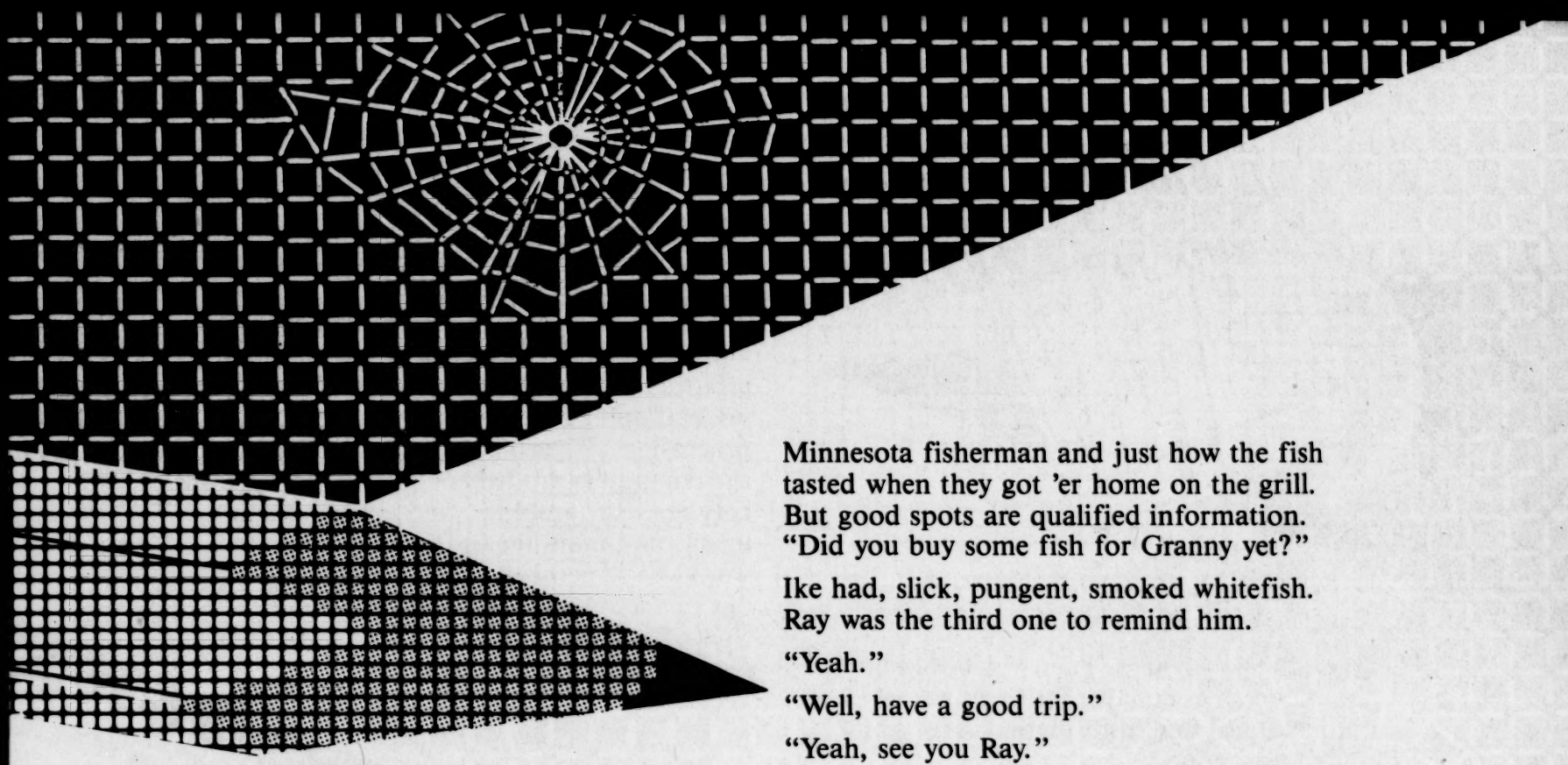
The flute was named I Am Not A Flute in response to a computer which a Japanese company had named My Brain™. Ike thought that a nation with the wisdom to symbolize their musical notes numerically rather than phonetically was really lowering itself selling mental prostheses to the broad swath of humanity which perceived a need for them. Intelligent artifice murdered on the altar of artificial intelligence.

Freepuppies was not their real last name, speaking of names. Their prolific hounds had made it necessary to keep a sign with that on it at the end of their road, so people became accustomed to directing visitors to the "Freepuppies Farm" and the name just took hold. Good American name, come by honestly.

I Am Not A Flute was the last in a series of oracles that Ike had consulted about the trip to Milburne. Sanyo-San, his faithful cassette-radio, and the Coast Guard both promised a sunny weekend. The I Ching generated the Chen hexagram,

The author is a good example of how to keep busy while living on an island in Lake Michigan. He's a professional business/science/computer writer, a boat and house builder, a public relations freelancer, and "I had completed equivalency exams to enter medical school (entirely by individual study) when the arrival of our daughter cut my plans short." He calls this story a "novule" because it expanded organically to fit the confines of a memory disk on his IBM PC computer. I have yet to see a better parody of the scourge of the ***Whole Earth Software Catalog*** *— computer software merchandising hype.*

—Art Kleiner



portending "Shock." The extension agent predicted a prosperous year ahead for farming. 1995, maybe. Eileen prophesied that if he made a side trip to Bones Chandler's Honda shop in Cudahy, large swellings would appear on his head when he returned. Nothing predicted that the phone would ring. The phone rang. Ike reached inside the cabin.

"Yello."

"Hi Ray."

"Oh, hi, Ray."

It was Ray. Well, his name was Greg, but Greg thought things worked out better if everyone called each other Ray. Nobody minded. There weren't but four last names and ten first names that accounted for most everyone in town anyway. In a community concerned with farming, hunting, fishing, and tourism, politics usually boils down to the Andersens getting the goods on the Andersons. Most of the characters in most of the tales are best left anonymous.

"Ray said you sold some articles."

That Ray would be Steve, the bartender at the Harbor Light, Ike thought. He made a mental note not to cash any more checks at taverns.

"Well, particles maybe. Been fishing?"

"Ten pound rainbow Thursday."

"Where'd you catch him?"

"Right through the lower lip." Ike knew Ray knew where, within twenty feet of surface and a foot or two of depth, what fish was caught with what lure at what time of day under what weather conditions, who called on what channel on the C.B. to hassle him while he landed it, what they said, their call letters, assorted speculation on the pedigree of some Minnesota fisherman and just how the fish tasted when they got 'er home on the grill. But good spots are qualified information. "Did you buy some fish for Granny yet?"

Ike had, slick, pungent, smoked whitefish. Ray was the third one to remind him.

"Yeah."

"Well, have a good trip."

"Yeah, see you Ray."

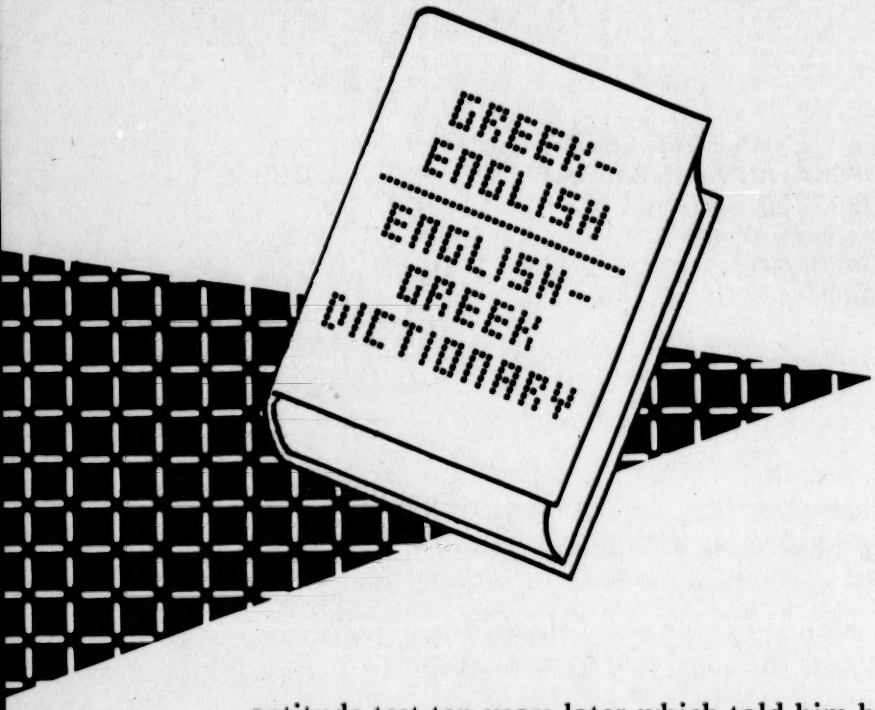
No one talks much in a town this small; supposedly a Scandinavian trait. And yet you could probably find out in minutes where to get, say, a red granite rock with a white cross on it, a radiator for a Nash, or even a good-sized trout. A living telepathic data base with sensors for everything from blackberry jam to shortwave to loose change.

Everyone would be waiting to hear about his trip to the city to do interviews for a west coast computer magazine. Ike was the local "innovator." He was the first one on the island to manage to work entirely from his home by computer. For over a year he had been writing instruction manuals for various computer systems which he accessed by phone. Working diligently he could almost keep up with his telephone and equipment payments.

He was the one the islanders usually let do things like that. Hadn't he been the first in town with an injector razor? What about the mood ring, now sadly schizophrenic from an unhappy affair with the washing machine? Worm farming? And how about Berlitz Esperanto (not to be confused with the Argentine cattle baron of that name)?

Ike had bought the first pocket translator, too, a Gnothe III. It made him feel good to know that there are people with the ingenuity and determination to pack the entire contents of a small Greek-English, English-Greek pocket dictionary into a computer no larger than a large Greek-English, English-Greek pocket dictionary. Everyone looked to Ike for the latest news on these marvels, and besides, they couldn't have spared anyone important during the week of Nordfest.

Ike had known that he should write since 1964, when a computer at his high school told him so. This was about as comforting as an



aptitude test ten years later which told him he should be an astronaut. Writing had only been a hobby until the "Information Age" got rolling about 1982.

He was paying off the mortgage on the farm by writing for technical magazines, writing manuals, and doing data base searches with his PC. Publishing, medicine, law, politics, business; all the "information intensive" industries were being revolutionized by text editors, data bases, teleconferencing, and telecommuting. With the right unit, one person could research, write, illustrate, edit, lay out, typeset, and market a book entirely by himself, or a book could be written by a committee of hundreds of experts. I hear you: "What could be worse?"

At least equally important was the other end of the pipe; people were reading with home computers, searching millions of article header blocks for the character strings which fit their criteria. As a result, authors had come to regard choosing their titles and opening paragraphs as an arcane art. Ike wondered whether this would broaden people's perspectives or narrow them. Both, probably.

Ike enjoyed writing documentation, the English-language instructions for using computers and their programs. Writing fiction and doing computer work had a lot in common. Both jobs required a sort of "symboliteracy," and both demanded the dogged persistence of a spring-loaded toilet seat. The widespread use of small computers was even blurring the distinctions between novelist and programmer; modern American mythology was conveyed by video games, not in books.

How would people make the transition from reading mysteries, doing crossword puzzles, and rebuilding cars to exploring vast libraries of electronic data? Just fine, no doubt. In an information economy, Ike wondered, how would you make change for a notion? What would be the prime lending rate for insight? Artists have always tended to model their ideologies and social systems on the tools they used in their work, whether they were printing books, building cathedrals, or writing soap operas. How would society change as writers switched from the percussive workings of electric and manual typewriters to the smooth, visceral operation of electronic word processing? What new forms would appear as the computers eroded traditional distinctions between text, graphics, and even animation, music, and manufacture? And finally, how would he remember to take Granny's whitefish out of the refrigerator in the morning? Ike shut off the light and they slept in balsam-scented darkness.

Tapestries from various cultures, curios, statuettes, prints, electronic apparatus, and several reams of miscellaneous paper products overflowed the walls and bookshelves of Nacelle Perkinje's office at the communications tower at Milburne University like variegated fungi. She was camouflaged against a couch colored the same deep browns and purples as her clothes, so Ike didn't see her until she turned from her video screen. The office smelled of orchids, so unlike the odor of cheap pheromone shampoo in the reception room.

"Seamless! Good to see you."

"Hi Nacelle."

Ike and Nacelle had languished through four undergraduate years together at Milburne. Ike had, indeed, emerged with a minor in Romance Languishes.

"Nice office."

She dismissed the remark with a polite smile. "How are Eileen and the girls?"

"Fine; the baby is teething, and Ariel is with Granny today, illustrating my manuscripts."

"Speaking of which, I read "The Preppy Guide To Food Storage" and enjoyed it immensely. Very esoteric. Well, mesoteric, maybe. What are you working on now?"

"An article for a computer magazine. I'm trying to predict what changes take place in language, literature, and society when readers and writers all start using personal computers.

American English is the world language of computers just as, say, Latin or Greek have been for medicine. Is it suitable for that? Will it survive? Prosper? Like that."

"Hmmm . . . ." Nacelle swivelled to a terminal, took a disk from a small recessed shelf, and slipped it into the drive. "The first thing I can tell you is that, as with literature, computer technology is infinitely easier to enjoy than to explain or understand, so let's look at an example of the 'novel' of the future. This week's future, anyway." Text began to troop up the screen like square waves of aurora borealis.

MURDER AT THE LIAR'S CLUB®
USER-FRIENDLY WAR TOYS, INC.

BARON VON FECUND HAS BEEN FOUND SLUMPED IN THE FONDUE AFTER THE PRESTIGIOUS LIAR'S CLUB'S LAVISH ANNUAL CLAMBAKE AT THE POSH MOOTE POINTE YACHT CLUB. THE BARONESS' STORY IS THAT SHE WAS IN THE GAZEBO WITH ANTON SYLVESTER. THE POSITION OF THE BODY INDICATES THAT THE MURDERER WAS EITHER AN AMBIDEXTROUS MIDGET OR A TALL CONTORTIONIST OF UNKNOWN NATIONAL ORIGIN.

Nacelle sat back in her chair to puff contentedly upon a small briar of what proved to be weapons-grade Cavendish.

THE VIENNA BOYS' CHOIR, THE ACHESON, TOPEKA, AND THE SANTA FE. WE HAVE ALL OUR SUSPECTS, NOW. ALL WE NEED . . . DO YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE HINT? YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO DIE WHEN I TELL YOU, IT'S SOOOOOOOOOO EASY, Y/N.

Ike noticed that Nacelle had turned to the **Sunday Times** crossword puzzle on her desk. He reached across the keyboard.

N.

IS A MOTIVE. WHO WENT TO THE ROLLER DERBY THAT NIGHT AND GREASED TRUDI FUNTEC'S WHEELS? _____ WHO HAD THE KEY TO ROD LA ROQUE'S SUITE AT THE HIDE-A-BED MOTEL? _____ WHO LED THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IN STOLEN BASES IN 1947? _____ IS ANYBODY OUT THERE? _____.

Nacelle looked up, tapped two keys and the screen went dark.

"You get the idea. That's not what you need for your technical pieces, though. What was this "optimum system" you wrote me about?"

Seamless smiled and reached into his decrepit daypack for a folder of hand-lettered sheets. He passed it across the gleaming monkey-pod desk top. With the sheets was a plastic shirt-pocket protector containing a pencil, a red pen, a black pen, a ruler, and a pack of index cards.

WE LOOKED UP WILT CHAMBERLAIN, BUT HE HAD AN AIRTIGHT ALIBI. HE WAS PLAYING SHEEPSHEAD WITH JUDGE CRATER, THE CARDIFF GIANT, AND AMELIA EARHART IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CINCINNATI ELK'S CLUB. THE CYRILLIC LETTERING TATTOOED ON THE VICTIM'S CHEST WAS CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT LISLE DEVEREAUX HAD BEEN BLACKMAILING ZAZU PITTS ABOUT THAT NASTY LITTLE BUSINESS WITH THE ANDREWS SISTERS. WE THOUGHT WE HAD IT UNTIL DEVEREAUX TURNED UP ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MONONGAHELA WITH A CURARE-TIPPED SWIZZLE STICK IN HIS EAR. THERE WERE TWO TICKETS IN HIS POCKETS. ONE GOT US AN ATTACHE CASE FROM THE HAT-CHECK GIRL AT THE BOOM-BOOM ROOM IN YUCCA FLATS. THE OTHER GOT US FIFTY CENTS OFF A LARGE PIZZA AT PETROCELLI'S PIZZA CAVE IN AKRON. THE ATTACHE CASE . . . HAVEN'T YOU GOT IT YET? IT'S REALLY EASY. COME ON, Y/N

N.

WAS A DEAD END BUT THE PIZZA WAS MONOGRAMMED WITH THE INITIALS "C.B." CYRIL BERANGER TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE AND PRODUCED INDICTMENTS AGAINST THE HATFIELDS, THE MCCOYS, THE FLYING WALLENDAS, THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO,

Hardeharware Review: The Nurdpack 8808

The new Nurdpack 8808 information processing system is a dream come true. The unit has been subjected to years of on-the-job testing everywhere from the bottom of the ocean to outer space, from Seattle to Singapore. The system is housed in a handsome, rugged vinyl case which fits in a pocket, up a sleeve, or in your boot. With only minimal care and no scheduled maintenance whatsoever, the Nurdpack could outlive its owner. The 8808 requires no connections to telephone lines, power lines, or batteries.

The normal display is a full 80 columns by 32 lines, but these displays may be laid side by side, on top of each other, or any way the user chooses to arrange them, out to infinity.

The hard copy generator weighs in at less than an ounce, lasts for years, and is replaceable anywhere for about thirty cents. It can handle all known alphabets and symbols, and does graphics in any color without costly add-ons or peripherals.

The storage medium is attractive, durable, and folds conveniently into a small packet. These packets may be delivered personally, or may be transported

by a uniformed courier of an agency of the federal government known as the U.S. Postal Service. This may be done anywhere in the world for about twenty cents as of this writing.

When you get right down to it though, what the average Tom, Dick or Evodney wants is functions. Just look at the software bundled with this little beauty! The operator writes anywhere on the display simply by moving the point of an easy-to-hold wooden hexastylus. Delete and edit functions are on the opposite end of the compact unit. A few whisks of the wand are all that is required to banish unwanted verbiage to Never-Neverland!

To this boggling array of engineering wizardry we've added a DUMP function that is particularly good for frustrated authors and creative accountants. DUMP is effectuated by simply placing the hand over the display and crushing it into a ball. Try that on your Displaywriter!

Nothing is perfect, and we must report that you cannot send the same letter to six million different addresses with the Nurdpack in its present configuration unless you possess substantial managerial talents and about a quarter of a million operators. (Yes, the system is expandable, compatible, transportable and fully networkable!) If you would even want to do that I feel sorry for you.

Remember; only Nurdpack is completely approved by the FAA for use on any aircraft, foreign or domestic. Indeed, three of the four flight personnel still working for major U.S. airlines use the Nurdpack daily.

All things considered, for a cash outlay of about $1.39 (retailers aren't bargaining on this one, folks!) you're getting a total communications package that the entire family will enjoy for years to come.

ENTER TOPIC:

Ike typed in "Change in American society from computer writing."

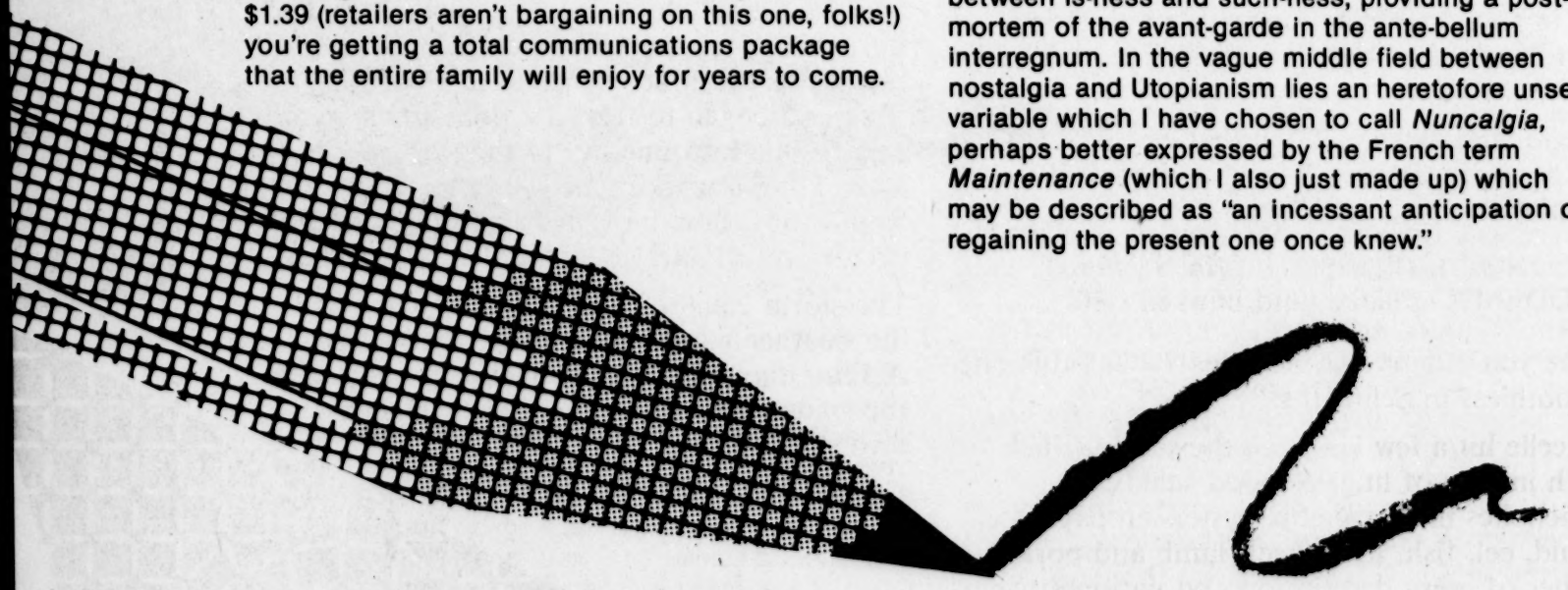
ENTER BOMBAST PARAMETER:
1 = UNDERGRADUATE, 2 = MASTER'S ORAL,
3 = FACULTY COCKTAIL PARTY, 4 = SYMPOSIUM

Ike pushed "4". Hard copy spewed from the printer.

NUNCALGIA:
SYNCRETISM OF UTOPIA AND ILLO TEMPORE OR STYPTIC PENCIL OF THE APOCALYPSE? AN EXECUTIVE IMPACT BRIEFING

As clinical scientists and artisans, students, teachers, custodians, or just plain folks coming into the library to get out of the cold, modern personkind is seiched and segued by the tumultuous forces of history, our hopes for posterity, and the sociocultural implementations which we erect to facilitate and expedite an alleviation of our problematic perplexities. How can we aspire to perpetuate homeostatic, harmonious equilibrium when cadres of ambivalent, misinformed newspersons, entertainers, and "artists," the "Mediamediocracyocracy" as I call them, overwhelm our ambitions and desires with an eternal and constant deluge of nostalgic images of the past and utopian dreams of the future? How are we to survive this storm of what I call "expectites" and "memoroids"?

At the risk of biting off more obfuscation than I can eschew, I profess to compilate an incredulum of our ideosympathies to reify our proleptic vacillation between is-ness and such-ness, providing a post-mortem of the avant-garde in the ante-bellum interregnum. In the vague middle field between nostalgia and Utopianism lies an heretofore unseen variable which I have chosen to call *Nuncalgia,* perhaps better expressed by the French term *Maintenance* (which I also just made up) which may be described as "an incessant anticipation of regaining the present one once knew."



Nacelle giggled appreciatively. "Can you get me a regional dealership? I'll fix you. You said you were doing technical articles, maybe you could use the word processor program I wrote for post-doctoral academicians who can't find any sophomores willing to write their theses for them." She booted the disk.

STERCORACEOUS

(SYSTEM TO ENTER, READ, COLLATE, OBVIATE, RESTATE, AND COMPLICATE EVERY OTHER USELESS SYSTEM)™

1983 WORLD CONGRESS OF INNOVATIVE PERIPHRASIS

Ike fumbled surreptitiously in his pocket for the Gnothe III. Who says you don't need Greek at Milburne?

Now then (that quintessentially nuncalgic phrase): the problematics of Utopianism and nostalgia are, of course, that they are unrealistic. Imagine, for instance, that we could actually go back to any period of our lives. By one estimate the sudden influx of neonates would be enough to inundate Metropolitan New York in 1.653 meters of diapers daily! Can you imagine all the funky-hip Manhattanites flailing their way to Xenon neck-deep in soiled San-i-naps?

(This last punctuation mark, as you may know, is called an "interrobang" and signifies an interrogative exclamation. This is also, incidentally, the name given to an innovative communicational procedure developed by one Isadora Drunken, a sleeveless taxi dancer at the Wabeno Casino [Op. cit.].)

Nuncalgia, however, proffers the semiotic manumission of quotidian awareness by elevating impressions to a level where the sensoria are impacted exclusively by "immediorites", experiences in the Brave New Now.

The first impression of nuncalgia to be conveyed in the oeuvres of a (then) living artist was a series of short grunts emitted by the French epigrammatist, Marcel Puce, who experienced a flood of insight upon dipping a strawberry Pop-Tart™ into his cocoa, having neglected, first, to remove said pastry from the toaster.

As the noted Indian mystic Raschid Svoboda was so fond of saying: "To wit: to intuit it is to get into it." (Excerpted from **Tenets Anyone?**, the collected maxims, minims, and micrims of Yogi Berra, Captain Kanguru, Mr. Green-Ji, and lesser luminaries. Fullcourt Press, Goodvibes, Colorado.)

No polyepistomological practicum would be . . .

"Is there any way to stop this hoo-rah?" Seamless asked.

"Maybe not; it's got tenure." Nacelle hit the "Break" key and the program started flogging its next book. She pulled the plug on the printer but it still managed to get off an impassioned plea for private and federal funding to the liberal arts before halting abruptly.

Ike looked down at the little Gnothe III whose circuitry was pulsing with text. Its display lit up:

IT'S.NOT.THE.MEAN...IT'S.THE.MODEM..., faded, and blinked out.

"Are you hungry yet, Seamless? I call this one "Toothless in Schrafft's."

Nacelle hit a few keys and the screen filled with images of huge seafood salads, artichokes in vinaigrette, oysters en papillote, squid, eel, fish, fowl, beef, lamb and pork dishes of every description and nationality, cheeses, omelettes and soufflés, consommés, pâteś, canapés, steaming bowls of vermicelli, linguini with clam sauce, gluttonous slabs of lasagna, gnocci, scampi, garnishes, and condiments too numerous to mention, and a lineup of desserts that would put a trash compactor in a diabetic coma.

In keeping with his strict macro-neurotic diet, Ike decided on "Lucille's 100% Natural Texi-Mexi Meatballs" with German beer. Nacelle had profiteroles au chocolat and Turkish coffee.

"This is delicious, what's it made of?"

Nacelle tapped some keys.

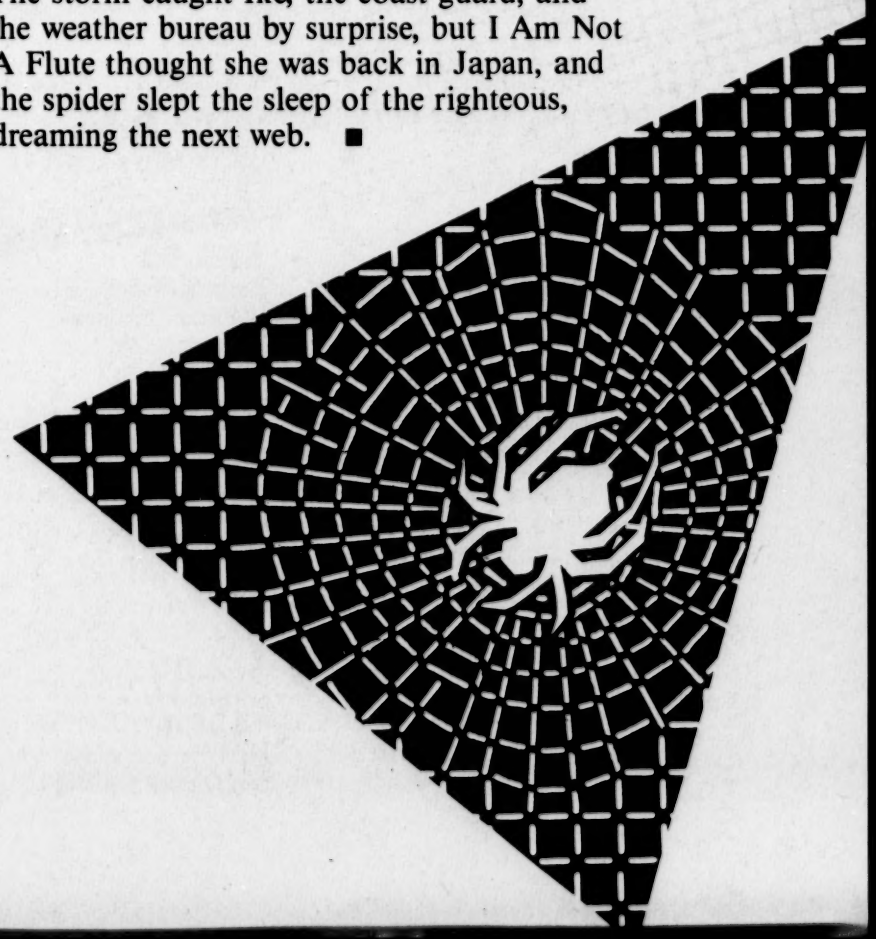
MEATBALLS: TEXI-MEXI, LUCILLE'S. CONTENTS: GUAR GUM, CARRAGEENAN, SALT, WATER, AIR. CAUTION: SERVE IN A WELL-VENTILATED AREA, STORE IN A COOL, DARK PLACE, AND ROTATE EVERY 10,000 MILES.

Back on Oneyota Island, Ike stopped at the Harbor Light and the gas station before going home. A debriefing at those centers of culture usually got the word out. And yes, Granny liked the whitefish.

At home he took his flute out on the stoop to think about the day. The spider had filled one web with embalmed flies and was starting another. Ike realized that he had never seen the building of a web from beginning to end, so he sat down to watch. The spider worked quickly and efficiently, using one radial strand as a catwalk to string the next, then starting the helical strand over these.

Ike was just thinking of this as an image for an article on transferring from typewriting to text editing, when the spider went to the corner of the still unfinished web, wrapped itself up, and went to sleep. Well, Ike was Zen Scotsman enough to watch a working spider, but waiting for one to come off a coffee break was too much to ask. He played his flute and began to read the ponderous incomprehensible introduction to the tutorial for assembling a working disk of a program that would show how far his checking account was overdrawn. "Paperless Office" it was called.

The storm caught Ike, the coast guard, and the weather bureau by surprise, but I Am Not A Flute thought she was back in Japan, and the spider slept the sleep of the righteous, dreaming the next web. ■



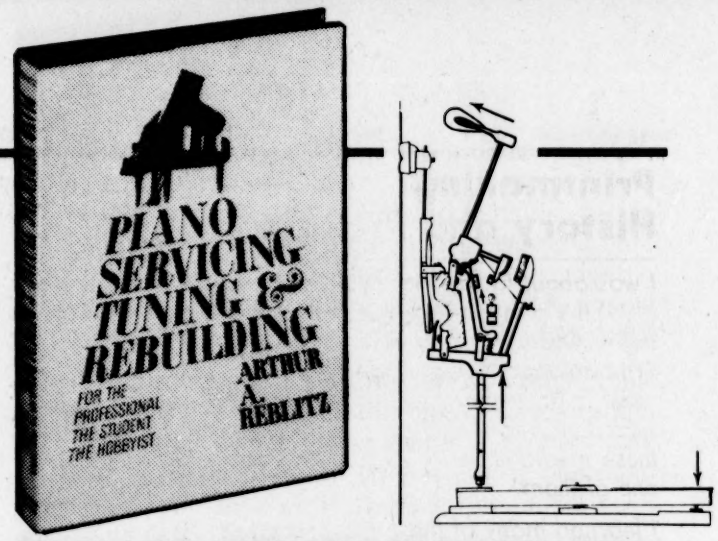
Piano Servicing, Tuning & Rebuilding

Piano Servicing, Tuning, & Rebuilding
Arthur A. Reblitz
1976, 1981; 178 pp.

$20.50
postpaid from:
Vestal Press
320 W. Jensen Road,
Vestal, NY 13850

*If you are stuck with having paid too much for a used piano then **Piano Servicing, Tuning & Rebuilding** may save your investment. This is an excellent do-it-yourself book. Arthur A. Reblitz's instructions are easy to follow and he instills in you the confidence to try it yourself. Reblitz not only tells you how to do something but also why you are doing it.*

The book is well illustrated — averaging, I am sure, two pictures or illustrations a page. These pictures and illustrations are very clear and pertinent to the text. The baby grand I am repairing is constructed differently than the pianos in his illustrations, but his instructions are so clear that I do not have any trouble adapting them to my specific case.



Operation of the upright action: Key goes down, raising sticker, whippen, jack and hammer butt.

Reblitz includes a bibliography covering other books on piano tuning and repairing. What the book is missing is hints on where to find parts.

*But in my mind Reblitz's book ranks as high as John Muir's **How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive** (**NWEC** p. 406). I hope I am as successful in keeping my piano in shape as I was with my '66 Bug.* —*Keith M. Wulff*

[Suggested by Michael Shapiro]

Violin-Making as it Was and Is

The Technique of Violin Making

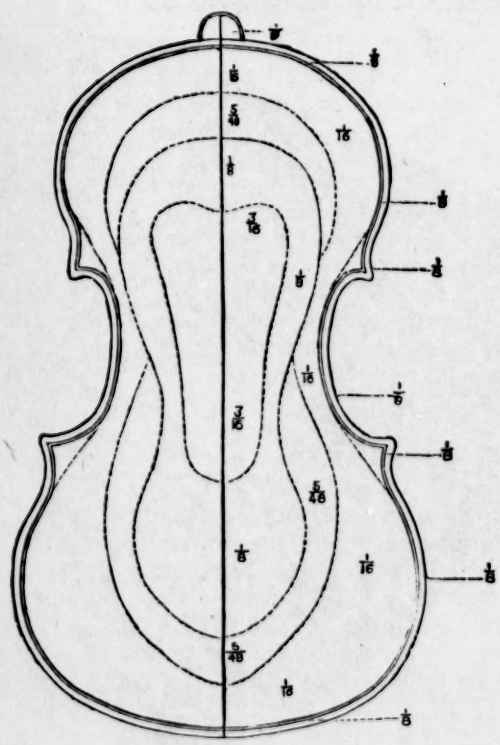
A Luthier's Scrap Book

*Every piece of maple or pine must secretly wish it were a violin, and surely every book on instrument making must wish it were **Violin-Making as it Was and Is**. This book is at least 100 years old, but is still in print. It tells everything there is to know about the history and practice of violinmaking, as well as everything anyone could want to know about the process. (Indeed, every violinist should have one, for the historical parts alone.)*

*More recent are **The Technique of Violin Making** and **A Luthier's Scrap Book**, both by H.S. Wake. These are primarily updatings of Heron-Allen with space-age materials and machine technique. They are invaluable, but presume you know your Heron-Allen. A violin is very hard to make, but the techniques in the books above would also apply to other wooden instruments.*

—Michael Taglieri

Diagram of a well-seasoned back, with thicknesses in fractions of an inch. **—Violin-Making as it Was and Is**



Violin-Making as it Was and Is
Ed. Heron-Allen
1884, 1982; 366 pp.
$23.95
postpaid from:
Wehman Brothers
Ridgedale Avenue
Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927

The Technique of Violin Making
H.S. Wake
1973; 121 pp.

A Luthier's Scrap Book
H.S. Wake
1970, 1983; 115 pp.
$12.00 each
postpaid from:
H.S. Wake
4171 Stettler Way
San Diego, CA 92122

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It is always better to err on the side of excess than of meanness, for the best authorities allow that an instrument with plenty of wood left in it has a much finer tone than one which has been chiselled down to a minimum of thickness; and again, instruments which have been spared the chisel in their infancy (*Haud inscius ac non incautus futuri!*) have a much better chance of maturing to perfection than weaker ones. The great thing is to avoid extremes. If too thin, the tone of the fiddle will be weak and feeble; if too thick, the result will be a sluggish, dull tone; in fact, the elasticity of the deal, and the rapidity with which it transmits sound, will be neutralized by the quantity of it which has to be put into vibration. It is in the adjustment and regulation of these thicknesses that the true talent of the fiddle-maker asserts itself, or is conspicuous by its absence.

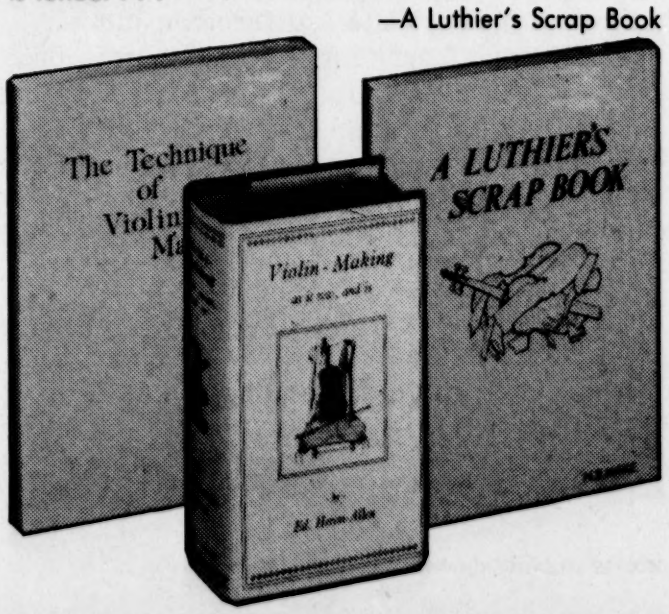
—Violin-Making as it Was and Is

•

Every time a violin is tuned, the upper portion of the bridge in most cases is pulled a tiny bit forward, the feet remaining fixed by the downward pressure of the strings. If this forward movement is not checked periodically and the bridge area immediately under the strings edged back where it belongs, the ever increasing distance of the top edge of the bridge from the vertical will cause the angle of pressure to change and cause the bridge to bend in the middle or warp. Eventually the bridge will either break in the middle or fall down with possible damage to the instrument.

Prevention being always better than cure, the bridge should be given a quick check each time the instrument is tuned. . . .

—A Luthier's Scrap Book



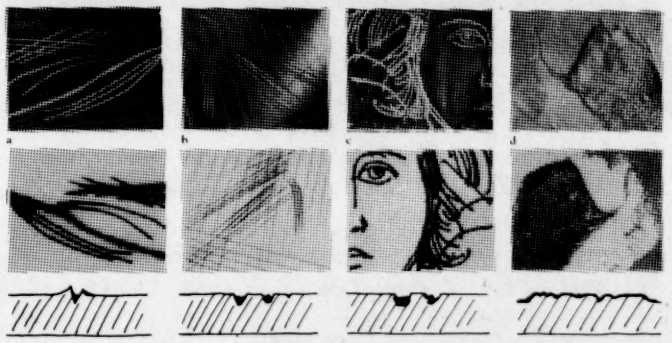
Printmaking: History and Process

I was about to say that this is the best book that gathers all of the printmaking media under one cover, but that's not it. This is the best book on printmaking, period. ***Printmaking: History and Process*** *includes sections on relief (e.g., woodcuts), intaglio (etching and engraving), silkscreen and lithography; and the treatment of each of these media is better than in any book I've seen on just one of them.*

I learned many of the basic procedures of printmaking from this book. Now, years later, I am a full-time printmaker and I still use it. I use others, too: ***The Artist's Silkscreen Manual*** *(CQ Winter 1982) is good, Gabor Peterdi's* ***Printmaking*** *($27.95 postpaid from Macmillan Publishing Company, Order Department, Front and Brown Streets, Riverside, NJ 08075) is a classic work on intaglio, and if you do lithography much you will sooner or later need* ***The Tamarind Book of Lithography*** *($29.50 postpaid from Abrams, Inc., Attention: Cash Sales, 110 E. 59th Street, New York, NY 10022). Often it is a good idea to have more than one version of the same story (I try to have two different shop manuals handy before beginning auto surgery, for instance), but Saff and Sacilotto's* ***Printmaking*** *is the one I wouldn't be without.* —*Turner McGehee*

Printmaking: History and Process
Donald Saff and Deli Sacilotto
1978; 436 pp.
$24.95
postpaid from:
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
383 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017

Four intaglio techniques: drypoint (a), engraving (b), etching (c), and collagraph (d). Each column shows a plate close-up, detail of a print, and plate cross-section.



The Small Theatre Handbook

All the practical steps to take in creating a new theater and maintaining it are covered by this good-humored handbook: from budgets, funding, and legal requirements to choosing plays, managing actors, and touring productions. Written with such love of small theatre, it still points out where stresses are sure to arise and tells how to work through them.

Green emphasizes the importance of keeping that critical balance of respect and responsibility between the artistic and administrative staffs.

The book should be a little longer in the fundraising area, but there's an excellent bibliography.

—Annette Rose
Antenna Theater

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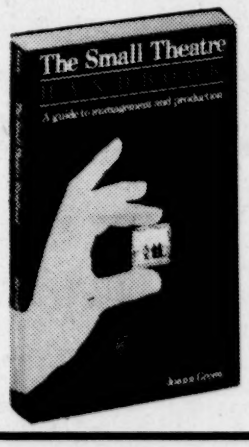
Don't count on selling tickets. Do your best at publicity, and keep your fingers crossed. The price of a ticket should not be so small that the audience feels that it — and thus the experience of the theatre itself — is inconsequential. Nor should it be so high that the audience fears that nothing could possibly be worth this much money. You may be tempted not to set a price at all, but to ask for "donations at the door." Resist. Accept responsibility for setting, if not a value on the two hours you ask someone to spend with you, then at least a monetary metaphor for it.

The Small Theatre Handbook
(A Guide to Management and Production)
Joann Green
1981; 163 pp.
$8.95
postpaid from:
Harvard Common Press
535 Albany Street
Boston, MA 02118



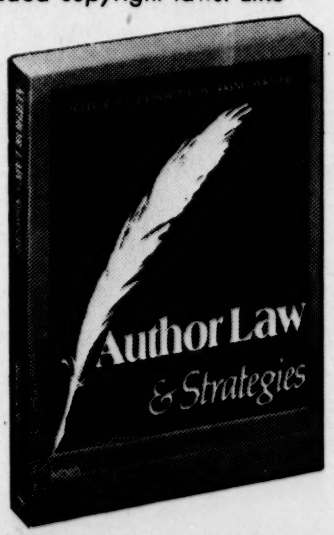
Author Law & Strategies

Any working writer knows they're operating a small business, complete with legal and contractual problems. This is the first book we've seen at **CQ** *that can really help negotiate through the business of writing. It's neither too cute nor too boring; it's thorough on publisher contracts, advances, agents, libel, promotion, book pricing, and the dreaded copyright laws. Like other Nolo Press books, it combines legal authoritativeness with a sincere, warmhearted eagerness to help. Keep it around for reference if you regularly sell your words.* —*Art Kleiner*

•

The book business is full of sad stories of publishers who have lost interest in a book but won't admit it and return the rights to the frustrated author. The book is not technically out of print, because the publisher still has a few boxes of dusty copies in its warehouse, but viewed practically, the book is dead. If you have a clause stating your book is automatically "out-of-print" if it sells less than 500 or 1,000 or even 2,000 copies in a year, you are obviously in a much stronger position to insist on either a marketing push or the reversion of rights to you when sales tail off. We know of one author who routinely insists on such a clause. He's had the same book declared out-of-print three times in ten years. Each time he has made a few revisions and sold the book to another publisher for a small advance. His income from the book is now approaching $20,000, and believe it or not, the book may well go out-of-print again soon, with all rights again reverting to him.

Author Law & Strategies
(A Legal Guide for the Working Writer)
Brad Bunnin
1983; 296 pp.
$15.95
postpaid from:
Nolo Press
950 Parker Street
Berkeley, CA 94710
or Whole Earth Access



GOOD MOVIES: WINTER

by Sheila Benson

THE RIGHT STUFF

THE RIGHT STUFF is brash and quintessentially American, a joyride, a carnival, and a generous, high-spirited epic. It fits Sam Shepard right into the niche vacated by the death of Gary Cooper, as he plays the film's shining example: Chuck Yeager, the first man to break the sound barrier. Like Tom Wolfe's book, Philip Kaufman's script and direction set Yeager and the astronauts up almost in opposition to each other. Yeager is the unquestioned, un-self-conscious repository of the rightest right stuff ever; the astronauts try to prove their right to it, but are pulled into the bravura and hoopla that was America's 1960s space race. In Wolfe's eyes, that tarnished and almost tainted them. Kaufman works on a bigger canvas but he seems to be returning to Wolfe's more simplistic conclusion with the long sequence at the film's end.

There is, nevertheless, fine stuff in here, although the tone shifts wildly. There is Caleb Deschanel's photography; there are the effects, which let us feel as though we are crashing through sound barriers and are soaring on space orbits ourselves; and there is a roll call of superlative performances. In addition to the irresistible Shepard, watch Scott Glenn as Alan Shepard, Ed Harris's John Glenn, Dennis Quaid as Gordo Cooper, Fred Ward's Gus Grissom, and the most pungently realized adult love scenes in recent memory between Barbara Hershey and Shepard, as a passionately attracted husband and wife.

★ ★ ★

The shock of knowing **TESTAMENT**'s real subject is forever denied to audiences now, but on the day we all saw it in Telluride it was blessedly undisclosed. It seemed the film was moving in the direction of a story of a family about to come apart. Instead, the world comes apart and Lynne Littman's modest 90-minute film, originally made for public television, shows us a family away from the immediate proximity of a nuclear blast during three fatal months following an attack. **Testament**'s value is its extraordinary compassion and its ability to put us in the place of these people in a way that the scatter-gun aproach of **The Day After** (as well as the dreadful level of that program's writing) was never able to accomplish. The cast (including three remarkable children and Bill Devane as their father) is excellent, but towering above them all is Jane Alexander as the steadfast, loving, fierce mother. The film's warmth may have another result, or so it did in Colorado: audience members moved away from private conviction into public action, an immense achievement for any work of art.

★ ★ ★

Robert Altman opens **STREAMERS** with a very canny move. A beautiful manual of arms is dreamily executed under the red print of the credits on some drill field of the imagination with only the slap of rifles and the sound of a chill wind. It's a brilliant idea, the snap of the Army at its most effective preceding a slow-fused film of the Army at its most alienating. David Rabe's adaptation of his own New York Drama Critics' Award-winning play avoids a sense of claustrophobia although it is set in one room of a barracks in a 1965 Virginia military base. It was written at the end of the Vietnam war with considerable hindsight passion.

But **Streamers** is as much about racial and sexual pressures as it is about the looming presence of war. The six principal members of its cast won an unprecedented joint award from the Venice Film Festival as the outstanding male performer(s). Rabe and Altman seem to believe that even more dangerous than the threat of war is the threat of intimacy, and that the Army's imposed closeness, which forces three very different men to live as though there were no differences between them, causes what Altman calls "enough trauma for any story." Up close like this, the film has twice the detonating power of the play; it is a punishing film, exquisitely realized and performed.

★ ★ ★

Eleven years ago a film called **TOMORROW**, spare by any standard except its effect on people, was released and seen

by a handful of audiences. Most of them must have been critics, since it is probably the most written-about film which large audiences have never seen. It was adapted by Horton Foote (who also wrote the screenplay of **Tender Mercies**) from a Faulkner short work and it contains the work of which Robert Duvall has always been most proud. Now, possibly because of the success of that more recent film, **Tomorrow** is beginning to play in a few cities. See it, no matter what inconvenience it costs you — you will never forget it.

In it, Duvall plays Jackson Fentry, a dirt-poor, solitary cotton farmer with a tenacious and enduring capacity for love. He takes in a frail, pregnant woman (Faulkner calls her not only "thin" but "gaunted"), who collapses near him at his remote winter job as a sawmill watchman. He tends her, grows to love her, and saves the baby she finally has. The relationship between Fentry and this tow-haired little boy is the core of the film, but it is the character of Fentry, and Duvall's simple, cello-voiced embodiment of him, which is so telling. Foote's adaptation is beautiful; you cannot tell what is his creation and what is Faulkner's. Actually, the whole middle section between Fentry and the woman (beautifully played by newcomer Olga Bellin) was written by Foote, an effortless regionalist. After seeing **Tomorrow**, you suspect that Foote's region goes well beyond the rural South into the human heart.

★ ★ ★

It took **YENTL** — with Barbra Streisand's pleasing directing debut — to make the search for learning a thing of passion. There is a lot to be surprised about in this story of a young woman who was raised in Poland at the time when peddlers hawked "Picture books for women, sacred books for men," and whose father secretly instructed her in the Torah. The film is beautiful with a sort of picture-book charm. You might argue that each shot is held a minute too long and you wouldn't get much of a fuss from me, but Isaac Bashevis Singer's story about a Yentl-turned-yeshiva boy has been given a respectful setting.

What you might not expect is that Mandy Patinkin (of the magnificent voice) has been forbidden to sing; all songs are now Streisand's property. Not a bad thing, except that after the first two or three you notice how similar and thunderingly dull they all are. They're the work of Marilyn and Allan Bergman, masters of exalted nonsongs of which these are prime examples. Still, it takes quite a lot to overlook the passionate sincerity of the story, an oddly irresistible variation of **As You Like It**. In its own way **Yentl**'s look at the land that lies between men and women is slyly seditious.

★ ★ ★

One of the most thoroughly satisfying films of the year, **TERMS OF ENDEARMENT**, is a perfect adaptation of Larry McMurtry's distinctive novel, even though it's also a very liberal one. Writer/director/producer James L. Brooks has changed and trimmed characters, but the sweetly on-the-bias story of the relationship of a mother and daughter, spanning 30 years, is intact. Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger are extraordinary as a contemporary Texas-born pair: MacLaine, a mother uncomfortable if everything does not go exactly as she has laid it out; Winger with a far different set of values and goals.

Jack Nicholson is at the top of his form as a raffish, beer-bellied former astronaut-neighbor in MacLaine's comfortable Houston suburb. Jeff Daniels, known primarily from the stage, has an unmemorable face but gives a most memorable performance as Winger's academic husband, and John Lithgow is fine as Winger's special friend. This is comedy of character with a catch in it, a deeply affecting film of the sort you want to see with someone you care about. ■

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

Content Style Consequence

The Wittenburg Door

*A few years ago the **National Lampoon** was threatened with prosecution under an ancient "blasphemy" law still on the books in Massachusetts over a bit of religious satire they printed. Carefully weighing the intensity of their desire to be iconoclastic against the potentially costly legal fees such a trial could entail, the **Lampoon** got out of the religious humor field altogether, and hasn't looked back since.*

*Imagine then my surprise to discover that there is another humor magazine specializing in scathing religious satire and, what may seem strangest of all, that the magazine is published by evangelical Christians. **The Wittenburg Door** takes its name from the famous door to which Luther nailed his 95 theses, and appropriately a good amount of the material in the **Door** can easily be described as "bludgeon humor." Indeed, following each special issue touching on controversial topics such as Feminism, Fundamentalism, Sex, Charismatics or Catholicism, the **Door**'s letter column is invariably filled with readers cancelling their subscriptions.*

*The **Door** looks and reads like nothing so much as a good old-fashioned college humor magazine: the layout and design are scrappy, the text usually typewritten, while the jokes rely heavily on sarcasm, parody, and ridicule. Yet, beneath it all is a knowing affection for the irrepressible and variegated American style of religious enthusiasm that often borders on vulgarity. Typically the funniest feature in the magazine is the regular "Truth is Stranger than Fiction" column which reprints genuine ads and news items from churches and Christian businesses across the country.*

Peppered throughout the laughs are serious (and semi-serious) interviews with prominent theologians, ministers, and religious writers, and a pointed editorial or two.

*When asked to explain the **Door**'s purpose, the editor stated, "[To] change the church," while another staffer appended: "Save it from itself. Because most churches take themselves too seriously." Whether the Christian church wants to be saved from itself is an open question but 19,000 **Door** subscribers apparently think so — enough readers to keep the magazine going for twelve years now.*

__The Wittenburg Door__ is an odd duck indeed, but it has my vote as the most consistently funny magazine currently published. —Jay Kinney

•

In the wake of the move back to Christian basics, some of the most unlikely "unreached people" have become born-again. And among them are a surprising number from the Mafia.

"We're trying to put the God back in Godfather," said Knuckles Trafficanti, president of Chicago's Fellowship of Christian Mobsters. . . .

Last week a group of "gospel hit men" decided to baptize a fellow convert. After the convert was immersed in the Chicago River, he never came back to the surface because, out of habit, the mobsters had coated his feet with concrete.

"Hey, what can I say?" Trafficanti said. "We can't kick old habits overnight."

The Wittenburg Door
Mike Yaconelli, Editor
$10/year (6 issues)
from:
The Wittenburg Door
1224 Greenfield Dr.,
El Cajon, CA 92021

Content Style Consequence

D.I.N. Newservice

So much news, it turns out, is drug-related, that a compassionate, informed, bullshit-free newsmagazine on drug use and abuse is very welcome. This one's only one issue old, but that issue is good enough to recommend. It ranges from prescription drug overdoses to pot smuggling to A.I.D.S. to a top-notch interview with Jimmy Carter's Special Assistant for Health Issues, Dr. Peter Bourne, who resigned in 1978 after he was accused of using cocaine at a party.

*__Newservice's__ publisher, the Do It Now Foundation, is the main source of drug abuse information that we cite at a telephone hotline where I volunteer. I've come to trust their matter-of-fact approach — knowledgeable and cautious but not judgmental. The magazine is like an ongoing **Licit and Illicit Drugs** (**NWEC** p. 579), with dashes of PharmChem (**NWEC** p. 579) and the old **New Times** magazine thrown in. It's way superior to its major competition, hyped-up **High Times**.* —Art Kleiner

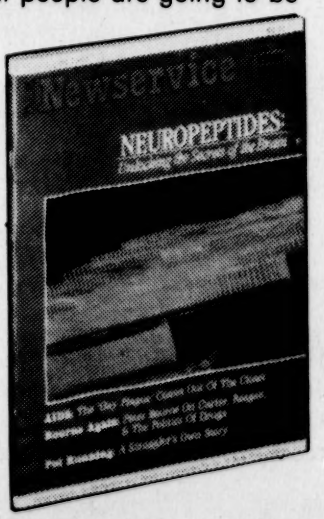
•

In the Carter administration, I always felt I took a sort of bum rap on paraquat because all we did was to not interfere with the Mexicans using it. They were buying it in Europe with their own money and using it, and people were saying to us, "You've got to put the squeeze on the Mexicans and make them stop."

Well, now with this administration not only have they sort of repealed that and gone all out to push it, they're talking about *domestic* spraying. My big issue with that point is we really were doing very well with the Mexicans in terms of dealing with heroin and we had dramatically reduced the amount of heroin coming out of Mexico. And I just felt that if we got into a big hassle with them over paraquat, that would be the end of the heroin control program. To me, it was just a trade-off where I thought the evidence that anybody in this country was really being hurt was zero for all practical purposes, whereas the benefits in terms of lives saved with the heroin efforts was clearly demonstrable.

Now it's totally different, I mean using paraquat domestically, you know that people are going to be affected by it, and it is something being done not by a foreign government but by our own government and nobody's standing up and saying anything.
—Peter Bourne

Newservice
James D. Parker, Editor
$12/year (24 issues)
from:
D.I.N. Publications
P.O. Box 5115
Phoenix, AZ 85010



WHOLE SYSTEMS

Standing by Words

I cannot imagine a better English teacher than farmer, essayist, poet, novelist Wendell Berry. His writing and his thinking are hard liquor, the kind that makes you go "whooh!" with savor and respect. His subject this time is language, and, as in Gary Snyder's ***Axe Handles*** *below, the model is not far off. His writing (and speaking, if you get the chance to hear it) is his own best example.*

*More even than his works on agriculture (**The Unsettling of America** (**NWEC**, p. 46); **The Gift of Good Land** (**CQ**, Spring 1982); etc.), this book of essays goes to the center of a wide and terrible malaise that is obscured from our view by its very size. When the land weakens, when the use of language weakens, nothing else can be truly strong.*

Berry wrote elsewhere once, "I stand for what I stand on." This book is about that kind of precision.

—Stewart Brand

•

Two epidemic illnesses of our time — upon both of which virtual industries of cures have been founded — are the disintegration of communities and the disintegration of persons. That these two are related (that private loneliness, for instance, will necessarily accompany public confusion) is clear enough. And I take for granted that most people have explored in themselves and their surroundings some of the intricacies of the practical causes and effects; most of us, for example, have understood that the results are usually bad when people act in social or moral isolation, and also when, because of such isolation, they fail to act.

What seems not so well understood, because not so much examined, is the relation between these disintegrations and the disintegration of language. My impression is that we have seen, for perhaps a hundred and fifty years, a gradual increase in language that is either meaningless or destructive of meaning.

•

The "projecting" of "futurologists" uses the future as the safest possible context for whatever is desired; it binds one only to selfish interest. But making a promise binds one *to someone else's future*. If the promise is serious enough, one is brought to it by love, and in awe and fear. Fear, awe, and love bind us to no selfish aims, but to each other. And they enforce a speech more exact, more clarifying, and more binding than any speech that can be used to sell or advocate some "future."

•

One of the uses of poetry is to reveal and articulate and make and preserve the necessary connections between the domestic and the wild. It is one of the ways we may, with hope of return, get out of our minds (our own and other people's) into the world of creatures, forms, and powers that we did not make. Access to that world is sanity. To be trapped in one's own mind is insanity. To be trapped in another person's mind — by political or technological tyranny — is imprisonment.

Standing by Words
Wendell Berry
1983; 213 pp.
$10.50
postpaid from:
North Point Press
850 Talbot Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94706
or Whole Earth Access

Axe Handles

My idea of poetry is words-that-don't-stop. Words/ideas that you can't keep from cycling in the mind, remembered, renewed with each reuse. One of Gary Snyder's that I saw on a wall in California Governor Brown's office was etched on my brain immediately:

Because there is no art
There are artists

Because there are no artists
We need money

Because there is no money
We give

Because there is no we
There is art

That one's in this book; so is the exquisite paean to self-reference and its uses, ***Axe Handles****. This is the first collection of new poems from Gary Snyder since his Pulitzer Prize-winning* ***Turtle Island*** *in 1974. They are about family, community, and culture. They are a wonderful gift for any occasion.*

At a comfortable price this is a finely made book from America's leading literary press, with a tasty cover by Mayumi Oda.

—Stewart Brand

Axe Handles
Gary Snyder
1983; 113 pp.
$7.50
postpaid from:
North Point Press
850 Talbot Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94706
or Whole Earth Access

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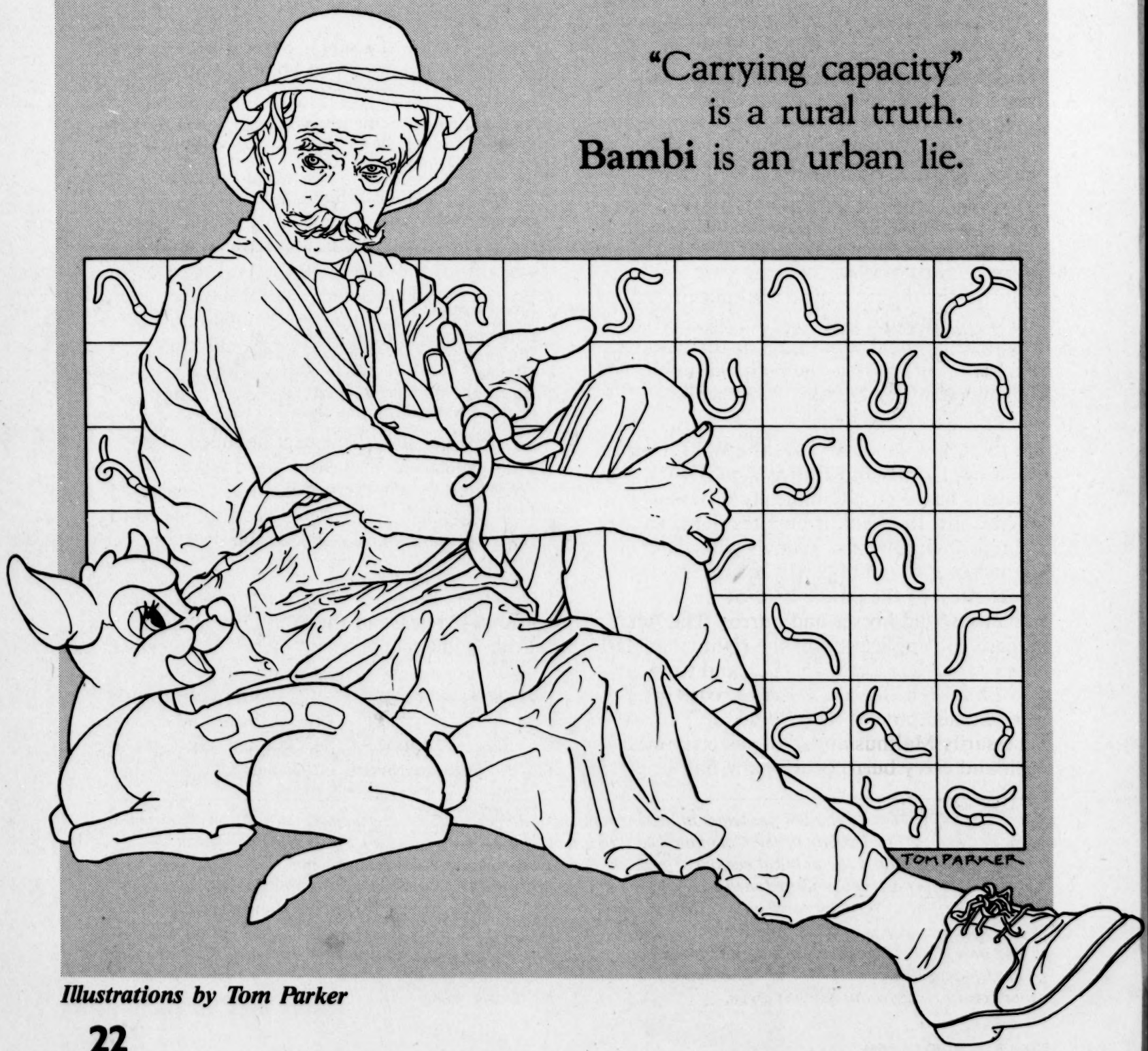
Axe Handles

One afternoon the last week in April
Showing Kai how to throw a hatchet
One-half turn and it sticks in a stump.
He recalls the hatchet-head
Without a handle, in the shop
And go gets it, and wants it for his own.
A broken-off axe handle behind the door
Is long enough for a hatchet,
We cut it to length and take it
With the hatchet head
And working hatchet, to the wood block.
There I begin to shape the old handle
With the hatchet, and the phrase
First learned from Ezra Pound
Rings in my ears!
"When making an axe handle
the pattern is not far off."
And I say this to Kai
"Look: We'll shape the handle
By checking the handle
Of the axe we cut with—"
And he sees. And I hear it again:
It's in Lu Ji's *Wên Fu*, fourth century
A.D. "Essay on Literature"—in the
Preface: "In making the handle
Of an axe
By cutting wood with an axe
The model is indeed near at hand."
My teacher Shih-hsiang Chen
Translated that and taught it years ago
And I see: Pound was an axe,
Chen was an axe, I am an axe
And my son a handle, soon
To be shaping again, model
And tool, craft of culture,
How we go on.

Sentiment, Guilt, and Reason in the Management of Wild Herds

by Garrett Hardin

"Carrying capacity"
is a rural truth.
Bambi is an urban lie.



Illustrations by Tom Parker

THE MALTHUSIAN MULTIPLICATION of burros and wild horses in recent years has created a political controversy that will not soon be resolved. The dispute is inescapably political because the animals are on public lands; it is controversial because the answer depends not only on the facts, which can be scientifically determined, but also on conflicting human value systems, which is an area for policy decisions. As for the facts, the number of mustangs, for example, has been estimated to have increased from 15,000 in 1972 to a present 45,000, all feeding on public land in the West.[1] If these figures are correct, the yearly rate of increase of the wild horse population has been 12 percent.[2] Considering the trouble that follows from human rates of increase of one to four percent, we should not be surprised that a 12 percent increase in an equine population creates problems.

The government is necessarily involved in those problems. As always, at times the left hand seems not to know what the right hand is doing. This is no news to government watchers, but it is bad news. The Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 required government agents to make their decisions on the basis of the carrying capacity of the lands being grazed. Using popular language, we could say that the Taylor Grazing Act is built on the rights of the land, largely ignoring rights that might be imputed to animals or their owners. In practice, of course, the political muscle of the owners of the animals is not without power.

On the other hand, we have the Wild, Free-Roaming Horses and Burros Act of 1971, which is based on a completely different philosophy. In effect, it imputes rights to the animals themselves — animals without owners in this case — and takes no account of the destruction of the public land by the too numerous wild horses and burros. The Act extends the application of the rights that Karl Marx proclaimed in 1875: ". . . and to each according to his needs." The increase in an unrestrained population of wild animals is necessarily Malthusian, so the assertion that each and every burro or mustang has a right to life, forever and ever, is a recipe for the destruction of their environment — and, ultimately, of themselves. For these unfortunate animals, government lands are a commons, and a limited one at that. In the absence of negative (corrective) feedbacks, these protected animals will once more create a tragedy of the commons.[3] In fact, the tragedy is already well under way. If human behavior could be freed of human nature, we could say that the tragedy is unnecessary, since we need only to replace the unmanaged commons with a responsible system.[4] But our all-too-human nature lays the foundation for the phenomenon of political inertia: Every substantial change in our view of what is right requires at least one generation, and often more than two, before it becomes embodied in law. This is a tragedy of another sort, and apparently we must live with it.

The Leopold Saga

The metamorphosis that society must now make was undergone by Aldo Leopold in the first half of this century.[5] Beginning his professional life as a bounty hunter, Leopold thought that he could increase the well-being of wild deer herds by eliminating their predators. As the number of predators decreased, the deer population did multiply, but the environment deteriorated and so did the health of the deer. After several years of entertaining one medical hypothesis after another, Leopold found the explanation: There were just too many deer. Since it was not politically feasible to endorse a program that encouraged the growth of predator populations, intelligent game managers suggested that the excess deer be killed, the sooner the better. This about-face was necessitated by the facts, but it was unacceptable to the public, which had been subjected to "pro-life" propaganda concerning deer for many decades.

The "pro-life" stance was greatly strengthened by the 1942 release of the Walt Disney movie, **Bambi**. Game management theory, which gives carrying capacity considerations dominance over individual rights to life, collided head on with the implication in **Bambi** that innocent life is sacred. **Bambi** is, of course, not a treatise on game management, but the implications of

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Garrett Hardin is one of the few predators in the environmental movement who directs his cunning to cull his own herd. His essay "The Tragedy of the Commons" is still, after some 20 years, an agonizing koan (fundamental paradox) that separates the political ecologists from the biological ecologists. The piece here on carrying capacity was written for the conservative ***Cato Journal*** *($15/year for 3 issues from 224 Second Street, Washington, DC 20003). Hardin sent it to us with the comment, "I dislike what I see as some unnecessary polarization between economists and biologists on certain population and natural resources issues." In his most recent book he remarks, "A society that listens only to economists ratchets its way to destruction." (That book is* ***Naked Emperors: Essays of a Taboo Stalker*** *[1982; $9.95 postpaid from William Kaufmann, Inc., One First Street, Los Altos, CA 94022]). There is such a thing, notes Hardin, as environmentalist greed.*

—Stewart Brand

an artistic work can have far more influence on the public than the most carefully wrought academic theory. Just when the game managers seemed to be making progress in persuading the public of the primacy of carrying capacity, **Bambi** came along. In the following year, the miserable condition of the deer and their environment in Wisconsin led the authorities to sanction an "antlerless season" in the hope of reducing the breeding population.

Perhaps because so much of the hunter population was off to war in 1943, the special season resulted in only a 10-percent reduction in the deer population (though this must have included more breeders than would have been killed in a traditional hunting season limited to mature bucks). From a game management point of view, the kill of 50,000 out of an estimated population of 500,000 was far from enough. In terms of the public reaction, it was more than enough. A Save Wisconsin's Deer Committee was formed, and the first issue of its official newspaper, **Save Wisconsin's Deer**, was published in August 1944. The issue included an open letter to the governor, state senators, and assemblymen of Wisconsin with the following significant passage:

> The infamous and bloody 1943 deer slaughter was sponsored by one of the commission members, Mr. Aldo Leopold, who admitted in writing that the figures he uses were *pure guesswork*. The commission accepted his report on that basis.
>
> Imagine our fine deer herd shot to pieces by a man who rates himself as a Professor and uses a *guess* instead of facts? Mere fawns just out of their spots were sacrificed by our conservation commission. Does, with young already conceived, young, immature bucks, in fact, everything that ran was indiscriminately slaughtered, not by sportsmen, but by the commission's poison propaganda.

Two points deserve noting. First, the motive of this commission was in no way different from the motive of the game managers: to save the deer. The difference between the two groups lies in their time perspective and in their grasp of reality. The deer committee wanted to save each and every deer life today, ignoring what would happen tomorrow if such a policy were adopted. In contrast, game managers wanted to save the maximum number of lives in the long run and ensure that the health of the surviving population was maximized.

Second, to manage a population of animals it is not necessary to census it exactly. All you have to do is "read the environment." If there are too many grazing or browsing animals, evidence of the surplus can be read in the deterioration of their food source. Yet, so well has science been popularized that the public thinks we must always know exact numbers before we can act. Leopold, who deduced from the manifold evidences of environmental deterioration that the animal population was past its optimum point, was accused of indulging in "pure guesswork." Exact figures are fine, but often simple eyeballing is sufficient to lay out a rational policy.

Ethics and Reason

Some 40 years have passed since **Bambi** and the "infamous massacre of '43." Has rationality made any progress? It is doubtful. In the intervening years, the **Bambi** message has burgeoned. The African missionary, Albert Schweitzer, has been discovered and virtually canonized by a group of untrained but enthusiastic "ecologists." This is unfortunate, because Schweitzer's ideas solidified long before the modern theory of game management was established. Says Schweitzer:

> Ethics . . . consists in this, that I experience the necessity of practicing the same reverence for life toward all will-to-live, as toward my own. Therefore, I have already the needed fundamental principle of morality. It is good to maintain and cherish life; it is evil to destroy and to check life. . . .
>
> [Speaking of the "really ethical man"] If he works by lamplight on a summer evening, he prefers to keep the window shut and to breathe stifling air rather than to see insect after insect fall on his table with singed and sinking wings. If he goes out into the street after a rainstorm and sees a worm which has strayed there, he reflects that it will certainly dry up in the sunshine, if it does not quickly regain the damp soil into which it can creep, and so he helps it back from the deadly paving stones into the lush grass.[6]

While a touching passage, it ignores all considerations of the numbers or organisms relative to the quantitative limits of the environment; and it ignores the threat of Malthusian population growth to the animals themselves. As ethics it is useless. The ethics that we need are the ethics of Prometheus, literally "the fore-thinker" — ethics that consider the consequences of actions before pronouncing them either good or bad.[7]

Another trend in thinking has helped to undermine rational analysis since 1943. This is the efflorescence of the idea of "rights," an idea that focuses on the individual and is practically blind to the interests of the group, including posterity. In the last 40 years we have witnessed the invention of women's rights, gay rights, the rights of the handicapped, the rights of aliens, and even animal rights.[8] Whatever the individual merits of these movements, their underlying philosophy emphasizes the demands of the individual and disallows the claims of the

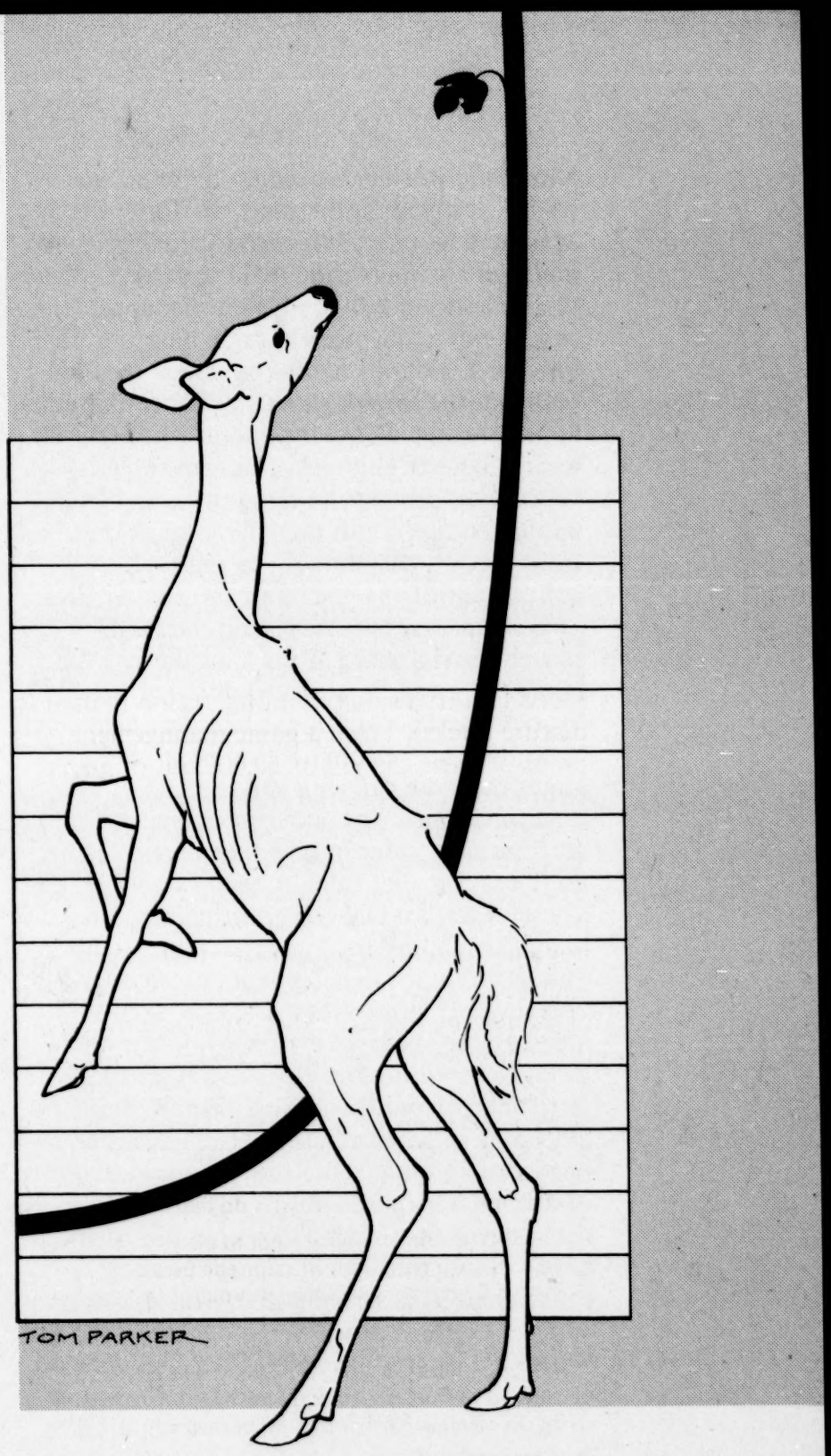
community. In other words, today preempts tomorrow.

The atmosphere of radical individualism is unfavorable to the rational discussion of the problems of wild horses and burros. The total lack of understanding of the principles of game management is mirrored in this statement made by a social activist: "Ironically, today's ecology enthusiasts do not seem to like living things. Life must be limited, they say, else it will destroy itself."[9] The irony is that the author has unwittingly given a correct epitomization of the ecological insight. Since every species of organism has the Malthusian potential of "eating itself out of house and home," individual lives must be limited by some countervailing force — human or other — or the life of the species will self-destruct.

The preeminent importance of carrying capacity has been beautifully brought out by David Klein's study of reindeer on St. Matthew's Island in the Bering Sea.[10] Until 1944, this island was uninhabited by vertebrates. In that year, for some reason, 24 female and five male reindeer were released on the island, where there were no predators and an abundant supply of reindeer moss for them to feed on. In 19 years time, the population increased to some 6000 animals, a yearly increase of 33 percent. In the heavy winter snows of 1963, virtually the entire population died. In 1966, only 42 animals were found on the island, only one of which was male, suspected to be sterile. Presumably the population has died out since them.

It would be a mistake to presume that winter weather was the cause of the deaths; weather was only the *coup de grace*. Game management studies of St. Matthew's Island led to an estimated carrying capacity (for reindeer) of five animals per square kilometer. In 1957, there were only four animals per square kilometer. These animals were about 50 percent greater in body weight than the mainland domestic reindeer, attesting to their good food supply. By 1963, the population had reached a density of 18 per square kilometer, or 3.6 times the estimated carrying capacity. At this time the average body weight of the island animals was less than that of mainland animals, and their environment showed distressing signs of overgrazing. The herd entered the winter season in bad condition. It would be far closer to the truth to say that the animals died of overpopulation than to say that they died of a severe winter.

How would a game manager in complete possession of the facts and fully empowered to act have managed the St. Matthew's herd of



reindeer? Assuming that it was out of the question to introduce an effective predator into this simplified environment and assuming that contraception among reindeer was not practicable, the manager would have instituted a killing program in 1957, when the population size was comfortably below the carrying capacity and the animals showed every sign of being in good health. By always keeping the population below the carrying capacity — the engineer's "safety factor" must rule here — the animals could have been maintained in good health indefinitely, without the massive die-off that occurred in the winter of 1963-64. The Schweitzers of this world cannot agree to such systematic culling of a herd; but the Schweitzers would, if given power, increase the total amount of suffering. They would, in fact, extinguish the very life they intend to preserve.

Not many of the general public know of Klein's study or understand its moral. In March 1979, television carried a documentary prepared by the National Geographic Society. "Last Stand in Eden" was an account of the large herds of elephants which have moved into the highlands of Kenya, where they are pillaging the farms. Understandably, the native human beings whose livelihood is threatened want the herds thinned. The film showed helicopters driving the elephants away from populated areas into the wilder areas they had come from. Also shown was the rapid adjustment of the elephants to the new stress of helicopter noise. Very soon the herds started moving back from the wild into the inhabited areas. It was obvious what was happening: The wild areas had been damaged by numbers of elephants that were vastly larger than the carrying capacity. The elephants knew what was wrong and insisted on returning to more favorable areas, despite all the racket that human beings could make. There were film clips of government game managers calling for "understanding" and "patience" until the elephants could be "persuaded" not to return to the farming areas. Some speakers expressed horror at the thought of killing the elephants. One brief interlude showed the killing of more than 100 elephants in Ruwanda several years earlier, presented to underscore the "unthinkability" of killing. There was absolutely no mention of the concept of carrying capacity, nor of the necessity of considering quantities and consequences in arriving at ethical decisions. When a conscientious public educator like the National Geographic Society does so poorly, are we to wonder that the public understands so little of the biological basis of population well-being?

Closer to home, on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, there is a herd of 150-200 deer, a number clearly beyond the carrying capacity of the island. Naturally, shooting the excess is "unthinkable." Bearing that in mind, Dale R. McCullough, professor of Resource Management at the University of California at Berkeley, recommended that a few coyotes be released on the island to bring the deer population to carrying capacity. Predictably, a representative of the San Francisco Chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals objected: "We are concerned with the way the animal dies. . . . We are concerned in a major way with finding a solution. We favor relocating excess deer. We do not want to see a slaughter of Angel Island deer, whether by man himself, or through a man-made solution such as introducing predators."[11] Relocation is, of course, only an escape from rationality. It may work for a while, but soon the areas available for relocation will be saturated, and then what does one do? In the end, there is no escaping the reality of carrying capacity.

How could so obvious a matter [as carrying capacity] be so easily lost sight of, so persistently repressed? I suspect part of the answer is to be found in a remark made by E.F. Schumacher: "The people who now control our destiny almost universally have a city orientation."[12] Over 90 percent of the U.S. population is urban (living in cities of 50,000 or more), and most urbanites have had an urban upbringing. In the nature of things, urban people have most of the political power, and their interests determine the flavor of the rhetoric of most newspapers and magazines. People who are brought up on farms or ranches have a gut-level understanding of carrying capacity, whether they know the technical term or not; but it is difficult to bring their rural insights to bear on the problems of managing animals. As fewer and fewer decision makers come from a rural background, the situation will get worse. We have a frightening education problem on our hands.

Managing Wild Herds

It is against this background that I want to consider the dispute between stockmen and so-called animal lovers over the burgeoning populations of burros and horses. At the risk of making enemies of both groups, one criticism can be leveled against both — not against every member but against many in each camp.

The "animal lovers" accuse the stockmen of being greedy when they seek to increase their domestic herds at the expense of the wild ones. No doubt the charge of greed is sometimes justified; but wildlife advocates can be equally greedy, although in a different way. Propagation by nature is over-abundant, necessarily so because reproduction must allow for deaths by accidents, disease, and predation. When man does not intervene and mitigate the corrective feedback of the forces of mortality, the exuberance of reproduction causes no problems. But the more sentimental of our wildlife advocates would eliminate all mortality if they could, because "all life is sacred" or because they feel a "reverence for life." To repeat, the biologist must point out that it is quite possible to defend the life of every species without preserving the lives of all its members. The "animal lover" does not like to have this truth pointed out. Extending John Locke's emphasis on the primacy of the individual to the nonhuman realm, the "animal lover" points out that every wild

organism is genetically unique, and he is horrified at the thought of giving up the life of even one individual. His unwillingness is an expression of greed. The moralistic language of such advocates may fool us for a while, but in the end we see that the wildlife enthusiast who wants to save every wild life is as greedy as the stockman who wants to eliminate every living wild thing. The public interest here, as always, lies in a balancing of competing goods, in pursuing the Greek goal of moderation, and in resisting the call of greed, coming from whatever quarter.

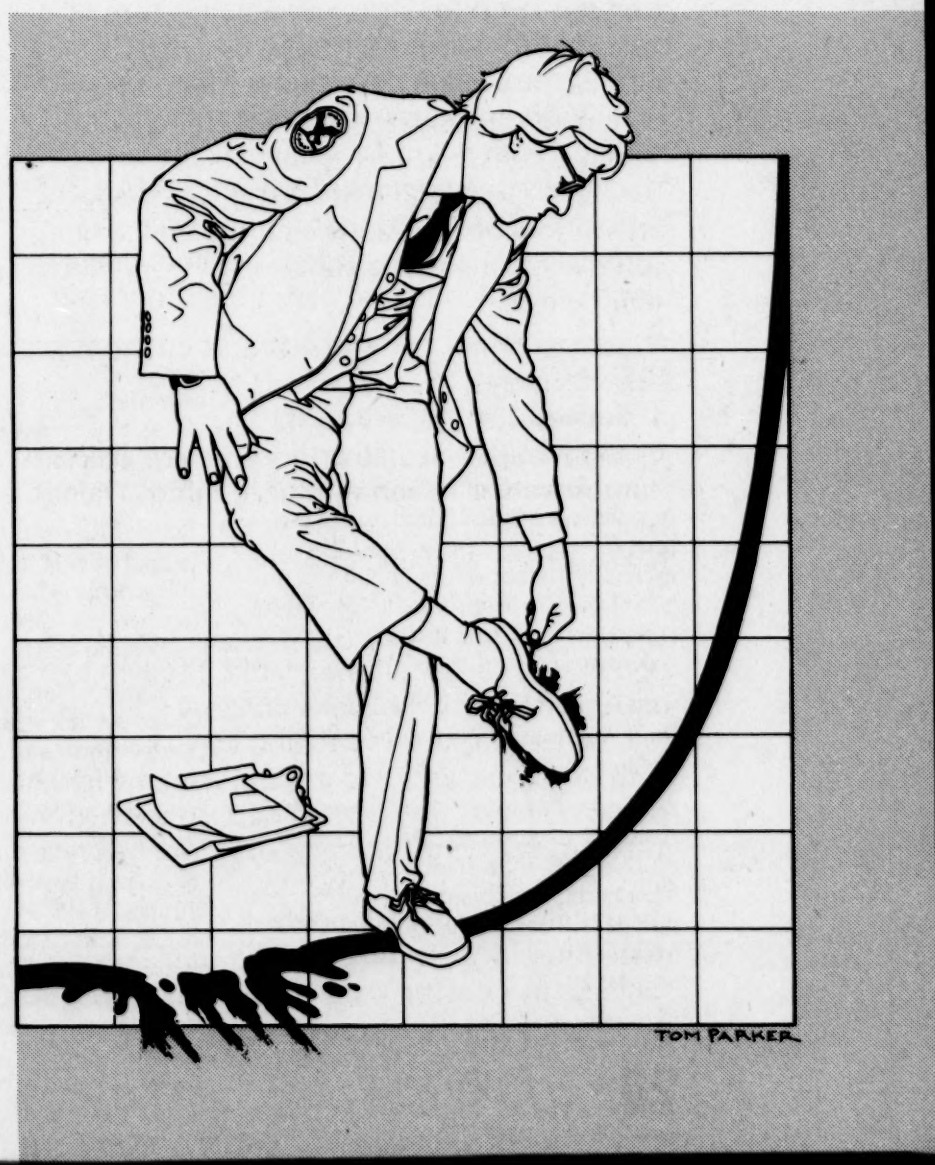
This analysis may be viewed by some as an *ad hominem* argument. Transcending this level we can usefully divide the problem of managing the herds of wild horses and burros into a scientific part and a policy part. On the scientific side, we need to determine the carrying capacity of each piece of land. This means not only the carrying capacity for horses and burros but also for whatever other animals might be placed there alternatively or additionally, such as sheep, cattle, and deer. Their comparative demands on the environment can be stated in AUs, animal units, though the AUs may vary with different environments. Interactions between the species — e.g., the spoilage or augmentation of the environment for one species by another — must also be considered. Such questions may be difficult in detail, but they are scientific in principle. Given enough time, money, and study, the answers can be found. With these answers, we can then take up the second kind of question.

Policy is involved the moment we try to agree on the mix of grazers and browsers to strive for. Of course, we might take an exclusively homocentric position and opt for the maximum efficiency, which might mean the maximum number of pounds of beef produced per acre. Such a narrow definition would have been readily accepted a century ago, but not now. The 1976 Federal Land Policy and Management Act mirrors widespread public sentiment when it defines multiple use as "the management of various resources without permanent impairment of the productivity of the land and the quality of the environment with consideration being given to the relative values of the resources and *not necessarily to the combination of uses that will give the greatest economic return or greatest unit output"* (emphasis added).[13]

Rejecting the pure efficiency solution makes the political problem much more difficult, of course. But if you believe, as countless millions of Americans do, that quality of life is to be measured by more than mere economic efficiency in the narrow sense and that a modicum of variety and wildlife is required for human happiness (even if it means that the carrying capacity of our land for human beings is thereby reduced), then the political problem of battling over alternative value systems cannot be evaded. He who prefers quality to quantity has a fight on his hands.

Under every value system the problem of eliminating excess animals arises — either once only in the case of an efficiency solution or periodically if we opt for a steady state or balance of competing herbivores. Keeping herds of domestic animals within their assigned limits requires solving the problem of managing the ranchers; that is, persuading ranchers that it is in their long-term interest to cooperate with other elements in society. The experience of the last half century in the management of the common lands under the jurisdiction of the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management has shown that this is no small political problem.

Keeping herds of wild animals within their assigned limits requires, first of all, that these herds be managed using various means, for example: treating them as game animals and managing the assignment of hunting rights; cropping the herds for either human or animal food; poisoning animals as a simple means of getting rid of them; exporting some animals to



other areas, which is only a temporary solution; introducing natural predators, which probably will not be approved of; or, as a bit of science fiction, forcing animals to practice birth control. Given the goal, the comparative costs and benefits of these methods can be evaluated scientifically.

Guilt vs. Rationality in Policy Espousal

Beyond the problem of managing the animals, there is the problem of managing the city folk who object to the management. This may be the most difficult control problem of all. A large literature has been built up around the ideas of compassion, sanctity of life, reverence for life, pro-life, and other verbalizations, the implication of which is that people who support so-called pro-life positions are somehow nobler than those who would match population size to carrying capacity. We must not underestimate the bias in favor of the pro-life position. The problem of minimizing the suffering of the world will be made immensely easier if we can build backfires against this position. This will not be easy, but I have a suggestion.

Returning to Schweitzer, I quote: "The ethic of reverence for life . . . inspires us to join in a search for opportunities to afford help of some kind or other to the animals, to make up for the great amount of misery which they endure at our hands, and thus to escape for a moment from the inconceivable horrors of existence."[14] I speak certainly for myself, and I think for millions of others, when I say that I really do not know what Schweitzer is talking about when he speaks of the "inconceivable horrors of existence." All biologists are certain that no one ever "promised us a rose garden" — but what's new? Death and tragedy are ubiquitous, but not universal. We cannot make the world wholly as we would like it to be, but we can bias it in our favor. We have the best chance of succeeding in this endeavor if our actions are guided by rationality.

I am afraid that it is rationality itself that is most feared by many of those in the pro-life camp. Guilt-mongering is an all too common hobby. The attraction of this occupation has, I think, been revealed by psychiatrist Leslie Farber: "Guilt is welcomed simply as a meaning, one of the handiest of familiar meanings, to get us out of chaos."[15] By contrast, biologists find meaning in such rationally understandable concepts as exponential growth, the finiteness of resources, negative feedbacks, predation, mathematical maxima, safety factors, competition, and carrying capacity. The biologically minded ethicist insists that time and numbers must enter into ethical calculations. Consequences are important; hence, Promethean ethics. Rational calculations may be difficult to carry out, but in principle they are possible. In time, our answers should improve.

Those who reject rationality and yet who seek meaning as avidly as rationalists do are likely to fall back on guilt as a philosopher's stone for solving ethical problems. After two millenia of intermittent guilt addiction, it should be obvious that guilt is a poor explainer of the phenomena of the world. We cannot, to use Schweitzer's words, "make up for the great amount of misery which animals endure at our hands" by regarding the life of every animal as sacred, if such sanctifying action results in increasing still further the misery of wild animals under our control. Only rational policies can minimize suffering in the future. ■

Footnotes

1. **Newsweek**, May 10, 1982, p. 14.

2. For comparison, the rate of natural increase of the human population of the United States is now 0.7 percent. The highest rate of increase in a nation-sized human population is probably that obtaining right now in Kenya, namely 4 percent.

3. Garrett Hardin, "The Tragedy of the Commons," **Science** 161 (1968): 1243-48.

4. Garrett Hardin, "An Operational Analysis of Responsibility," Garrett Hardin and John Baden, eds., **Managing the Commons** ($10.95 postpaid from W.H. Freeman, 660 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94104), 1977.

5. Susan L. Flader, **Thinking Like a Mountain** ($5.50 postpaid from University of Nebraska Press, 911 North 17th Street, Lincoln, NE 68588), 1974.

6. Tom Regan and Peter Singer, eds., **Animal Rights and Human Obligations** ($12.20 postpaid from Prentice-Hall, P.O. Box 500, Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632), 1980.

7. Garrett Hardin, **Promethean Ethics: Living with Death, Competition, and Triage** ($10.25 postpaid from University of Washington Press, Seattle, WA 98105), 1980.

8. Special Issue on Animal Rights, **Inquiry** 22 (1979): 1-251; and Peter Singer, **Animal Liberation** ($4.20 postpaid from Avon Books, 959 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10019), 1975 (**CQ** Winter 1982).

9. Robert Chrisman, "Ecology: A Rascist Shuck," **Scanlan's** 1 (1970): 46-49.

10. David R. Klein, "The Introduction, Increase, and Crash of Reindeer on St. Matthew's Island," **Journal of Wildlife Management** 32 (1968): 350-67.

11. UPI, **Santa Barbara News-Press**, March 11, 1981, p. C-13.

12. E.F. Schumacher, "Interview," **Mother Earth News**, November 1976, p. 15.

13. Jay D. Hair, "Sagebrush Rebellion," **BioScience** 31 (1981): 556.

14. Regan and Singer, p. 138.

15. Leslie H. Farber, "The Therapeutic Despair," **Psychiatry** 21 (1958): 7-20.

CARRYING CAPACITY AND THE GREEK DARK AGES

by Marshall Massey

JOHN PERLIN AND BOROMIR JORDAN'S ARTICLE "Running Out" (**CQ** Spring '83) hit me all the harder because they, like their predecessors, don't seem to have thought about what happened in ancient Greece — as the forests ran out — long enough to realize its true scope.

I myself know little more than Perlin and Jordan, but what little I know has haunted me for more than eight years, and it's only right that I share it.

My introduction to the topic was Marston Bates' classic ecology text ***The Forest and the Sea***. Bates merely mentioned the subject in passing:

> Holly, cypress, olive and similar trees made up the forest that originally covered the coastal plains and lower mountain slopes of the Mediterranean — and it was a real forest, though probably never as imposing or dense as the deciduous forest farther north. Man destroyed this forest long ago. . . .
>
> Homer spoke of "wooded Samothrace" and "wooded Zacynthus" and of the "tall pines and oaks of Sicily." . . . As the forests were cleared, the goats took over. . . . The devastation was already clear at the time of the height of Athenian glory and Plato saw that "What now remains compared with what then existed is like the skeleton of a sick man, all the fat and soft earth having been wasted away, and only the bare framework of the land being left."[1]

That was enough to shake me up and send me in search of further reading. A few months later, I came across this passage, in a book by J. Donald Hughes:

> The Greeks severely altered the ecosystem in which they lived, exhausting important natural resources and contributing . . . to their own decline. The landscape which the world knows today as typically Greek is to a large extent the result of human actions in ancient times. . . .
>
> One of the most striking effects on nature in Greece was the removal of the forests. . . .
>
> The iron axes of Greek loggers made the forests resound, according to a famous description in Homer, and no tree was too lofty or too great in girth to escape them. Logs were floated down the rivers, and the lumber was exported by sea. But the activities of lumbermen and charcoal burners were not the only forces destroying the Greek forests. Forest fires, many of them set on purpose by shepherds, raged unchecked. . . . Shepherds often girdled trees to improve the grass underneath. Swine were pastured in oak forests. . . . Ordinarily grass-eating animals like sheep and cattle are forced to eat leaves and twigs in the Greek hills, and goats, which browse on bushes and small trees by preference, will also climb into large trees and eat the foliage. Goats made permanent the deforestation of thousands of square miles of Mediterranean hillsides. . . .
>
> Once the land was bare of trees, the torrential rains of the Mediterranean . . . washed away the unprotected earth. Unimpeded erosion destroyed the uplands that might have grown trees again . . . .[2]

An Earth goddess of Mycenae, carrying the land's bounty, before the forests fell. From the gold head of a silver pin, 16th century B.C.
HELLAS BY KEITH BRANIGAN AND MICHAEL VICKERS, McGRAW-HILL (1980)

This much of the story is old hat to ecologists; but what follows is not. The astonishing thing is that despite extensive studies of this subject, the full *social* consequences of this catastrophe have gone largely overlooked and

*1. Marston Bates, **The Forest and the Sea: A Look at the Economy of Nature and the Ecology of Man*** (out of print, Random House Vintage Books, 1960), pp. 121-2.

2. J. Donald Hughes, ***Ecology in Ancient Civilizations*** ($9.50 postpaid from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131; 1975), p. 69.

*We never know what inquiries a **CQ** article will open up. Here Marshall Massey, a 34-year-old freelance writer from Denver, responds to our deforestation material (CQ Spring '83) with a detective story rooted in antiquity. —Art Kleiner*

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unrecognized.[3] Considering the growing evidence that acid rain, by starving the roots of trees throughout the continental U.S., is probably setting us up for a colossal repeat performance of what happened to ancient Greece, it seems like a study of the Greeks' fate would be something our country ought to hear about.[4]

What happened to the Greeks? Nine-tenths of them died, or were driven into exile. Their civilization was extinguished, and Greece entered a Dark Age that lasted four hundred years.[5]

The collapse of the Greek ecosystem was the greatest trauma, bar none, that those hardy people ever had to endure; and though they later went on to build the greatest of all ancient civilizations, the shadow of that tragedy colored everything they did. Indeed, the trauma is still with us today. It is built solidly into the civilization we have inherited from the Greeks. Its echoes are bellowing in our ears.

MOST PEOPLE NEVER heard of the Greek Dark Age. I hadn't myself, until — around the same time I read Marston Bates — I stumbled on a little-known essay by H.R. Trevor-Roper called "The World of Homer." Brace yourself:

> Our own Dark Ages are dark enough: those of ancient Greece are darker still. What happened in those four centuries between the crumbling of Mycenaean civilisation and the sudden rebirth of Greek culture? Not so much as a monkish chronicle glimmers through that night.
>
> Mycenae we know. We know it, imaginatively, from its heroic myths: that great tapestry from whose shreds half the great tragedies of the world have been composed. We know it in a more real sense as its great palaces are explored and its new records deciphered. But when it had fallen — and its fall is itself mysterious — we are suddenly in the dark. Four centuries later, when we hear the first contemporary voice, we find ourselves in an altogether new world. All the old magnificence is gone. The heroic age is a distant myth. We are in the fifth age of men, the "iron age" of stagnant, rural poverty.
>
> "Would that it were not my lot to live among this fifth generation of men, but had either died first or might be born later; for this is the Iron Age, when day and night we are wasted by toil and suffering . . . ." It is the voice of Hesiod, the cantankerous, taboo-ridden peasant, nagging his idle brother on a squalid Boeotian farm.
>
> Homer is the poet of Mycenaean splendour; Hesiod the first, last, only poet of the Greek Dark Age. So we easily generalise. But when, in fact . . . were the Homeric poems composed? Their subject, their heroes, their geography, their apparatus are Mycenaean. But what about those breast-plates, that iron, those numerous un-Mycenaean details?
>
> "Homer," says Mr. Finley, "knew where the Mycenaean civilisation flourished, and his heroes live in great Bronze Age palaces unknown in his own day. And that is virtually all he knew about Mycenaean times, for the catalogue of his errors is very long." Homer's arms, though "persistently cast in antiquated bronze," are post-Mycenaean in form. "His gods had temples and the Mycenaeans built none, whereas the latter constructed great vaulted tombs in which to bury their chieftains and the

3. *Old hat:* As Perlin and Jordan have already noted in the Spring 1983 issue of this magazine, studies of Greek deforestation date all the way back to Plato's ***Critias,*** written in the fourth century B.C. A landmark modern study was H.C. Darby's essay, "The Clearing of the Woodland in Europe," which appeared in William L. Thomas, Jr., ed., ***International Symposium on Man's Role in Changing the Face of the Earth*** ($45.00 postpaid from University of Chicago Press, Dept. LDP, 5801 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637; 1956).

Largely overlooked and unrecognized: The problem seems to be that students of paleoecology have been misled by Plato (and Plato's contemporaries) into thinking that most of the destruction took place in Classical times. While it's true that the Classical Greeks did a tremendous amount of damage, they lived by the sea, fishing and shipping and trading extensively, and were thus able to compensate for the failing productivity of their land. By looking only at Classical times, paleoecologists have been led to believe that the ecocide of Greece was committed with impunity. But the destruction of the same countryside can take place more than once — *if* the soil is not all lost the first time around, and *if* the land is allowed sufficient time to recover between destructive episodes. And that seems to be what happened. In this article we are looking at an eco-collapse that occurred many centuries before the Classical era, in an age when the Greeks were far more dependent on their soil — and thus had to pay a steep reckoning for their sins.

4. *Acid Rain . . . starving the roots of trees:* Unfortunately, we are only now beginning to understand what acid rain is doing to our countryside A number of recent, detailed, and thoroughly alarming studies of the problem are summarized on pages 66-79 of Robert H. Boyle and R. Alexandra Boyle's new book, ***Acid Rain*** ($8.95 postpaid from Schocken Books, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016; 1983). One scientist quoted in the book — Dr. F. Herbert Bormann of Yale — talks bluntly about the possibility of just the sort of ecosystem collapse this article describes (pp. 73-4). Pages 15-6, 20-2, 58-65 and 130-1 give firm evidence that the problem is not confined to the northeastern U.S. and Canada, but is truly nationwide.

5. *Nine-tenths:* No one disputes the fact that Greece was dramatically depopulated, but the precise proportion of the population that died or was driven off is something that Greek archeologists are still actively struggling to determine. The figure I have chosen seems like a reasonable guess.

Died, or were driven into exile: There is excellent evidence to suggest that many of the Greeks prudently fled to Cyprus, Tarsus, and the hinterlands of Greece and the Aegean, as soon as they saw what was coming. Doubtless they suffered the usual privations of refugees; doubtless some of them died en route to new homes, or were killed by hostile natives of the places they colonized, or starved when the crops in their new homes failed. But they must have been fortunate compared with those who remained behind; for we find that most of the cities they fled perished in flames (whether they were flames of violence or melancholy funeral pyres we do not know); every kingdom but one perished; and the sole surviving Greek city-state, Athens, was desperately impoverished for years.

THE MYCENAEAN WORLD BY JOHN CHADWICK, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS (1976)

The ruins of the hilltop citadel of Mycenae (13th century B.C.) with a view of the eroded Argive plain beyond. Unlike the earlier Minoans, who placed their temples close to the feminine curve of the Earth, the Mycenaeans settled on the heights.

poet cremated his." And then there are the battle-chariots. "Homer had heard of them, but he did not really visualise what one did with chariots in a war. So his heroes normally drove from their tents a mile or less away, carefully dismounted, and then proceeded to battle on foot."

In fact, it now seems agreed, the Homeric poems were composed in the Dark Age. Recited over many generations, their pedigree may stretch back to Mycenae; it may be that it was in the courts of diminished Mycenaean dynasties that they were handed on — for such dynasties survived here and there in Aegean islands, like Roman villas in barbarian Europe, preserving fragments of past culture. But the society around them had . . . changed radically. . . .

And what kind of a society was it? . . . A very shrunken society. The Lords of Pylos and Mycenae, whose economy is newly being revealed to us, had a "centralised bureaucratic social organisation"; they had writing and records; and these records reveal an economic development which makes the later, illiterate, world of Homer . . . seem primitive by comparison.

"The poet exaggerates whenever numbers come in — of slaves and heroes and gold tripods and cattle — yet his overblown figures are tiny compared with the quantities inscribed on the [Mycenaean] tablets. The lords of Mycenae . . . controlled far more extensive holdings in land and cattle and slaves . . . than the heroes who fought in Homer's Troy, and they organised their work . . . through an elaborate bureaucratic hierarchy . . . requiring inventories and memoranda and managerial controls; but Eumaeus could carry the inventory of Odysseus' livestock in his head. Something like one hundred different agricultural and industrial occupations have apparently been identified on the tablets, each with its own word, and Homer only knew of a dozen or so. It was not merely a matter of the poet's having no occasion to mention other occupations; that society had no place for them. . . ."[6]

The usual explanations for the fall of the Mycenaeans involve either *(a)* internecine wars among the Mycenaeans themselves, or else *(b)* invasion and conquest by the barbaric Dorian tribes. But there are big problems with both of these theories. As to the Dorians, archeological studies show that the major Mycenaean strongholds (and most of the minor ones as well) were either destroyed, or in some cases simply abandoned, around ten or twenty years after the fall of Troy — i.e., *circa* 1200 B.C. The Greeks themselves were in firm agreement, though, that the

6. H.R. Trevor-Roper, ***Men and Events: Historical Essays*** ($17.50 postpaid from Octagon, 19 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003; 1957), pp. 6-8. The "Finley" quoted is M.I. Finley, ***The World of Odysseus*** ($5.70 postpaid from Penguin Books, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 1956).

HELLAS

Heracles fighting the three-headed Geryon, from a black-figure amphora made after the Dorian invasion (12th century B.C.). The Dorians were linked to the descendants of the great Greek hero, who became a major character in the new humanistic Greek myths.

Dorians invaded only two full generations after Troy fell — and that the Mycenaean kingdoms were deeply in trouble long before the Dorians arrived.[7] Archeology is no help on this score, because it has never found a single shred of evidence of the Dorian invasion; many archeologists believe that the Dorians were simply the descendants of the Mycenaeans themselves, calling themselves by a new name.[8]

And as for the internecine war hypothesis, there's no real evidence to support it, either. It's merely an educated shot in the dark.

Furthermore (and more importantly), neither wars nor conquest can explain a devastation of Greek society — livestock included! — that still persisted *four hundred years later* in Hesiod's and Homer's day. Four hundred years is an incredibly long time by human standards — from Galileo's and Shakespeare's nineteenth birthdays clear down to the present. All through the Greek Dark Age, civilization was flourishing elsewhere in the eastern Mediterranean; the Phoenicians were sailing everywhere, trading and setting up colonies; and Greece, with its tiny islands and pocket valleys, was an ideal region to recivilize. So why did nothing happen?

Civilization has formidable powers of recovery, even after major catastrophes. When the Mongols swept into Europe, slaughtering every inhabitant for hundreds of miles, civilization returned to the devastated region in only a century or two. When the English, at the height of the Hundred Years' War, introduced scorched-earth tactics and reduced whole provinces of France to howling wilderness, the French bounced back within a hundred years.

To create and sustain the Dark Ages of Europe, it took two great epidemics (around 250 A.D. and again around 540) — each as ferocious as the famous Plague that swept Europe in the late Middle Ages — plus a currency collapse (which dried up the trade that knit Europe together and bankrupted the Emperors who paid for its defense) — *plus* invasions by Teutonic tribes, Huns, Saracens, Magyars and Norse that went on and on from around 250 until well after 1000 A.D. And when the invasions stopped, those Dark Ages ended.

So what kept the Greeks down? The answer is plain in Trevor-Roper's words, in Finley's and in Hesiod's: the carrying capacity of the land had itself been decimated. Once this is admitted, it is amazing how everything falls into place. . . .[9] Though the Mycenaeans had warships, they fished only modestly and lived on an essentially land-based diet.[10] Thus, once they had felled all the trees and overgrazed the pastures, and the rich topsoil had been lost to the sea, and the land descended to desert, no skills they possessed could save them. The famine and collapse that followed were inevitable. And as the soil regenerated only slowly through the centuries, it can hardly surprise anyone that the herds had not recovered in Homer's day.

Two hundred years after the fall of Mycenae, no significant trace of the old civilization remained. Even literacy was forgotten. Tiny settlements of a few dozen people each, separated each from the next by long distances of empty, sun-baked waste, dwelling in a poverty as stark as anything the world has known — this was the

7. Cf. Lord William Taylour, ***The Mycenaeans: Revised Edition*** ($21.45 postpaid from W.W. Norton and Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10036; 1964, 1983), pp. 160-1.

8. Cf. for example John Chadwick, ***The Mycenaean World*** (out of print, Cambridge University Press, 1976), pp. 3 and 192-3.

9. At least a few archeologists have come surprisingly close to this realization — for example, Anthony Snodgrass, who wrote in 1980, "It may be that the level of population in . . . the last era of the Mycenaean heyday was dangerously high and that this contributed to the economic disaster which may well have brought about the downfall of that culture." (***Archaic Greece,*** $9.45 postpaid from University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94720; 1980, p. 21.)

Rhys Carpenter, in 1966, argued that the real cause of the Mycenaeans' downfall was a drying-out of the climate, like the one of the late thirteenth century A.D. that has been linked to the collapse of Anasazi culture. Carpenter's theory stirred up plenty of excitement at first, but was hooted down when further paleobotanic research failed to support his reasoning.

Chadwick notes that "the least satisfactory part of [Carpenter's] theory is the bland assumption that areas such as Attica, which appears to have flourished in the twelfth century [B.C.], suddenly enjoyed a wetter climate, when modern figures show that it had only half the rainfall of Messenia, where depopulation is so well attested." (Chadwick, *op. cit.*, p. 192.) "Areas such as Attica" refers, of course, to the various hinterlands of Greece that the survivors of the disaster fled to: Attica itself was ruled by Athens, which — as I have already mentioned in note 5 — was the only Mycenaean city-state to survive the years of cataclysm. But as Taylour observes (*op. cit.*, p. 161), the Athenians did not exactly "flourish"; they were forced to abandon the lower parts of their town completely, and many of them fled as refugees across Mount Hymettos to Perati.

The most likely reason why Athens survived at all is that, in Attica, the rape of the countryside never progressed as far at Mycenaean hands as it did elsewhere. All through Mycenaean times, Athens remained one of the smallest city-states in Greece (even Homer treated it as unimportant), and it's a safe bet that its low population was the salvation of its soils.

10. Few archeologists would state this opinion so baldly, but cf. Lord William Taylour, *op. cit.*, pp. 120-1, and also John Chadwick, *op. cit.*, pp. 108-33.

inheritance of the children of Mycenae.[11] Greece would never be wealthy again until it learned, with the Athenians, to live by the sea.

ONE CAN IMAGINE the final generation of Mycenaeans, suddenly faced with the fact that the trees were almost all cut, the pastures all but exhausted — and that, simply to avoid starvation, they would have to cut and graze what was left much faster than it could possibly grow back. How did they feel? And how did they feel a few years later, when the music stopped and the famine began?

I mentioned how that trauma was so great that the echoes of it still bellow in our minds today . . . . it's true.

The great tragedies of the Greeks have Mycenaean settings. The citadel of Mycenae itself, perched on a mountain pass beneath twin peaks like the horns of a great (sacred) bull, and looming powerfully over the (originally) rich valley below, seemed the embodiment of *hubris,* the quintessentially Greek sin of overweening pride, to later Greeks, and they made it the setting of their darkest myths — "from its founding by the hero Perseus until the deaths of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra within its walls, . . . all of them," writes Vincent Scully, myths "having to do with the punishments consequent upon the human lust for power. So the murdered Agamemnon, who had taken his wife by force from her first husband, slaughtered Artemis' protected animals, sacrificed his daughter to Artemis . . . to advance his own kingly will, and finally brought down Aphrodite's Troy, is himself later treated by Aeschylus as a slaughtered bull, whose death constitutes in part a reprisal by the goddess for his pride."[12]

Why did the Greeks pick on the Mycenaeans, and make them the villains of their myths, when the later Dorians — the inhabitants of the Greek Dark Age — seem to have been a far more brutal lot?

HELLAS

Ancient Greek art shows almost no landscape or vegetation. These two rural scenes from pottery show olive-pressing and sheep grazing, but there's no image of olive groves or pasture.

For that matter, if there never was a Dorian invasion, why did the descendants of the Mycenaeans pretend there had been, and disavow their ancestors by naming themselves the Dorians?

Either way, we're faced with the odd spectacle of a people with undeniable racial pride (they were the ones who called all foreigners "barbarians") rejecting their heritage and vilifying their forebears. It makes no sense — unless you consider that the Mycenaeans had been punished for their pride with an eco-collapse, the death of their land, a punishment seemingly from the gods, whereas the Dorians appeared on the scene only after the catastrophe was complete.

Let's try and put this in perspective.

The Mycenaeans, like the gentler Minoans before them, were worshipers of the Earth Mother, the Great Goddess. Mycenaean shrines typically managed to celebrate her generosity, her giving of the fruits of the soil, at the same time that they invoked her majesty, mystery and terror. Mycenaean palaces were designed to express the Goddess' endorsement of the king and his supplication before her.

In the Dark Age, though, after the death of the countryside, the love affair between Greeks and the Earth Mother came abruptly to an end. Vincent Scully says it plainly in his book, ***The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods,*** though he blames it on the Dorian invasion:

> The invaders broke up the old order of ritual kingship under the goddess. . . . The Dorians seem also to have attempted to suppress the old concept of the dominance of the goddess of the earth herself, seizing the sovereign power by virtue of their own thunder-wielding sky god, Zeus. Certainly the Dorians went farther than [their predecessors] toward destroying the old, simple, almost vegetable unity between man and nature, apparently refusing to accept the comfort of the goddess' tomb and instead proudly burning their dead. . . . Their early cities, too, tell us that they must have seen the earth and the goddess herself in very different terms. . . . On Crete, for example, their stronghold sites . . . are set on or under savage heights, not in the gentle megara of the valleys. On the island of Thera they occupied a high headland, forward of an awesome cleft in the volcanic mountain, with a black beach curving under their city far below. . . . From all these places the goddess of the earth must herself have been felt as threatening and dark. Nature could now be conceived of as hostile to

11. The source of this heart-wrenching image is Anthony Snodgrass, *op. cit.,* pp. 15-23.

12. Vincent Scully, ***The Earth, the Temple, and the Gods: Greek Sacred Architecture (Revised Edition)*** ($17.97 postpaid from Yale University Press, 92A Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520; 1962, 1979), p. 40.

A scene of the goddess religion in a Minoan signet ring dated at 1500 B.C. (the Minoans influenced the Mycenaeans). The female figure in the center may be a goddess, flanked by two priestesses, one raising her hands in worship while the other tends a sacred tree.

HELLAS

> human desires, inimical to the human will, pitiless.[13]

Much has been written in recent years about how the fall of the Neolithic cult of the Great Mother correlates with the fall of matriarchal, attuned-to-nature society, and how the simultaneous rise of the worship of the Sky Father (Zeus, Jehovah, etc.) correlates with the rise of our modern ecologically-irresponsible male-chauvinist world. Here, I think, is a part of that story that has somehow been overlooked — that the fall of the cult of the Mother, at least in Greece, was a backlash of anger against a deity that had somehow "let us down." It was a nation's irrational denial of their responsibility for their own misfortune. In short, it was very like the backlash against the exhaustion of our own resources that, in 1980, put Reagan, Watt & Co. in power.

ONE OF THE BEST-known theories about Homer (I really don't know who first came up with it) is that he was a national poet, weaving together the disparate myths and gods of the different Greek tribes at about the same time that the tribes themselves were beginning to meld into a nation, creating a single epic ("epic" defined by Aristotle as a *national* poetic myth, embodying the common aspirations of an entire people) in which each of the different tribes' deities had his or her own special role to play.

That theory has pretty much been debunked[14]; but in perishing it has opened the way to a deeper truth. We find that with only one exception, each of the principal gods and goddesses who were making things happen in Homer's epics was a *planet* — or, at the very least, a celestial power — and that Homer was, in his gorgeous but slovenly way, advancing the theory that human events can be fully explained in reference to the sky — astrologically, if you will. *Not* in reference

13. *Ibid.*, p. 41. In the interests of accuracy, I should perhaps note that — as with all religious reformations — there were those who refused to go along with the crowd; a minority of dissenters did what they could to keep the old religion of the Goddess alive in Greece. Their dissent took the form, not of refusing to honor Father Zeus (which would have been a crime punishable by banishment or death), but of offering especially fervent devotions to one or another of the female deities in the Olympian household.

Because the Greeks were fundamentally a tolerant people, the activities of these dissenters were eventually institutionalized, well before the end of the Greek Dark Age, in the form of "chthonic cults" and "mystery cults" sacred to various goddesses. (I am not employing the term "cult" here as a means of disparagement, by the way; it is the technically correct term, and implies no dishonor.) In the closing years of ancient Greek civilization — just before the Christian takeover — a number of these cults achieved enormous popularity, overshadowing even the establishment's Olympian religion. Several of them, such as the cult of Artemis at Ephesus mentioned in the Bible (Acts 19:23ff.), the cult of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and the cult of the Maenads, succeeded in transcending their times and left a lasting impress on Western civilization.

But the success of these cults should not be taken as signifying that the old religion of the Goddess had, after all, survived. The catholic qualities of the old religion — the fact that it united virtually all the inhabitants of Greece in a shared reverence for the source of the natural order; the fact that it was able to constrain the cultural and artistic endeavors of the Greeks to a spirit of serene harmony with the Goddess — had been all irretrievably lost. The writings of post-Dark Age Greeks make it amply clear that they saw Artemis of Ephesus, and Demeter of Eleusis, not as the sole true divinity, nor even as the supreme divinity, but simply as one of the twelve great divinities in the holy Olympic pantheon. And while a goddess in the Olympic pantheon was no small thing — she could strike you dead for irreverence, and she could embody cosmic forces — she was not, all by herself, the total answer to society. Indeed, as I have already noted in the main body of this article, the fact that Artemis and Demeter were known for lashing out against those who rubbed them the wrong way (as Artemis did to Actaeon and Demeter to Abas) was symptomatic of the fundamental change that had occurred in the relationship between the Greeks and the Goddess: it tells us how unsafe the Greeks now felt in their dealings with her.

Even the hard core of Goddess-worshipers, who *did* feel safe with her, felt the change. With the catholicity of their world-view lost, they were forced to worship their Goddess in a new way: not with the serenity of worshipers of unchallenged holiness, but with the fervor of born-again believers; and not always with the easy openness of spokespeople for a state religion, but — particularly in the case of the mystery cults — with frequent resort to that secrecy and elitism which characterizes those who have perceived an unpopular truth.

Taking all these changes into account, it is clear how thoroughly the old religion *did* die. The new chthonic and mystery cults were as fundamentally different from the old catholic Cult of the Great Mother as Christianity is from Judaism, or Buddhism from Hinduism. The environment had changed for the worse; society had moved on; no one could turn back the clock.

14. No one has been able to find any physical evidence that the Greeks were ever a number of disparate tribes, with different dialects and worshipping different deities, before they became a nation. The Mycenaeans apparently offered up sacrifices to all the major gods and goddesses of the later Greek Olympic pantheon, even though their architecture and major religious rites were dominated by worship of the Mother. One language seems to have been spoken throughout all of Greece from the twentieth century B.C. onward.

to the Earth Mother.[15] Indeed, the Earth is only a stage on which Homer's drama is performed. Coming hard on the heels of a thousand generations of worship given to the Mother, this was quite a heretical point of view.

And this wasn't all. The focus of the action in Homer's epics is almost entirely divorced from the Greek land itself, where Homer's audience resided. The epics deal almost exclusively with ocean voyages and far-away shores. In a national poetic myth, this near-total blindness to the motherland seems almost pathological. Compare our modern American sagas, from ***Gone With the Wind*** and ***The Virginian*** to the novels of William Faulkner so prone to love affairs with the land. . . .

Out of such roots came the art and drama of the Classical Greeks, thoroughly *humanistic* — that is, concerned not with the proper place of human beings in the natural universe, but rather with relationships among human beings seen independently of their environment. Even when, at the end of the story of Oedipus, famine and pestilence lay waste the land, it is understood as a punishment for a purely social sin. Thus the attitudes we associate with modern civilization were born. . . .

Living as he did at the tail end of the Greek Dark Age, Homer was performing for audiences who still lived in the shadows of the past, audiences for whom the novelties of civilization had not yet eclipsed the remembered wealth of Mycenae. Much of the blind poet's power to move his listeners came from the invocation of a lost Golden Age. The success of his poetry helped imprint that yearning permanently, deep within the soul of later Greek civilization. (His success was so great that literally dozens of imitators, Greek and barbarian, composed epics based on his. You don't hear much about the imitators only because their works have largely perished.)

15. The one exception was Poseidon, who *was* a member of the Olympic pantheon with all the other sky gods and goddesses.

Now, has anyone besides me ever thought it a mite strange that the Judaeo-Christian viewpoint had such a powerful appeal to Greeks and Romans in the days (from 100 B.C. onward) when Jewish and Christian missionaries were converting the ancient West? The Judeao-Christian thing was, in its origins, a narrow, provincial, intolerant tribal faith, born among warlike desert nomads who lived and thought very much like Lawrence of Arabia's Bedouins. The Greeks and Romans were nonnomadic, urbane, tolerant, sophisticated residents of an ecology much like coastal California. One would no more expect a desert tribal faith to sway them than one would expect Los Angeles to convert, *en masse,* to Islam.

But it's only a short step from the feeling that humanity has fallen from a long-ago Golden Age — the feeling Homer played on — to the feeling that humanity has lost its innocence and been cast out of the Garden with Adam and Eve. The Greeks, and the increasingly-Hellenized Romans, were ripe and ready to take that step. Even before their conversion to Christianity and Judaism (the Jews converted about a third of Roman Europe while the Christians were converting the other two-thirds), both the Greeks and the Romans were playing atound with back-to-the-womb, back-to-the-Mother "mystery cults," a sort of born-again Great Motherism.[16]

Christianity had started out, in the teachings of its founder, as a radical rediscovery of divinity. In the form in which it converted Greece and Rome, however, its key tenets were: (1) humanity fell from the Garden with Adam; (2) humanity is now damned; (3) you can be saved through identification with Christ. We have no evidence that the Mycenaeans, the Minoans, or any of the other precatastrophe worshipers of the Goddess, ever thought of themselves as "fallen." There is a good deal of indirect evidence, in the form of studies of contemporary primitive peoples, that suggests that they did not.

So that sense of being "fallen" is the echo that still bellows in our

Oedipus and the Sphinx, from a black-figure alabastron (5th century B.C.).

skulls. And it is significant that when the early psychoanalysts tried to supplant the concept of Fallen Humanity, of Man the Sinner, with something more objective and insightful, they went all unknowingly straight to the Greek mythic portrayals of what was wrong with the Mycenaeans — Oedipus, Orestes, Antigone and the rest. Myths that focused totally on the kinky relationships we form with one another, and denied the importance of being able to live comfortably on the bounty of Ma Earth. . . . Do you ever hear a psychoanalyst talking about how we humans need a proper niche in a natural ecosystem, for the sake of our own mental health? Or how a lot of mental unease would go away if we could simply stop worrying about how well we fit into the natural world, and where our food and clothing and shelter is going to come from?

Here we have a sort of partial societal psychosis, three thousand years old and still going strong, so thoroughly rooted in our thinking in fact that it seems odd to challenge it as I did in the preceding paragraph. A psychosis rooted in ancient ecocide (surely not in Greece alone but in all the homelands of civilization). Think again about James Watt, the man who served so long and so efficiently as captain and symbol of the rape-and-ruin movement; and consider not only the forces that raised him to power, but his own born-again Christian mentality as well: Where did he *truly* come from? What does he truly represent? ■

Saving the Creepy Crawlies

by Peter Warshall

Since *les scandales* "snail darter" and "Furbish lousewort," reasons for saving the uncute, the positively bothersome and the less visible creatures of the planet have themselves become threatened. Crusaders trying to preserve nonhuman creatures like bats, blind cavefish, ants and slimy planaria are in search of a philosophy.

MIND-BIND I: THE UTILITARIAN

The latest rationale has a cunning argument: we know so little about the biochemistry and genes of all the planet's creatures that they may, unbeknownst to us, contain a utilitarian good for humankind. So save the beasties! Today's victims of human destruction may be *mañana's* rescuers from famine and disease. This is really a restatement of Paracelsus' "doctrine of signatures" in which he argued that God put within every living plant and animal a sign for humankind. If we learn to read His signature, we will discover why the species is good — "good" meaning "of benefit to humans." The restatement of this religious doctrine in a scientific/political ideology is best read in ***A Wealth of Wild Species*** (see review).

Utilitarianism (originated by John Stuart Mill) is a thoroughly anthropocentric, "Made in USA" mind-bind. It is colorless and, ultimately, lonely. Good = Useful. Others (like the Zunis) stood Mill on his head. To paraphrase the Zuni: Humans are so helplessly *dependent* that they *need* to make everything else useful in order to survive. They are a rather pitiful, lowly species. All other species are of a higher order of existence, being more independent, less in need of elaborate cultural and exploitative economic crutches. Other creatures should

The IUCN Invertebrate Red Data Book

The International Union for the Conservation of Nature is the scientific wing of the World Wildlife Fund. IUCN made preserving nonhuman species a clear and practical possibility by organizing all the available data on vertebrates into a series of books (updated occasionally) of the threatened and endangered birds, mammals, reptiles, and amphibians of the planet. They have just published this new looseleaf data book on the spineless, lowly critters: 247 species of ants, bees, crabs, corals, beetles, butterflies, worms, and so forth, which they feel need tending. This is a fraction of the 1.4 million classified invertebrates known to scientists (versus 46,000 animals with backbones).

By dropping so low on the food-web, IUCN has raised questions raised before only by obscure religious practitioners like the Jainists who wear a face cloth so as not to inhale flies and who look before every step. Does one now drop to viruses and oppose the complete eradication of smallpox (which has probably gone extinct anyway)? Is it morally responsible to save a pod of parasites — no matter how destructive to humans or their crops? We should praise IUCN for reopening old questions, as it can only be good to think upon them.

—Peter Warshall

The IUCN Invertebrate Red Data Book
S.M. Wells, R.M. Pyle and W.M. Collins
1983; 503 pp.

$21.50
postpaid from:
UNIPUB
P.O. Box 433
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10157

Save Bats

The Center for Action on Endangered Species (Department B, 175 West Main Street, Ayer, MA 01432) has championed the endangered bats of North America. They have great bumper stickers and posters. Information free.

—Peter Warshall

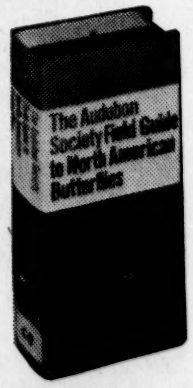
The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Butterflies

Maniacal birders, it's time to expand your field of vision. Don't dismiss those other UFOs! The flutter-bys be butterflies of equal fascination. Flower fanatics; voyeurs of evolutionary eroticism; artists in need of inspiration; urbanites seeking a sense of fragile, angelic loveliness; Buddhists needing new metaphors for mysterious transformations . . . finally, here is a photographic field guide to the daytime, scaley-winged Lepidoptera with antennal clubs. None better or easier to use.

—Peter Warshall

Chiricahua Pine White male, 2 " wingspan.

Queen caterpillar, 2".



The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Butterflies
Robert Pyle
1981; 916 pp.

$13.50
postpaid from:
Alfred A. Knopf
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
or Whole Earth Access

be worshipped, not slaughtered, since they hold a more holy position in the universe.

Enter. . . stage right. . . the proud Socorro isopod. These relatives of the pill bug pass their time gleaning algae from the pipes and walls of an abandoned bathhouse two miles west of Socorro, New Mexico. The defenders of the remaining 2500 half-inch endangered isopods are among the most illustrious, Chaplinesque heroes of our times. Their own nuttiness preserves the glories of harmless human eccentricity as much as who-knows-what glories of the isopod. It is exactly their antiutilitarian stance and obliviousness to the save-them-to-study-them mind-bind that I find so charming. *Viva el isopod de Socorro!* The bathhouse whispers and echoes insane paradoxical vows: "The creatures are numberless. I vow to save them." (See ***IUCN Red Data Book*** review.)

MIND-BIND II: THE TRAGIC

Another major mind-bind squashing our endearment to lowly and worthless critters of manure heaps and fungal-infested humus is "evolution" as taught by today's preacher-scientists. Evolution is always so tragic — filled with morbid stories of jealous males, tooth-and-claw competitiveness and the bones of species never to be seen again. With no room for humorous evolution (à la Taoism) everybody gets so sickeningly serious that we can only save the smart cetaceans and high IQ chimpanzees.

Enter. . . stage left. . . the pygmy hog-sucking louse: a tiny, wingless blood-sucking parasite who lives behind the ears of the pygmy hog. Innocently, one supposes, it transmits rickettsial infections, fevers, and disease. It has become endangered, according to the IUCN, because Assam thornscrub (the home of the pygmy hog) is disappearing. As pygmy hog populations drop, deaths transmitted from the disease-carrying lice have become more frequent. But, the more dead hogs, the less habitat for the lice. The drama accelerates toward a tragic finale. The coevolved trio are destined for an

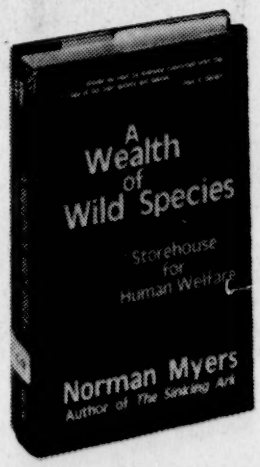
A Wealth of Wild Species

Never denying the ethical and aesthetic arguments, Myers hits righteously and hard at those who feel humans have outgrown their dependence on wild plants and animals. By far the best-researched and best-written book to lay out the utilitarian rationale for preserving wildlife. A great gift for relatives and work-companions who feel preservationists are wimpy, sentimental, and blinded bleeding-hearts stuck on an insane crusade to save mountain pimpernels and harelip suckers.

—Peter Warshall

A tiny (2 to 3 mm long) parasitic wasp, *Spalangia endius*, **feeds on blood rising to the surface of a wound it has inflicted on the pupa of a housefly. Scientists are evaluating the wasp as a control agent of houseflies.**

A Wealth of Wild Species
Norman Myers
1983; 274 pp.
$13.45
postpaid from:
Westview Press, Inc.
5500 Central Avenue
Boulder, CO 80301



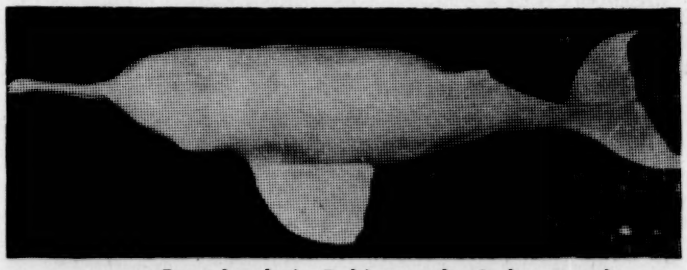
BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966

The Sierra Club Handbook of Whales and Dolphins

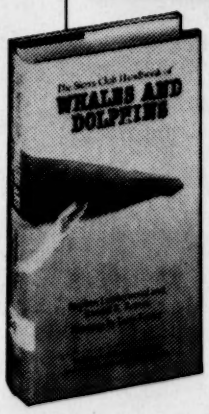
You will probably never see 99 percent of the cetaceans described here. The few you will see will probably be in oceanaria. Strangely, it doesn't seem to matter. Just knowing that all that incredible variety of mammalian life is happening heals a loneliness — Melville's marine melancholia of the arid seas.

Ten years ago, Sierra Club Books published ***Mind in the Waters*** *— America's first poetic/scientific compendium on whales and dolphins. I was taxonomy consultant with a typical 1960s budget of no dollars and no information. Tucuxis and gingko-tooth whales were as mysterious as griffins in medieval bestiaries. Now, Sierra Club Books has again published the best updated and illustrated cetacean compendium. No mysticism nor romance. But, despite themselves, a naturalist's love affair. Not since Mark Twain personally funded Scammon's 1870s expedition has such a fine book of cetacean portraits and scholarship appeared.*

—Peter Warshall



Found only in Pakistan, the Indus susu is unquestionably on the brink of extinction.



The Sierra Club Handbook of Whales and Dolphins
Stephen Leatherwood and Randall R. Reeves
1983; 302 pp.

$14.90
postpaid from:
Sierra Club Books
P.O. Box 3886
Rincon Annex
San Francisco, CA 94119
or Whole Earth Access

existential farewell unless thornscrub can be preserved by human kindness. Only then can the sucking louse (and rickettsia) continue to happily persecute the hog (who, in turn, persecutes the thornscrub) and escape the notoriety of ***IUCN's Red Data Book*** of threatened invertebrates. This is an evolutionary theater where comedy replaces tooth-and-claw tragedy. Catharsis — saving the pygmy hog louse — comes from preserving life — silly as it is.

MIND-BIND III: THE EYE-BIND

Our last tragedy is the humanist Eye-Bind: the imperialist aesthetic that saves only the lovable. Big, dark circular eyes on a small, round face are the first rules of the human-centered perception of adorable. (See Hallmark Cards, Keene kids, DeGrazia Mexican muchachas or cutesy kitty/puppy portraits for the Animal Welfare Institute.) Pandas and baby seals epitomize the imperialist eye-bind. Strong contrasts — panda black-with-white or reds and yellows with black — are the second ingredient to make a creature attractive to human whim. Sometimes the bright colors are advertising a warning (stop lights) and sometimes advertising allurement (cherry-red lips or McDonald's arches). But the human eye is always a sucker for the splashy combos. Cardinals and robins become state birds. Ipswich sparrows don't. Did Picasso ever paint in camouflage browns? If it weren't for its big round eyes, would anyone love the grey-brown house mouse? The third ingredient is bigness. If you can't see it, then it's just not worth the trouble. Elephants, not fleas; whales, not crinoids, excite our crusading instincts. How then to save the North American bats whose faces look like they were run over by a D-8 cat? Or, the muddy-river loving humped-back chub which, to many, looks too deformed to even eat?

I have no answers, being one lowly member of the human species, but it does seem impolite to slam the door of existence in any species' face. Here are some books that try to unknot the mind-binds and point out the paths to a wider compassion, a more humorous aesthetic, and less judgmental thoughts.* ■

*I owe some of these thoughts to James Sterba's article in ***Wall Street Journal*** (October 5, 1982): "Before You Squash That Bug, Be Sure It Isn't One We Need."

Vanishing Fishes of North America

Thoreau, again: "Poor shad, where is thy redress . . . who hears the fishes when they cry?" As we exit the twentieth century, the race between education and destruction becomes more intense. Here is the best book to hear the lament of vanishing fishes, introduce them, explain their dilemmas and call for help.

This book needs wide dispersal. It needs a softback edition. It needs to reach all the fisherpeople who cannot afford $27.50 but whose hearts are the political muscle that will guard the health of the rivers, springs, and lakes that shelter and feed both the fish and us.

—Peter Warshall

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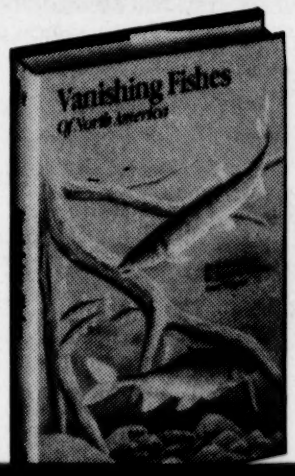
[E.C.] Becker and his contemporaries hardly suspected [in 1939] that introducing the brook trout, brown trout, and especially the rainbow trout into the waters inhabited by the native Apache trout would result in the Apache trout's becoming an endangered species less than sixty years later. Prior to the introduction of these non-native species, the Apache trout abounded throughout six hundred miles of streams in the White Mountains of Arizona. In the early nineteenth century, the western settlers, grouped into large parties for protection against the Indians, would travel to the headwaters of the Salt and Little Colorado Rivers to fish for the plentiful "yellow bellies." The catch was salted in barrels and preserved for the lean winter months. The range of the Apache trout included the White and Black River drainages of the Gila River Basin, the headwaters of the Little Colorado drainage, and the Blue River, a tributary of the San Francisco River drainage, all located in the White Mountains of east central Arizona.

Today, the range of Apache trout population has dwindled to 5 percent of its original distribution, and the fish occur in only thirty miles of the original six hundred miles of streams.

Vanishing Fishes of North America
R. Dana Ono,
James D. Williams and
Anne Wagner
1983; 257 pp.
$28.75
postpaid from:
Stackpole Books
P.O. Box 1831
Harrisburg, PA 17105



Fisheries biologist, Dr. Ronnie Gilbert, about to release radio tagged shortnose sturgeon (note cylindrical transmitter attached just behind sturgeons's head). Approximately 75 percent of the observed shortnose in the Hudson River system had fin rot. Researchers speculate that the river, which was contaminated with polychlorinated biphenyls and other man-made effluents directly linked to health problems, probably caused the fin rot.

Echoes of the Ancient Skies

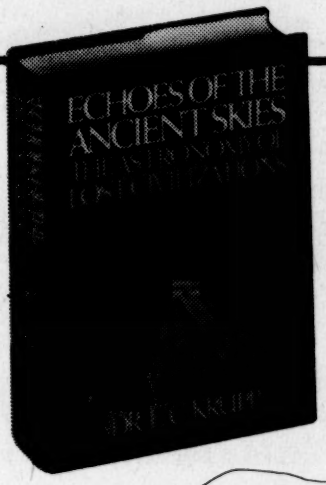
A great work of connection is done here. The Earth's sky is connected to the Earth's dwellings, temples, and cities. The present, in this perspective sadly impoverished, is connected to our deepest past at its most perceptive and intelligent.

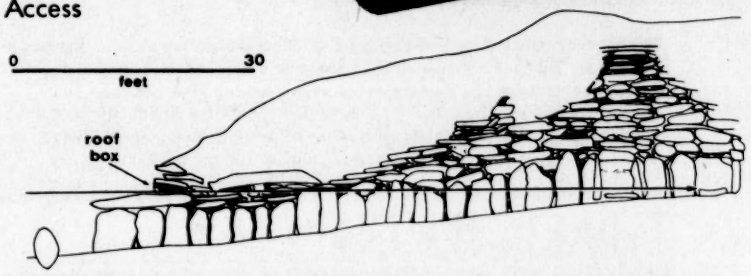
The fullness of the ordering here by the Director of the Los Angeles Griffith Observatory is evident in his chapter headings: "The Lights We See," "The Skies We Watch," "The Gods We Worship," "The Tales We Tell," "The Dead We Bury," "The Vigils We Keep," "The Days We Tally," "The Rituals We Perform," "The Space We Enclose," "The Temples We Align," "The Cities We Plan," "The Symbols We Draw," "The Universes We Design." Here are the sun daggers striking to the middle of labyrinths on certain days, the horizon points that connect the whole world to the whole year to the whole life, the lines drawn on the land to match the lines found between the sky and the passage of time. Richly told, richly illustrated.

How have our modern architects remained so blissfully ignorant of these findings? All we seem to know in our constructions these days is the crudities of north, east, south, west. The solar energy crowd also appears devoid of art, subtlety, or science compared to our primitive ancestors. —*Stewart Brand*

The pyramid was carefully oriented and proportioned to let the profile of its northwest corner create first one inverted triangle of light and then another below it in a descending image of a diamondback serpent. At the bottom are serpent heads. The serpent heads argue well that the alignment and effect were intended. It seems reasonable that the display played a dramatic part in a ceremony timed by the equinox. This serpent of sunlight matches the markings of the indigenous rattlesnake of Yucatán, and the many sculptured feathered serpents of Chichén Itzá can be identified, by their rattles, as rattlesnakes, too. This links the equinox serpent to rattlesnake symbolism that involves the year, the passage of time, and the idea of renewal.

Echoes of the Ancient Skies
(The Astronomy of Lost Civilizations)
E.C. Krupp
1983; 386 pp.
$21.45
postpaid from:
Harper & Row
2350 Virginia Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740
or Whole Earth Access





With a floor that slopes uphill, the passage at Newgrange does not permit sunlight that enters the doorway to reach the inner chamber. The roof box incorporated above the entrance, however, does allow the winter solstice sunrise to splash into the far end of the tomb.

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According to an old local tradition, a triple spiral on one of the stones near the back of the vault was lighted by the rising sun on a special day of the year. Until O'Kelly's excavation this folklore seemed to be nonsense, for no light entering the door of the passage could reach the inner chamber. The uphill grade of the floor and other stones in the passage intercepted all light rays. Above the door, however, O'Kelly discovered a kind of window, a "roof-box" he called it. Two blocks of quartz — one still in place and the other found nearby — exactly filled the opening. Both showed scratches that indicated they had been removed and reinstalled numerous times.

On a hunch, Professor O'Kelly installed himself in the back of the tomb on the winter solstice, December 21, 1969, and waited for the sun to come up. Four minutes after the local sunrise a shaft of golden sunlight shot through the roof-box to the small chamber behind the main vault. For 17 minutes the inner stones and their carvings were touched lightly by the sun, until it passed out of the window again.

There is little doubt the astronomical alignment and the sunlight event were intentional. The entire monument reflects care in engineering and design. Grooves cut in the large roof slabs are well adapted to carry off rainwater and keep the chambers of the tomb dry.

Coevolution

If by any chance you would like to be more than just bemused by the title of our magazine, here's a dense little book exploring the still-expanding ramifications of coevolution in biology. The idea, devised in 1964 by Paul Ehrlich and Peter Raven, is that a great deal of evolutionary adaptation by living things is in response to the evolutionary adaptation of other living things. A adapts to B, who is busy adapting to A also, and C may well be in the thick of it as well, and you can see why co-evolution is a powerful notion. It's a technical book, with chapter titles like "Plant-Fungus Symbioses," "Dispersal of Seeds by Vertebrate Guts," and "Convergent Evolution at the Community Level." This is still a frontier, with all the usual zest and uncertainties and high yield from good new observing and thinking. —*Stewart Brand*

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The function of a ripe vertebrate-eaten fruit is to get the seeds into the right animals and keep them out of the wrong animals.

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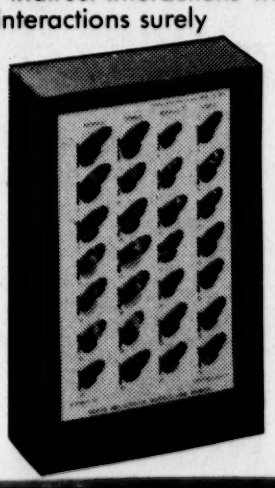
In general, species do not contend with one competitor, predator, prey, or mutualist; they contend with many. Their adaptations to any one other species must be compromised by their direct or indirect interactions with others, and this multiplicity of interactions surely imposes stabilizing selection.

Coevolution
Douglas J. Futuyma and Montgomery Slatkin, Editors
1983; 555 pp.
$26.95
postpaid from:
Sinauer Associates, Inc.
Sunderland, MA 01375



The Solar System Close-up
David Morrison
1982; 2 sets of 50 slides each
$36.95 each
postpaid from:
The Astronomical Society of the Pacific
Selectory Department
1290 24th Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94122

Past Saturn and en route out of the solar system, Voyager I looked back to reveal this lovely view of a crescent Saturn casting its shadow on the rings. The planet is clearly visible through the C Ring and the Cassini Division, and faint light markings in the bright B Ring are the famous "spokes" discovered in the rings of Saturn.

The Solar System Close-up

The Grand Tour of our cosmic backyard in two 50-slide sets, selected from the most outstanding space imagery of the last twenty years. Using Dr. Morrison's instructive written captions for narration, this slide presentation will take you along on the most exciting journeys of exploration of our times. All of the classic missions are represented: Pioneer flying by Jupiter, Saturn and their satellites; Viking landing on Mars; Mariner around Mercury and Venus; Apollo on and above the Moon. Set 2 continues the voyage and includes the Soviet Venera landings on Venus as well as Apollo, Gemini and surface photos of our own Earth.

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific also publishes a subject index of NASA astronomy books still in print. Send two first class stamps to cover postage.

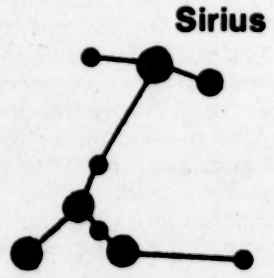
—David Burnor

Tapes of the Night Sky

Get away from those city lights, pull out your Walkman, put Beethoven and the Clash aside for a while, and listen to Tom Gates introduce this season's stars. Each 25-minute tape is an audio road map, helping you locate and identify the major constellations and brightest stars in Northern Hemisphere skies. Delivered planetarium-style, the directions are clear, the mythology interesting, and the science informative without being overly technical; making this a great learning tool for kids or for the city dweller who's always wondered what lay beyond the neon glow. The kit includes two two-sided tapes, complete transcripts, and a star map for each season.

—David Burnor

Tapes of the Night Sky
Narrated by Tom Gates
1976; 2 tape cassettes
$16.95
postpaid from:
Astronomical Society of the Pacific
Tapes Department
1290 24th Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94122



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CANIS MAJOR **Sirius**

Once we have become familiar with Orion, we can use the stars of this constellation to locate others. Locate the three stars forming Orion's belt. Now follow the line suggested by these three stars to the southeast. They lead to the very bright star Sirius, the most apparently bright star of the night skies. . . . So bright is Sirius that its magnitude isn't really 1st magnitude, although we identify it as part of the group of stars we call 1st magnitude. Its magnitude is negative or minus 1.58. If our sun were moved in space to the distance of Sirius, it would be about as bright as Polaris, a 2nd magnitude star.

The Hour of Our Death

*I am secretly (sometimes not so secretly) fascinated by death and the customs that surround it. I suspect that other people are, too. Here then is an encyclopedic work that traces the history of death — its philosophies, institutions, art, and rituals — with surprising results. What at first appears to be time honored and venerable turns out to be of recent origin. What has preceded it for the last thousand years is thoroughly engaging. Written by a historian who rivals Fernand Braudel (**The Structure of Everyday Life**, formerly **Capitalism and Material Life, 1400-1800**; **NWEC** p. 37) in both erudition and wealth of detail.*

—Lance Alexander

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Marketplace; place for announcements, auctions, proclamations, sentences; scene of community gatherings; promenade; athletic field; haven for illicit encounters and dubious professions — in short, the cemetery was the public square. It had the function of the public square, since it was the public place par excellence, the center of collective life. It also had the form of the public square, the two familiar forms of medieval urbanism and the beginning of modern times: the fairground and the square courtyard.

The Hour of Our Death
Philippe Ariès
1977, 1982; 651 pp.
$21.00
postpaid from:
Random House
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157

***Danse Macabre*, fifteenth century, la Chaise-Dieu. The danse macabre is an eternal round in which the dead alternate with the living. The dead lead the dance; indeed, they are the only ones dancing. Each couple consists of a naked mummy, rotting, sexless, and highly animated, and a man or woman, dressed according to his or her social condition and paralyzed by surprise. Death holds out its hand to the living person whom it will draw along with it, but who has not yet obeyed the summons. The art lies in the contrast between the rhythm of the dead and the rigidity of the living. The moral purpose was to remind the viewer both of the uncertainty of the hour of death and of the equality of all people in the face of death.**

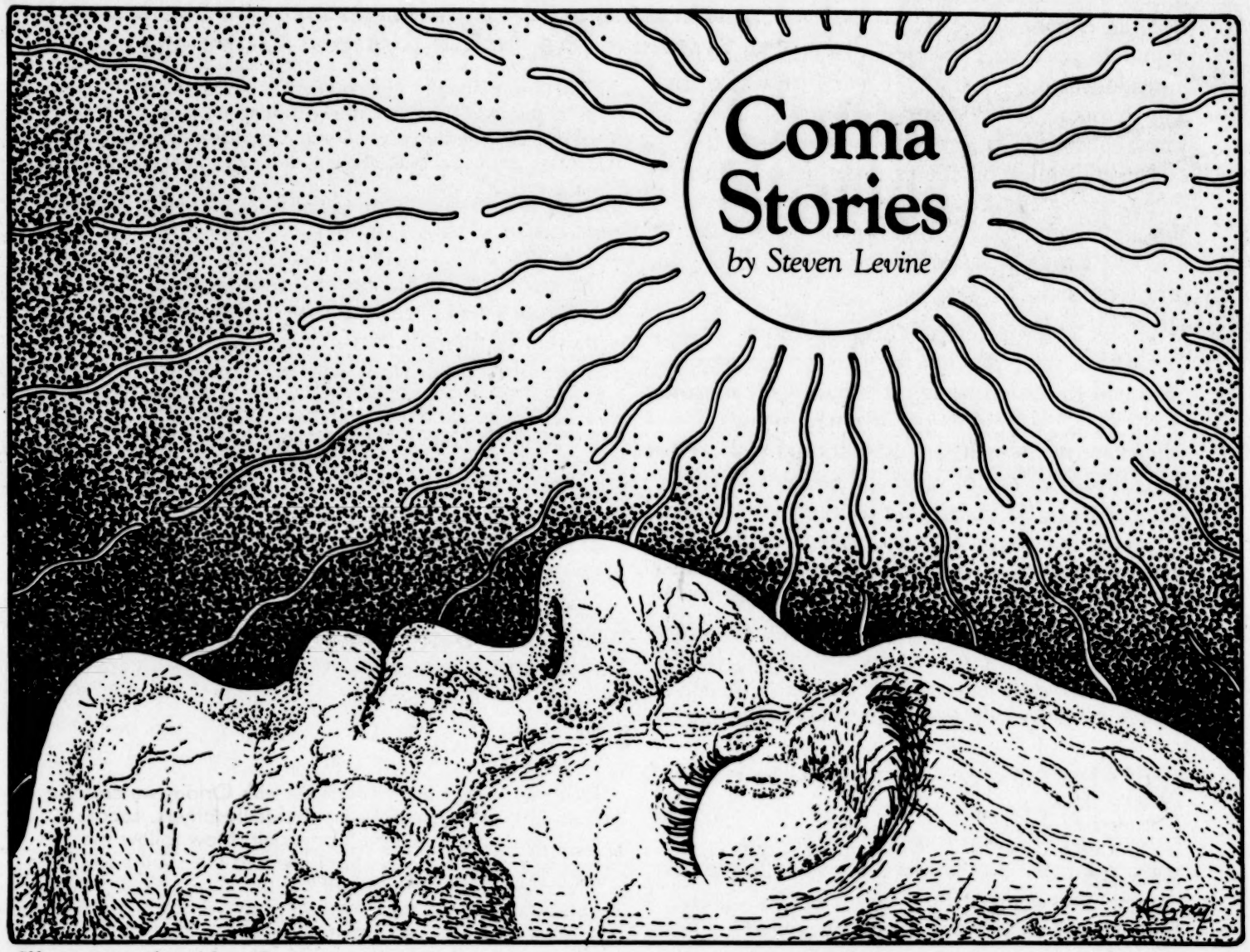

Illustration by Alex Grey

Listening to the Heart of the Matter

DURING A WEEKEND CONSCIOUS LIVING/conscious dying workshop that we gave a few years ago, a biochemist from the University of Washington named Don approached us at the lunch break through a group of well-wishers. The expression of bewilderment and chagrin on his face drew our attention. Don came up and said, "This may sound crazy, but if you have a moment now, during lunch, I would like you to come visit my wife. She is in a coma in a hospital not a mile away from here." On the way to the hospital Don told us that a year previously, his wife Loretta had had a seizure. For the past year she had existed in the shadow realms of coma resulting from that stroke, her every need attended to by Ann, her private duty nurse. Ann had also come to the workshop and accompanied us on the journey to visit Don's wife.

Don had approached us because earlier that morning we had been talking about the patients in coma with whom we had worked over the past few years. We had mentioned that "a coma is like being on the mezzanine: You are not on the second floor yet, but you have a whole different perspective of the first floor." We had said that coma was "like being between floors" and that it seemed, in our experience, to

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I think no one these days speaks better to the dying, or for the dying, than Steven and Ondrea Levine. Steven's book ***Who Dies?*** *(Summer '82, CQ) remains the very best on the subject. These coma stories are part of a new book,* ***Meetings at the Edge: Dialogues with the Grieving and the Dying, the Healing and the Healed.*** *It will be out in February at $8 from Doubleday. Part of its intro goes — "While the case histories in this book are as accurate as memory and transcription allow — though condensed and edited — the patients' names have been changed to honor their privacy as well as the privacy of their families and loved ones."*

—Stewart Brand

hold an extraordinary opportunity for communication and loving guidance. Don's attitude was quite agitated. Clearly he was going against his religion, "science." This was all a bit irrational for his taste but he had come to the end of his tether, unable to make peace with her living death. "Maybe this is just silly, maybe we shouldn't be going. I don't know what we can do, anyhow. I hope this isn't taking too much of your time," he said.

When we entered Loretta's hospital room, we were met with a wave of what felt like intense anger. "You had to wade through it the closer you came to the bed," as Ondrea put it later. Although when one is in coma, one is supposed to be, or is thought to be, "out of contact," we have found this not to be so. As we stood on either side of her bed, eyes closed, Ondrea placed her hand on Loretta's heart and we began to meditate, sending loving kindness to this form before us. Speaking silently to her in our hearts, we shared something like, "Loretta, wherever you are, if you can hear us, obviously you are not who you may have thought you were. You are not this body lying here like an old bundle of rags. If you are frustrated or angry, that is natural under the circumstances. Be ever so kind to yourself. You don't need to hold to this pale body even a moment longer. You can let go into your real nature. What are you holding to?" Although no words passed between us there was a distinct "felt, rather than heard, communication," which responded with something akin to, "But I can't die. I am not worthy to go to Jesus. I can't go to heaven. I am not a good enough Catholic." To which we responded in our hearts, "You are the very essence of purity. Your true nature is light itself. Just let go of your feelings of unworthiness and fear. That is all that keeps you from merging with your beloved Jesus. Allow yourself the forgiveness of his great teachings. Experience yourself as Jesus must experience you — in great mercy. Let yourself flow into the next perfect moment. There is no reason to hold on. You can finish your business in a moment of forgiveness and love. Try to see yourself as God sees you." As we meditated with her, her breathing pattern changed and she settled down a bit. Yet still there seemed to be a kind of psychic twitching, a nervousness just beneath this seemingly immobile exterior, a mental agitation and confusion that persisted through it all, a sense of anger and immense frustration. We had never experienced such a degree of anger in a coma patient. It was our sense, even beyond the frustration of not being able to move, that "something else was up for her."

Driving back to the workshop forty-five minutes later, we asked Don and Ann what could be the matter. "Is there any reason you can think of that might have made your wife feel this kind of frustration and anger?" We went on to tell them of our sensed reception of her feeling of unworthiness and of not being a good enough Catholic to die. Don blanched. "I never told you she was a Catholic, how did you know that?" Since this process of working with people in coma is such an intuitive one, truly receptive to what is available beyond the rational, we emphasized to Don that the process was not magic, but that it was available to anyone who would quiet down enough to listen beyond the more obvious voices of the mind and hear the whispers in the heart we all share. "But Don, let's not get too far astray thinking this is all something special. Let's get back to our original question of our sense of 'something being the matter' for Loretta, something blocking her heart. Is there anything you can think of that would make her feel such anger and frustration beyond the obvious difficulties of her condition?" As we pulled into the workshop parking area, Don put his hands on our shoulders and said, "Can you wait a minute? Can we speak a moment more?"

Don looked into Ann's eyes for a moment as if for permission to go farther and then turned to us and said, "Well, I don't know how to say this but maybe this is the problem: Ann had been working with Loretta in a wonderfully loving way. Almost acting as a second mother to the children, being very supportive and perceptive of their needs. And although neither of us were looking for it or even thinking about it, all of a sudden one day we looked at each other in a different way. We fell in love after about nine months. We didn't want this to happen but we have been lovers for the past few months. But

there is no way that Loretta could know about this, is there? That isn't possible, is it?" When we asked Don and Ann if they had ever spoken of their affection or shown affection around Loretta while taking care of her, they looked at each other once again, rather sheepishly, and turned to us, Ann saying, "Well, we have such feeling for each other, we are often quite demonstrative when no one else is around." Ann's beauty shone like a light. Clearly her extraordinary care and kindness had been the medium in which this love had grown. Obviously their love was a powerful energy in their lives.

"But there was someone around," I said. "Just because Loretta's body is not moving, it doesn't necessarily mean that her presence is diminished. She is right there even though she can't communicate to you what she is feeling or thinking. Perhaps it is time for you three to have a little talk."

We explored with them their intention to do nothing to harm Loretta and how they were continually buying in to the intense guilt that both were manifesting. "It might be more skillful to just recognize the purity of what you are feeling for each other and your original motivation to just serve Loretta. Your intention was pure. Any judgment that follows is just old mind looking for trouble, as is its wont. Rather than make guilt the coin of the realm, why not start investigating these feelings and allow your hearts to meet the confused mind with a little more understanding and forgiveness?"

We suggested that Don first go into the room alone and talk quietly with Loretta, letting go of his intense rational/scientific conditioning, and just speak softly, honestly, and openly to her from his heart, about his relationship with Ann. We sensed Loretta already knew about it. Then, perhaps a day or so later, they could go in together and speak to Loretta more fully without any need to get into confessional details which might only create more confusion in their over-compensation for the mind's old guilt tape.

They might, we suggested, tell her of the feelings that had inadvertently developed between them, not with fear, but with compassion for themselves and for Loretta as well. On this second visit, more unasked questions might be answered as they sensed was appropriate. And lastly, it was our suggestion that perhaps Ann could go in a day or two later and just speak "woman to woman" to Loretta. For the last six weeks another private duty nurse had been hired to take care of Loretta as Don and Ann's guilt had become too much for Ann to "be there with Loretta in the way I would like to be. It is like my relationship with Don has come between Loretta and me. I feel so two-faced being around her."

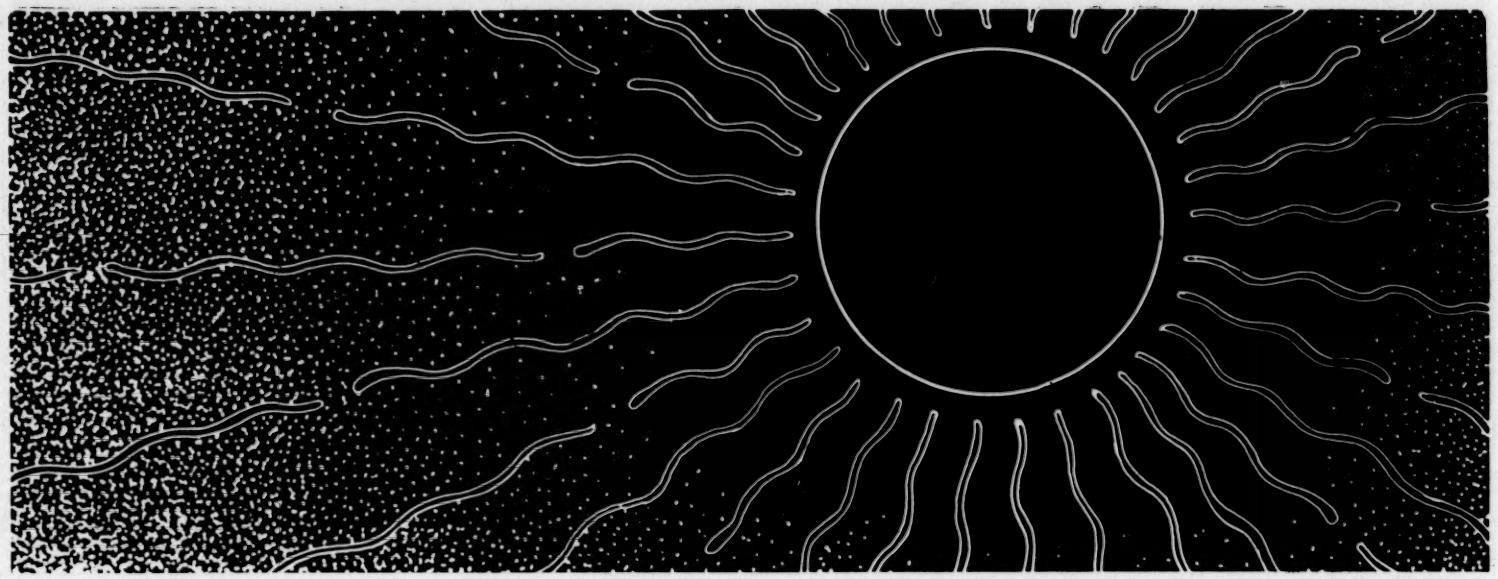
Returning to the workshop for the few hours remaining, occasionally I would look over at Don and Ann sitting next to each other and have the sense that they were hardly present, their minds spinning with reruns of our earlier conversation. At the end of the workshop they came up and thanked us for our "time and energy." They seemed dazed as they walked away with heads bent, hardly speaking to each other.

Three days later Don called. "Well, I went in there as you suggested and I sat with Loretta. . . it was incredibly difficult. I didn't know what to say. I felt like such a fool but I didn't know what else to do, so after a few moments I just said to her, 'Darling, I hope you won't hate me but Ann and I, after all these months of working together to help you, found that we were falling in love.'" He went on to tell us the twenty-minute conversation he had with his wife, "trying to explain how this thing happened and how we both felt about her and each other." As he spoke he was very agitated but he said that he "felt better for being honest with her." Clearly his rational mind kept getting in his way but something deeper, something felt, was beginning to make its voice heard in his heart.

Three days later we received a call from Ann. Her sweet, soft voice was choked with tears, her heart was torn wide open. "It was awful. But what a relief. We went in there and maybe for the first time ever, with each other even, we were real straight about what our relationship was and tried to explain it to Loretta, just as though she were sitting listening to every word, which, by the way, I had an uncanny feeling she was.

"We told her how it had happened and how we had resisted it for so long and how after months

"Just because Loretta's body isn't moving, it doesn't mean that her presence is diminished. She is right there even though she can't communicate to you what she is feeling or thinking."



of confusion we had gone into each other's arms and how badly we felt. We told her how we would take care of the children and how even if she came out of the coma we could work it all out somehow. But for her to know how much we loved her and how much we wanted her to be well wherever she was. We cried and laughed and cried again. What a relief at last to bring it all out. I love Loretta and it just kills me to cause her pain. But it felt so good to be so straight with her.

"Even now there is such a pain in my chest. In fact, ever since we spoke yesterday, this pain has been here. I feel as though my heart is being ripped. It is almost like what I have heard you say about the grief process. I guess I am grieving. I am grieving the loss of Loretta's family for Loretta, I am grieving the loss of her life for her, but I am also grieving for the way we have not been honest with the world, with her family and with her. It feels better now."

Don came on the phone. "I can't remember ever being so frightened as when we went in there to speak to her. But I don't love her any less than I ever have and I only hope that somehow this can resolve something for her, if that is at all possible."

When Ann called two days later to tell us of her "woman to woman" talk her voice was much more steady. "I almost want to say, 'We talked for an hour this afternoon,' but she didn't say a word although somehow, maybe because of what you said, I trusted something, and it almost seemed as though I could feel some of her responses. We would like you to come visit her again when you can."

About ten days after our first meeting with Loretta, she was moved to a convalescent hospital as the doctors had long since said that there was no seeming chance of her "improvement" and that there was no reason for her to remain in the hospital as treatment would be to no avail. When we visited Loretta in her new room at the nursing home, we both felt much more softness. Standing on either side of the bed, meditating, we both sensed that she had let go of something that had been holding her back. There was still some feeling of tension, of frustration in her, but nowhere near the amplitude of our first meeting. Speaking to her in our hearts, acknowledging the three conversations she had had with Don and Ann, we encouraged her to recognize once again that she was not the body and that she could finish up business with herself with forgiveness and a deep letting go. Also, we encouraged her to see her being as connected with, as a part of, the being of Jesus, to follow her path home as Christ. After our silent meditation, Ondrea and I sang softly to her, a song of great grace written by our friend Jai Gopal: "Lord, keep me shining for thee. In a world full of night make me pure, make me light. Lord keep me shining for thee." As we sang, Don's and Ann's voices rose gently in love and in deep communication of their care and hope for Loretta's well-being.

In the next two weeks we spoke to Don and Ann perhaps five times. As their contact with Loretta deepened they put aside an evening and had a "sit-down with the boys," Don and Loretta's two children, telling them much of what they had shared with Loretta. The older child was angry and agitated. The younger acted confused and resentful. Clearly, Don's and Ann's path was not going to be an easy one. But the honesty they had brought to it was opening the way for deeper communication and the possibility of "a long working through." When asked by the children if their mother was dying, they answered honestly that they did not know. When asked, "Couldn't Mommy wake up one of these days?" they answered again that it was beyond their knowing but that the doctors felt she could die at any time, and that her condition seemed not to be improving in any way. They added, "We are all in this together. We will just have to play it by ear and be very honest with each other, not pull any punches or over protect each other." This truthful sharing had the potential of healing the fractured sense of family that had been experienced for the last year.

"We told him that he would be okay if he died and so would we. And the nurse put his thin, thin body in my arms and I was just rocking him back and forth, when all of a sudden there was a stillness and Mark just let go and died in my arms."

On our third visit with Loretta, about a month after we had first met her, the feeling in the room was one of stillness rather than agitation, of some peace rather than the anger and sense of unworthiness we had experienced when we originally met. We stood on either side of the bed speaking gently to her. "You need do nothing now, Loretta, but melt into the sacred heart. Why hold on even a moment longer to this old body? Trust the light of your own great nature."

Upon leaving the room and being introduced to the head nurse, it was obvious that in the nursing home there was considerable judgment of the relationship that Don and Ann were exploring "behind his wife's back." The nurse told Don that it seemed Loretta was building up fluids in her lungs. There was the possibility of pneumonia, and antibiotics would be required. After staying up most of the night trying to get some perspective, Don and Ann decided that antibiotics should not be administered. When they told the nurse, they were met with a scowl and waves of disgust and disapproval. In the parking lot Don shook his head and said, "What are we to do? In a way we are even more alone in this than Loretta. So many people think we are doing something wrong and sometimes I do, too. It is so confusing, wanting Loretta to be free and happy yet wanting us to be free and happy, too. But she does somehow seem so much more peaceful than she did a month ago. I don't know what this is all about, but somehow it seems to be working."

A week later Don called to say, "Well, they gave me such a hassle that I approved the antibiotics anyhow. People are so damn sure they are right. They gave her the antibiotics and the lung condition seemed to clear up almost immediately. But somehow there seemed to be something else going on. It almost seemed as though Loretta was 'finished' as you would say. I don't know. It's all so weird when I hear myself say it. I don't even trust what I feel. It was okay with us that her lungs had cleared. We had long since committed ourselves to be with her as she needed but something felt different. Well, the whole family went over that evening to sing Christmas carols to her because it was Christmas Eve, and we all just wanted her to know how much she is still a part of the family. But Ann and I really felt something had changed.

"After we sang to her, we just sat around real quiet. It may have been the first time that the five of us had any comfort together. The children seemed less frightened by it all. It was a beautiful moment, all of us just hanging out together. And three hours after we left she died." Don cried softly. "She really let go. We told her how you had said that Christmas was a time of birth and to allow herself to be born out of the body into the heart of Jesus. Normally those words couldn't even come out of my mouth, they would have felt so odd, so unreal, but somehow as we were saying it, they weren't your words, they were our words. They were our hearts speaking and it felt like something was completing itself."

Don and Ann were married two months later, "after waiting for the children to accept our relationship a bit more." And they added, "Sometimes we look at each other and speak through our hearts of our love for the other, and send energy to Loretta for her well-being."

AGAIN I WOULD MENTION THAT there is nothing mystical about communicating with or sensing communication from those in coma. They seem to be on the mezzanine, apparently viewing all that is happening from a new perspective. It is a rich opportunity for encouraging them to see that they are not the body and to recognize that their real nature is beyond harm.

Such was the situation with a fellow we had been working with for about six months as he went through the process of treatment for liver cancer. Near the end of his process, Carl was in and out of what one nurse called "a light coma." In the week preceding his death, he lay very still and seemed "completely out of it,"

only twice answering a question and then only with a word or two. One evening four of us sat down around Carl's bed to meditate and wish him well with what he was going through. After about forty minutes the other three people went into the kitchen but I sensed some deeper contact with Carl and began opening the mind to where it was just an allowing space, recognizing all the contents that passed through, noticing each thought as a fragile bubble, and feeling each as a vague shimmering cloud passing through the vastness of our true nature. As this state of being opened, I suggested silently to Carl in my heart, "Brother, this space is available to you whenever you are ready to open into it. This is the open space of your real nature. Even your body is just another idea floating in this vastness of being. No thought, no fear that passes through has anything to do with your original vastness. Only if you identify with these passing forms will they block your reception of your natural spaciousness. Let go, brother, open to the luminescent spaciousness of being." The meditation continued for about another hour allowing mind to let go of all that arose so that a glimpse of the peace of our underlying edgelessness could be shared.

During the meditation, our rational minds occasionally interjected that all this was "a bit showy" and questioned its efficacy. That, too, was just more content floating through the vastness, and was nothing that needed to be held to or reinforced. We just trusted the "don't know" open space of mind that clings nowhere and has room for everything. The meditation was shared with no particular attachment to results. Just another experiment in truth. Just a moment of awareness and love amidst the life-support machinery that hummed in the room.

A distinctly different sense of Carl's presence was acknowledged by the other three care givers when they reentered the room after the meditation. Carl seemed now to be in a "complete coma;" when spoken to he would not reply. Even the loud sounds in the room which had earlier caused him to stir occasionally were now of no seeming effect.

The following morning, while giving Carl a bath, I looked at his emaciated body, perhaps half its former weight, and said, "Carl, how can you hold on to this old body even a moment longer? How can you imagine this is who you are? You are the light. Allow yourself to merge, to melt into your true being. Let your heart join with the deathless." Just as I had spoken the last word of encouragement, from the corner of his eye a single tear rolled down his cheek and he took one last soft breath and left the world behind. And I stood again in the midst of the unknown, trusting the intuitive mind to sense the next appropriate moment.

THERE ARE MANY STORIES OF people we have worked with in coma. We have also heard many stories in workshops when we bring up the subject from nurses and loved ones who say they too have "felt something" in their communication with those in coma. One nurse told about being with an eight-year-old boy who had "gone into full arrest on the operating table and never fully recovered." He had been in a coma for six months, but it seemed that no treatment could change his state so after much deliberation the doctors and his parents decided to disconnect him from his support system and allow him to die. But he had not died when disconnected and for a month had remained an inert bundle of flesh which continued to dwindle to about twenty-five pounds. His appearance was so distracting that his parents nearly stopped visiting, only coming by every few days to see how he was, but spending little time with him. No one could understand why Mark was unable to die.

But one day, the nurse told us, "I spent some very special time with Mark, massaging him and speaking to him and playing music and receiving a sense, almost a communication, that what was keeping him from being able to let go was his concern for his parents' wellbeing. After work I called his parents and told them of what my experience had been that day and how I sensed that Mark was holding on because he didn't want to hurt his parents by dying." She related to Mark's parents the quality in children's minds whereby, though it is not always evident, they have a great sense of protectiveness for their loved ones and their parents in particular. She suggested to Mark's parents that they visit and tell him that although they had said it was all right for him to die and had followed all the text-book recipes to help him let go, that he would not only need to hear that *he* would be all right if he died, but also that *they* would be all right if he died.

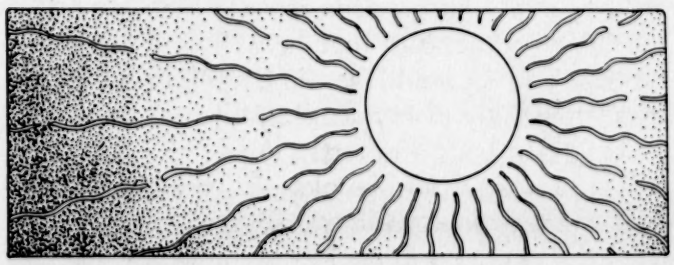
Later in the evening the nurse said she received a phone call from Mark's tearful mother saying, "We went up to the room and played some of his favorite music on the tape recorder you left by the bed and told him that he would be okay if he died and so would we. And the nurse put his thin, thin body in my arms and I was just rocking him back and forth, loving him and telling him we would be okay when all of a sudden there was a stillness in the room and Mark just let go and died in my arms."

MANY DOCTORS AND NURSES have related stories of working with patients in coma, speaking to them, reading and playing music and generally relating to them "just as if they were there," and some of the remarkable experiences that ensued.

At one of our workshops, a woman who was in our long-established meditation group told a story about her eight-year-old daughter. Four years earlier her daughter had contracted a severe case of meningitis which after a few days was diagnosed as "too serious to cure" and it was presumed she would die before the week was out. But the week passed and she remained in a coma, at which point the doctors suspected partial brain damage and said that she would never be mobile again, never again able to walk, see or speak. Her mother, however, sensed some deeper possibilities and decided to spend as much time as possible sitting by her daughter's bedside, communicating with her and telling her, "I know you can hear me. I know you are in there. Trust me. We will bring you through this." And every once in a while, in long hours of looking into her child's eyes, she would get a "sense that she was passing by for a moment, that somehow she was there." And she would speak to her daughter, would "call her out" and tell her to "look out through your eyes now just as you are passing by, look out through your eyes, see through your eyes, let the light in through your eyes."

It worked. Within a month her daughter was "again present at times." There were moments "when our eyes met in bright contact." Within six months her daughter was on her way to being completely well. Within a year she had returned to school.

About a month later, in the front row of another workshop, there beside her mother sat this same soft-eyed girl, now twelve years old, light shining from her face. After the workshop, when I asked her if she had understood all that had been said during the course of the day, the language being so different from what she might have been used to, she replied, "Well, I didn't listen to everything, but everything feels real nice in here. In fact, this is the most peaceful group of adults I have ever seen and I would come back again just to be around all this love." A week later she sent us a picture of a mariposa lily under which was written, "Thanks for letting me join the work-shop, it was gnarly." ■



Response!

Response! *(the magazine of rescue and emergency management) has grown from the newsletter cum house organ of NASAR (National Association for Search and Rescue) to a full-fledged magazine through the assistance of JEMS publishing — the same outfit that transformed the old, rather dull* ***Paramedics International*** *into the useful and lively* ***jems (Journal of Emergency Medical Services)*** *(**NWEC** p. 311). If you are involved in any aspect of search, rescue, or disaster preparedness — or want to find out how prepared your local agencies are (or aren't), you will enjoy* ***Response!*** *Items covered include post-reviews of disasters and what went right — and wrong, equipment and timing, book reviews, and how to keep your own body together while you're out there trying to rescue someone else.* —Gerald E. Myers

The scene outside the Kansas City Hyatt Regency Hotel disaster. Rescue workers reported serious physical and emotional symptoms both at the scene and for many months later. The symptoms included insomnia, fatigue, nightmares, increased irritability, headaches, nausea, and brief visual flashbacks.

Within 24 hours of a rescue, Search and Rescue participants should get involved in vigorous physical exercise (running, swimming, tennis, calisthenics, volleyball, basketball, etc.). This helps reduce stress-related chemicals in the bloodstream, and returns the person to a more relaxed state. Physical activity after that first 24-hour period following an incident is only minimally effective as a stress reducing technique.

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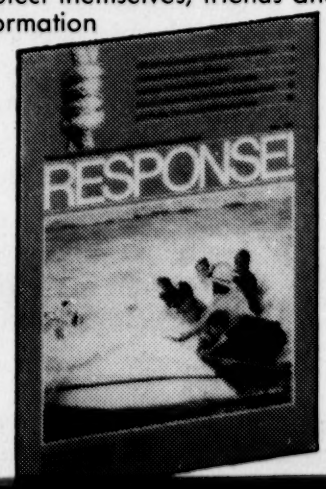
One of the most surprising discoveries made in studying citizen responses is that people *do not panic*. Many officials presume they will, but study of over 300 cases just does not bear this out. There *is* panic under certain conditions: 1) When individuals are under immediate and severe danger; 2) when there are limited or closed escape routes; 3) when there is a lack of communication about what is happening. But *all three* conditions must be present. More typically people seek to take actions to protect themselves, friends and relatives based on the information they have.

Response!

$25/year (4 issues; includes NASAR membership) from:
NASAR
P.O. Box 2123
La Jolla, CA 92038



THE HAND-ME-DOWN NETWORK

by Michael Goc *Illustrations by James Donnelly*

AS THE SECOND SON OF FRUGAL parents with large extended families, I am well acquainted with hand-me-down clothes. Though he was not my keeper my elder brother was my arbiter of fashion for many years. He got what he liked. I got it, too, a few years later. I also got what my elder cousins wore and what the bigger kids down the block no longer needed. I could find some comfort knowing that my discards would be fobbed off on a reluctant younger child, but much sibling rivalry would have been stifled had I received a new shirt of my own every now and then.

Hand-me-downs have always occupied a lot of space in my closet and in my little corner of society. For as long as I can remember family visits meant giving and getting clothes. So prominent was the exchange of goods that their husbands christened my mother and her siblings "the shopping bag sisters," in honor of their favored mode of cartage. These ladies are all grandmothers now, but the clothes continue to travel and refurbish wardrobes across sexual, generational and state lines. We are all used to the used.

I've lately come to wonder if my early years among the shopping bag tribe determined my choice of a spouse. No, she was not handed-down. But she is the child of an enthusiastic clan of hand-me-downers, one of a new generation of shopping bag sisters and brothers. Do we really pass on to our children that which we most value? If so, I hope our heirs will remember that the real gift is in the trading and not the trade goods.

Economic gyrations have little effect on hand-me-downs. Passing used clothes was common in the 1950s and 60s of happy fiscal memory and continues into the woeful 80s. Nowadays many of the kinship and neighborhood ties implied by the free exchange of used clothing have been severed and replaced by that most popular of subdivision rites, the garage sale. Would-be hand-me-downs are the chief stock in trade here. "I don't have anyone to give them to," say the sellers. "So I might as well sell them to strangers." These are not people who need money. They just don't know anyone well enough to share their old shorts with.

Hand-me-downs further depress already morose adolescents and those dark teenage memories can shade adult recollections of used clothes. But young children love them. My son identifies his wardrobe in terms of who bestowed what. "Today," he says in a four-year-old's drawl, "I want to wear Natalie's Superman pants, Markie's hockey shirt and Andrew's junker shoes." For him it is an honor to wear his friends' clothes, a joy to believe they love him well enough to share a shirt. Isn't that a warming thought to grow up with?

In a sense, used clothes become the person who passed them. The closet parades memories of people and not remembrances of shopping trips past. "I don't know what shirt to wear today," I say. "Why not that plaid

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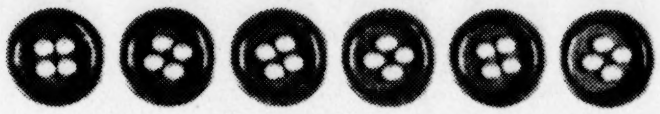
"I was swaddled in second-hand diapers and sit here in hand-me-down cutoffs," wrote Michael Goc. "How about you?" He's an editor of one of the country's best regional papers, ***The Fox River Patriot*** *($10/year from* ***The Fox River Patriot****, Box 7, Princeton, WI 54968), reviewed in CQ Fall '79.* *—Art Kleiner*

number Cousin Albert gave you?" my wife suggests. Now that shirt has acquired identity, not just a new laundry wrapper. I see Albert in the closet with it, smiling and offering a gift. His presence also affords me the opportunity to say something nice about someone I usually don't compliment. For example, "Cousin Albert sure is a dumb cluck, but I like his clothes."

Designer labels? Who needs to buy them? Hand-me-downs bear the unique signature of the person who actually wore them.

The best hand-me-down relationships are informal — with friends and family — although official organs for the transfer of used clothes do exist. Rummage, garage and yard sales are sadly popular, but of diminished value to the hardcore hand-me-downer because they are transient affairs, mere one-night-stands. A thriving hand-me-down relationship — like a sexual one — takes time and repetition, a period in which the donor learns the tastes and needs of the recipient. Second-hand stores offer ready access to used clothes but the interposition of cash, as in a love affair, spoils the arrangement.

If they did not already exist informally, I'd call for the formation of hand-me-down co-ops in which members would pass around garb they have outgrown in one way or another. One member of each group could be designated purchasing agent to visit sales and liberate old clothes from the cash economy. Home computers could be helpful here, maintaining an inventory of each member's wardrobe so that others might know what to expect in the future. If, as some social commentators argue,



Rummage, garage and yard sales are transient affairs, mere one-night stands. A thriving hand-me-down relationship — like a sexual one — takes time and repetition.

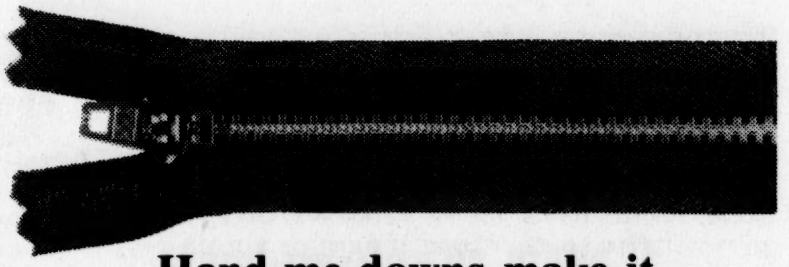
the collective sensibility is richer than the individual, each co-op member's closet should veritably blossom with tasteful garb.

The first qualification for receiving hand-me-downs is an expressed desire to give and take them. The simplest way to get is to give first. Those insecure enough to think second-hand clothes affront their status among the prosperous should seek help from the appropriate counselor.

Maintaining the illusion of poverty while not actually being poor can also help you gain admittance to a hand-me-down network. If people think you really need free clothes they will provide them. Ironically, but quite typically, the less you care about clothes, the more clothes you will receive. When it comes to eligibility for hand-me-downs, clothes do make the person. For once, a judgment based solely on appearances prompts generosity and openhandedness instead of prejudice and hate.

Once you really get involved in the rag trade you can no longer cling to all your clothes until they shred to tatters. You also must hand them down. One convenient rule for deciding what to hold onto says that, while you may keep all hand-me-downs you love until they truly are rags, the clothes you are indifferent or hostile to should be shipped to a more hospitable closet. Every rag has its bag and every hand-me-downer is obliged to help each thread find the right sack. Another rule says that while you may keep all the used clothes you receive, you must dutifully pass on any new threads you have actually purchased in a retail store. This rule insures the introduction of new material into the network and keeps the supply of clothes only moderately out of fashion.

Grown children of affluence who have never sported hand-me-downs can utilize an inborn skill to make up for the loss: become a parent. The mere hint of pregnancy virtually insures a



Hand-me-downs make it possible for you to eat the cake of practicality and still finger the icing of whimsy.

shower of used maternity clothes. You can also discover a donor's future plans for childbearing by noting whether or not she asks for them back.

Although a trickle of hand-me-downs begins even before the child is born, a post-natal flood of used clothes is unavoidable. Near strangers will rush to cover your baby's suspected nakedness for years to come. This is only logical considering the hapless state of most new parents. Friends see them in need of something but don't know what so they hand down some old diapers.

Children and hand-me-downs also fit each other snugly because the little ones become bigger so quickly. Clothes become too small before they are too shabby and anyone nearsighted enough to use a perfectly good pair of baby pajamas to wash his car should be consigned to hubcap duty for life.

My spouse and I have raised one child to four-plus years, another to four-plus months and we can stack the new clothes we've purchased for them in one corner of a small drawer. Are they bare-butted in the cold Wisconsin winter? Hardly; the oldest has enough parkas and insulated boots to mush off a kiddie expedition to Whitehorse, while the younger one grows so fast she has already handed down clothes unworn by her to even smaller tykes.

On this note, parents of little girls be forewarned about hand-me downs. Your daughter will doubtless be the recipient of drawerfuls of gruesomely girlish clothes, pink-hued predominating. But hand-me-downs can cure as well as cause a sorespot. The ill effects of the flamingoed frills can be countered by the generous use of so-called boys' clothes.

Clothing has usually been handed down according to sex lines, although less meaningfully in recent years. Jeans are jeans are jeans, soccer shirts are soccer shirts are soccer shirts, no matter what gender the body they enwrap. To be sure, women have worn so-called men's clothing for years. But men who wear traditional women's clothing are suspect. I'll hold off on wearing a hand-me-down skirt, but the most comfortable garment I've worn lately was a pair of women's pants.

My occupation of that woman's pants leads to a discussion of another feature of hand-me-downs. They enable and encourage us to wear clothes we'd never consider purchasing. The fellow who'd love to wear a magenta shirt printed with lavender palm trees atop a pair of patent leather jeans just once, and the flannel-shirt-loving lady who'd love to go strapless for a single evening can hope for their dreams to come true via hand-me-downs.

Indeed, the receipt of a whole box of clothes which you do not like but all of which fit and you therefore keep becomes an exercise in self-examination and discipline. Clothes are only clothes, right? If the shoe fits, wear it, right? "But I don't like this purple shirt even if it does fit and it is warm and I do need it," you say. "Ahh, but keep it," I answer. "You can always give it away later." Hand-me-downs make it possible for you to eat the cake of practicality and still finger the icing of whimsy.

Hand-me-downs suffer unjustly from the grousing memories of younger sons and daughters, as well as from the veiled insult implied in the "down" portion of the title. I do know of one mother with a string of children each of whose wardrobe occupies a single drawer in a tall chest. When a garment is outgrown by an older child it is transferred one drawer down into the next one's compartment — a truly literal hand-me-down.

Among the rest of us, however, there is nothing downward about the motion or notion of giving clothes we like to people we like. We are what we wear, at least in part. When we hand down our clothes we also pass a part of ourselves for someone else to care for and carry and pass to another. Not to give and get is a sadness hand-me-downers do not know. ■

I'm On My Way Running

I have a friend whose mother threw her a big party when she was 13 years old, because she had started her period. It was a real celebration, her mother was happy for her, all her friends were there. When I heard of it I felt I had been robbed of a big part of growing up. For me, like many girls, adolescence was a confusing time, shrouded in secrecy and embarrassment and childish ridicule. ***I'm On My Way Running*** *is a collection of writings about the different rituals and traditions in various cultures that are a girl's "coming out" in society. Native American women and African tribal women talk about their tribal rites, and there are fiction and nonfiction pieces by writers including Anne Frank, Ursula LeGuin, Colette and Anais Nin.*

The book benefits from being many voices, allowing the writers and poets to speak for themselves and describe their own very personal experiences. First crushes, discovering sexuality and sex, dreams of adventure and careers away from home — written by women of all colors and ages — make this book a cross-cultural unifying experience for women. —*Annette Jarvie*

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I think what is happening to me is so wonderful, and not only what can be seen on my body, but all that is taking place inside. I never discuss myself or any of these things with anybody; that is why I have to talk to myself about them.

I'm On My Way Running
(Women Speaking on Coming of Age)
Lyn Reese, Jean Wilkenson and Phyllis Sheon Koppelman, Editors
1983; 363 pp.

$5.20
postpaid from:
Avon Books
Mail Order Dept.
959 Eighth Avenue
New York, NY 10019

or Whole Earth Access

Each time I have a period — and that has only been three times — I have the feeling that in spite of all the pain, unpleasantness, and nastiness, I have a sweet secret, and that is why, although it is nothing but a nuisance to me in a way, I always long for the time that I shall feel that secret within me again.

—*Anne Frank, 1944*

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When maidens are young and in their spring,
Of pleasure, of pleasure,
Let 'em take their full swing,
Full swing, full swing,
And love and dance, and play, and sing.

For Silvia, believe it, when youth is done,
There's naught but hum-drum, hum-drum,
hum drum,
There's naught but hum-drum, hum-drum,
hum-drum.

—*Aphra Behn (1640-1689) England*

Going Co-op

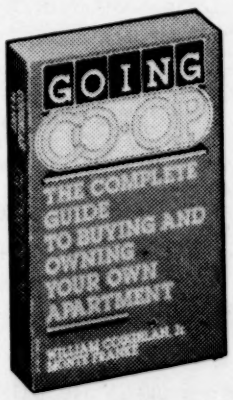
If my group of 14 aspiring homeowners had read this book before we purchased the seven-unit apartment building we turned into a co-op a few years back, we would have saved a lot of time and energy. ***Going Co-op*** *is a solid, readable, nuts-and-bolts introduction to creating your own housing cooperative: selecting and financing the building; working out the legalities; keeping things democratic; and setting group policies, for example, the crucial issue of buying in and selling out. It includes a sample set of co-op bylaws (very important) and a sample occupancy agreement (even more important). I just wish the coauthors had placed more emphasis on the fact that even the best of contracts don't hold co-ops together — friendships do.*

—*Michael Castleman*

Going Co-op
(The Complete Guide to Buying and Owning Your Own Apartment)
William Coughlan, Jr. and Monte Franke
1983; 250 pp.

$11.07
postpaid from:
Beacon Press
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108

or Whole Earth Access



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A co-op is assessed property taxes as a single building. In many cities this means co-ops pay lower taxes than condominiums, because condominium units are assessed individually.

Co-op members may also be eligible for the personal income tax deductions enjoyed by other homeowners. They are allowed to take their share of the deductions for the co-op's mortgage interest and property taxes. For many co-op members, this may mean a net reduction of 10 to 30 percent of their monthly housing costs.

Mediator's Handbook

If you like to think globally while acting locally, there's no better place to start reducing world tensions than right in your own neighborhood. This resource should help. The ***Mediator's Handbook*** *is a brief, useful introduction to local community peacemaking. Its simple step-by-step discussion of mediation between neighbors or relatives — getting the case, arranging the mediation session, helping disputants exchange views, and writing the agreement — provides a good overview of the joys and pitfalls of community peacemaking.*

I've been involved in grassroots organizing for many years, and my work as a Community Boards mediator in San Francisco ranks as the most fulfilling I've ever done. The Community Boards program which trained me (149 Ninth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103) also provides technical assistance for aspiring conflict-resolution groups in any city. —*Michael Castleman*

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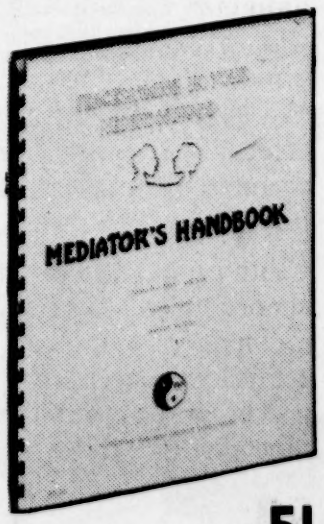
Writing the Agreement:

Cover all details. Thus "Mrs. Wrangle and the McBickers agree to build a fence." is less satisfactory than "Mrs. Wrangle and the McBickers agree to build a 5'-high board fence along the property line between their houses. Mrs. Wrangle agrees to buy the building materials and the McBickers agree to construct the fence."

Mediator's Handbook
(Peacemaking in Your Neighborhood)
Jennifer Beer, Editor
1982; 52 pp.

$6.00
postpaid from:
Friends Suburban Publications
P.O. Box 462
Concordville, PA 19331



Maid of Scandinavia

An incredible collection of kitchen goodies generally unavailable to the layman (who isn't a professional cook or baker), especially in the boonies.

—Irmine D. Steltzner
[Suggested by J.M. Gaffney III]

Maid of Scandinavia Catalog
Catalog and price list
$1 from:
3244 Raleigh,
Minneapolis, MN 55416

PASTA MACHINE
The electric pasta machine! All the rage among discriminating pasta devotees is this wonder machine that mixes the pasta dough, then precisely at the right moment, extrudes it through the selected form. Merely by changing the form you will get pasta in eight different forms all mixed, kneaded and formed automatically.

PASTA MACHINE $225.00

The Breads of France

Most bread books, even the best of them, consist of one recipe and a set of variations: a cup of rye flour here, a handful of raisins there. Not this book. Almost every recipe in ***The Breads of France*** *gives you a new method of making bread: maybe a three-day series of starters and sponges, maybe kneading for 15 sticky minutes before adding magic salt, maybe beating the dough thoroughly with a rolling pin. Or alternately there are unexpected ingredients: pumpkin, anise seed, cottage cheese, olive oil, orange flower water. (Many of the breads, by the way, are rye or whole wheat — "French bread" isn't only white.) Or there are varied shapes: baguettes, boules, flutes, not to mention ladders, trees, and — a breakthrough — a no-fault braid pattern. Clayton reveals the range of possibilities in breadmaking in a way no one else I've read does. My/his guinea pigs have only praise, like, "When are you going to open up a bakery?"*

—Tom Robinson

The Breads of France
(and How to Bake Them in Your Own Kitchen)
Bernard Clayton, Jr.
1978, 1982; 285 pp.

$8.95
postpaid from:
Bobbs-Merrill Company
P.O. Box 7083
Indianapolis, IN 46206
or Whole Earth Access

The Italian influence on neighboring southern France makes *panettone* a popular bread in Monaco. While many of the fine Italian *panettone* loaves are baked in tall cylindrical pans, this loaf is baked on a baking sheet or directly on the hearth without benefit of a mold. Five minutes after it has been in the oven, open the door, and drop a tablespoon of butter on the center of the developing crust.

LAND USE

The Sheep Book

This handy, factual little book is as enjoyable as it is informative. The format takes the shepherd or shepherd-to-be through the entire natural reproductive cycle of the ewe and her offspring, from their birth to market or back to the flock as replacement ewes or as saleable breeding stock.

The overall emphasis is on how one can best make money on large or small farm flocks by suggestions as to what may be "doing" with the flock and what the shepherd could or should be doing to them throughout their yearly cycle.

The Sheep Book *is an intelligent, humorous and affectionately written book. The appendices, which range from the economical, cold, hard facts of marketing and drugs to tax advantages and nutritional requirements, are worthy of note. It is an excellent reference which deserves to sit on your shelf right next to* ***The Sheepman's Production Handbook****. I wish I had had it eight years ago.*

—Rita Murphy

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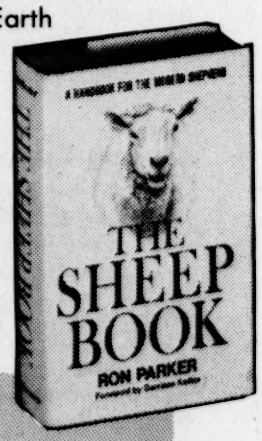
Pity the ewes who are in heat when there is no ram around. They stop eating, stand about aimlessly, and stare hopefully in the direction of a distant ram, calling out with loud baas. For lack of a ram to follow, ewes in heat will commonly follow the shepherd (of either sex), a barn cat, or anything else that is handy. A ewe lamb who comes into heat without a ram around can show really strange symptoms. Some of them will display all of the vocal output of their elders, and they also run wildly around looking this way and that as the unfamiliar — and thus doubly distressing — feelings affect them. Don't panic and call your veterinarian; they'll all recover in a day or two. . . .

Studies of sheep many years ago in England, and more recently in France, have shown that the external factor that determines when a sheep begins sexual activity is the length of the daylight period (photoperiod).

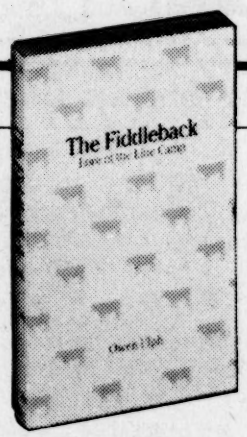
The Sheep Book
(A Handbook for the Modern Shepherd)
Ron Parker
1983; 344 pp.

$21.50
postpaid from:
Charles Scribner's Sons
Special Sales Department
597 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10017
or Whole Earth Access



Swinging a slow-to-go newborn lamb like this will start it breathing every time. The swinging also helps clear the lamb's mouth and nostrils of fluids. You should not hesitate to swing the lamb right away if dropping and shaking fail to work, because the lamb is deprived of oxygen and could suffer brain damage quite quickly. Even a lamb with a full deck of cards is no genius, so don't make things worse.

The Fiddleback



The Fiddleback
(Lore of the Line Camp)
Owen Ulph
1966, 1981; 234 pp.
$7.95
postpaid from:
Dream Garden Press
1199 Iola Avenue,
Salt Lake City, UT 84104

I wish this book had been around twenty-five years ago when I first decided to live fast, love hard, die young and leave a beautiful memory, because here I am running up on my mid-forties, slowing down, finding it harder to love, and becoming more convinced every morning that I didn't die young.

Owen Ulph has managed to document horse lather and broken-toothed grins and wrinkled eyes better than anyone I have ever read. He is a cowboy's Studs Terkel who draws pictures with words from other folks' mouths. I have lived in enough bunkhouses and herded enough hamburger to know how the conversation between ranch hands goes, and Ulph has it down real well. This is not an apologia for the bucaroo's life; it is a well-conceived history of a group of people who work hard without possibility of retirement, or even a forty-hour week. It is a book of American existentialist thought, not an extension of the cowboy cult, and it is jammed with the author's sense of humor. Should be read by anyone considering cutting classes in constitutional law and going out West to find an entry-level position in the cowshit business. —J.D. Smith

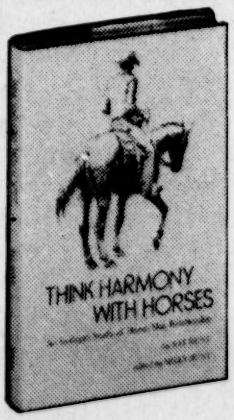
•

Despite their blatant bawling and their readiness to "go on the prod" when disturbed, cows are remarkably insensitive to pain. While being unloaded, one of Carl Haas' steers caught its hoof between the rocking bed of a cattle truck and the chute. Pressed from behind by other steers and goaded by insensate teamsters stabbing it with a hot rod, it pulled its foot off. It limped down the chute into the corral and immediately began to munch hay. Even the toughest Marine will lose his appetite after an amputation without anesthetic. About an hour later the steer died, but it died on a full stomach.

Think Harmony With Horses

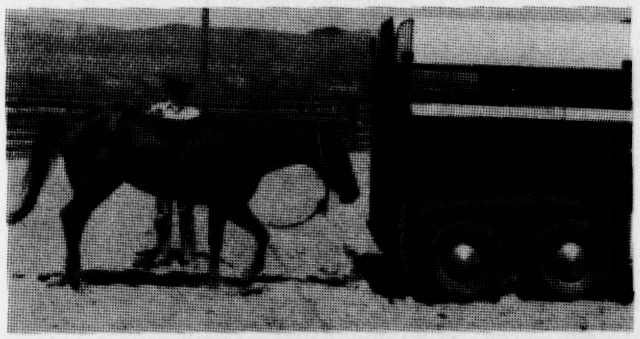
Ray Hunt works with horses but wouldn't like to be called a trainer: "'Training' and 'drilling,'" he says, "are both terms I use mainly in the 'do not' column." To hear him talk about it, he sounds a little like a Taoist sage: "It's not that I have it mastered, but I've been able to get more out of the way to 'let it happen.' . . . What we're working on here is the life in the horse's body. Our job is to understand what's going on. Then you can turn the life up or you can turn it down, or you can stop it."

Milly Hunt put ***Think Harmony With Horses*** *together from tapes recorded over a period of time at various clinics and teaching sessions around the country. In the book Ray Hunt's teachings fall into two parts: a general discussion on how it's all done, and the answers to twenty specific questions like "How do you get your horse to go away from the barn?," "How do you get a horse to carry a soft feel into the trot?," and "How do you keep a horse from throwing its head while backing?" One of my favorites is the answer to "How can I get the horse's attention more?" Everybody has heard the cowboy advice, to crack him on the head with a fence post. Contrast the sweet reasonableness of Ray Hunt's reply: "As a rule a person has his horse's attention way too much, but it's in a bothered frame of mind. The horse is aware that you're there. I'm sure the question is, 'How can I get him to respond the way I want?'" This question is then answered at length, in concrete detail, but leading back to "It's respond and respect." The book also includes narratives by Vincent W. Carpenter telling what Ray Hunt did at a five-day clinic, some photographs, and a collection of aphorisms entitled* ***Equesology****, things like "Think right down to the ground" and "You don't pull on the horse; he pulls on you — there's a big difference." All told the whole book amounts to 87 pages, and in them there's a fair amount of repetition. It's simple and unpretentious and, I think, quite wonderful in a very specific way.*



Think Harmony With Horses
Ray Hunt
1978; 87 pp.
$14.45
postpaid from:
Give-It-A-Go Enterprises
P.O. Box 28
Tuscarora, NY 89834

BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966



At a clinic on the Holland Ranch near Dillon, Montana, Ray is demonstrating teaching a horse to trailer load. The gelding was raised on the ranch and this week's colt class was his first experience with all the things he'll be expected to do for his owners. When this picture was taken the horse had been introduced to the trailer about 30 minutes before and had been loaded and unloaded several times. Here you see the colt let down and relaxed. He's looking into the trailer and loading without pressure.

There are all kinds of things we can actually do, but don't know we can, and if we don't know it then it's hard to say it. Ray Hunt does know, and his attempt to say it takes us beyond ourselves into an area that seems mysterious unless we do it. Then it seems simple and matter-of-fact to us, too.

It's pleasant in America, where we already have so much else, to have our own Taoist classic.

—Dick Barnes

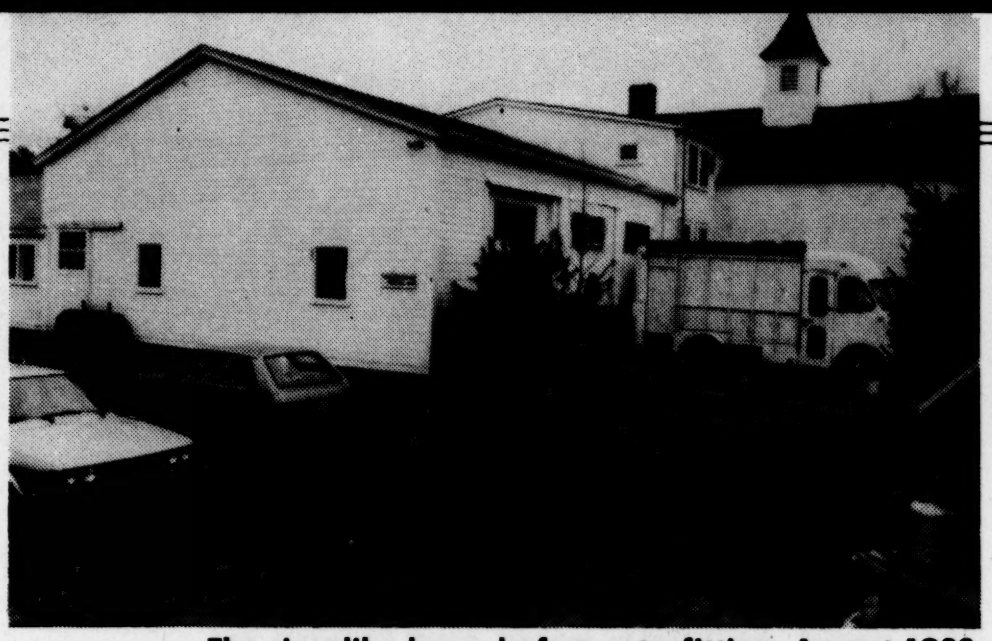
•

I try to visualize my body and the horse's body as one. Since my feet do not touch the ground I think of his feet and legs as being mine. When I'm first working with a young horse or attempting to get a new rider to feel this, I will sometimes exaggerate a walking motion. Picture yourself on the ground wanting to move out or to slow down. What do you do to cover more ground? What do you do to slow down?

When you want to move out faster your body livens up, you reach further, you take a longer stride. Or you can use the same amount of energy but not extend your stride — this would give you a more in-place walk.

When you're on the ground and wish to slow down, you don't have to bring the life down choppy and jerky — it comes down smooth. Your body prepares ahead of time. It's this preparation you need to be aware of to make these transitions smooth for the horse.

THE AIRTIGHT BARN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL SMITH

The sievelike barn, before retrofitting, August 1982.

by Bill Smith

A Superinsulated Retrofit

SUPERINSULATION is one of those ideas that is so simple, that has such tremendous potential, one has to wonder why it hasn't been thought of years ago. Superinsulated buildings are so tight and so well insulated that the purchased energy needs are almost zero. Central furnaces become obsolete. Superinsulated buildings maintain comfortable temperatures year-round merely heated by people, sun, appliances, and lights: Only on the very coldest nights is some sort of backup heat necessary — a water heater or a small wood stove for instance. Annual heating bills in these buildings typically range between $50 to $100.

Over the coming years, design of new superinsulated buildings will become straightforward. Of far greater concern will be the techniques of converting (retrofitting) our old sievelike buildings to be more energy efficient. This article is the story of the retrofit of an old dilapidated barn at the New Alchemy Institute into a superinsulated auditorium. The building is the focal point of all educational activities at New Alchemy, in addition to being an educational tool in itself. As such, it is probably the world's first superinsulation "breeder." The building is not solar heated, unfortunately, as it is located at the north end of a long barn, but it serves to illustrate the fact that any building can be superinsulated irrespective of solar orientation.

The first rule of superinsulation retrofit is to know thy abode. Any existing quirk or peculiarity that affects the building's structure, energy performance, moisture and insect control, and aesthetics needs to be fully understood before a major overhaul begins. You certainly wouldn't do an engine overhaul without first figuring out what ails it.

New Alchemy's existing barn was mercifully free of roof leaks and termite infestations, and had a solid foundation. Unfortunately, the walls had quite a bit of rain leakage and suffered from moisture damage from the previous farm's resident cows and chickens. Work progressed slowly at first. It was ugly and unpleasant work removing years of appropriate-technology debris and shoring up rotting walls. Two months of sweat left a bare skeleton of a barn, substantially stronger but still somewhat damp and dark. In order to blend the building into a Cape Cod aesthetic, we covered the exterior with cedar shingles.

Just behind the shingles, we wrapped the entire building with Tyvek, a new bulding paper. Placed on the wall exterior, Tyvek prevents wind from passing through, yet allows any moisture in the wall to escape. The importance of this building paper is illustrated on a windy day, when much of the heat inside a conventional wall is whisked (convected) away, whereas a Tyvek-clad wall remains virtually impervious to the wind. Try wearing a loose-fitting warm coat on a cold, windy day and you will understand immediately.

Within the existing walls we laid 3½-inch fiberglass batts, further bolstered by a 6-inch batt. At this

Bill Smith joined the New Alchemy Institute last year with a specific mandate: transform the ratty old dairy barn into an energy-efficient auditorium. He didn't have much precedent to go on — most superinsulated buildings are made from new, and he could find no examples of anyone attempting a commercial structure, new or retrofit. So he came up with some innovative solutions that have proven to work well despite being rather different than what has come to be accepted practice. The basic idea would work well in just about any climate. (Bill's consultation is available care of New Alchemy Institute, 237 Hatchville Road, East Falmouth, MA 02536. For more on New Alchemy itself see NWEC p. 177.)

—J. Baldwin

The airtight auditorium, after retrofitting, June 1983.

at New Alchemy

point, an inner wall was built lying flat on the floor so that inner and outer studs were staggered. A continuous plastic sheet — the "air and vapor barrier" or AVB — was placed carefully over the wall before it was raised, with an excess flap to allow for an eventual seal to the adjacent floor, ceiling, and wall AVBs.

The placement of the AVB 3½ inches into the wall is crucial in order to achieve an airtight building. Removed from the abuse of drywall crews, electricians, and plumbers, and all of their associated hardware, the wall AVB can remain virtually free of holes and tears. These subcontractors will be happy to hear that they can now perform their job in a normal manner, with only a moderate concern for the (what is probably now fanatically well-sealed) air and vapor barrier.

Conventional wisdom would place the AVB right on the hidden surface of the innermost component of the wall (such as sheetrock or drywall) because it is commonly believed that *that placement* is crucial in order to stop water vapor from entering the wall, where it might condense and create moisture problems. However, we designed the wall so the vapor barrier was 3½ inches into the wall, following this rule of thumb from William Shurcliff: Condensation will never occur inside the vapor barrier as long as there is twice as much thermal resistance (R value) outside of the insulation as inside.[1] In other words, as long as the insulation outside the AVB is thick enough to keep the temperature of the AVB above the dewpoint on the coldest day of the year, condensation will never occur within that wall. Instead, the water vapor will remain a gas, which will not hurt the insulation. Since the dewpoint is affected by temperature and humidity, it varies from place to place and may be different at different places inside the wall; for a thorough discussion of the psychometric chart used to calculate dewpoint, see William Shurcliff's **Air to Air Heat Exchangers for Houses** (see bibliography).

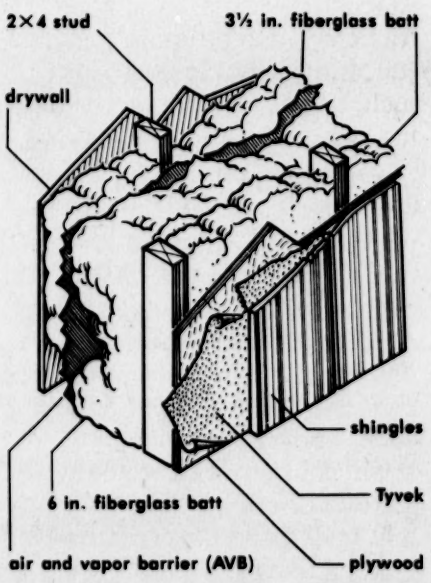
The ceiling was insulated with a substantial 18 inches of cellulose, creating a thermal resistance (R) value of over 60. Again, we endeavored to bring all electrical wiring below the ceiling AVB.

1. R value, or thermal resistance, is an indicator of "insulative value"; the higher the R value, the better the insulation. R is measured in the square feet of a surface times the degrees Fahrenheit of that surface, times one hour's duration, divided by the energy in BTUs gained or lost as heat passes through the insulation.

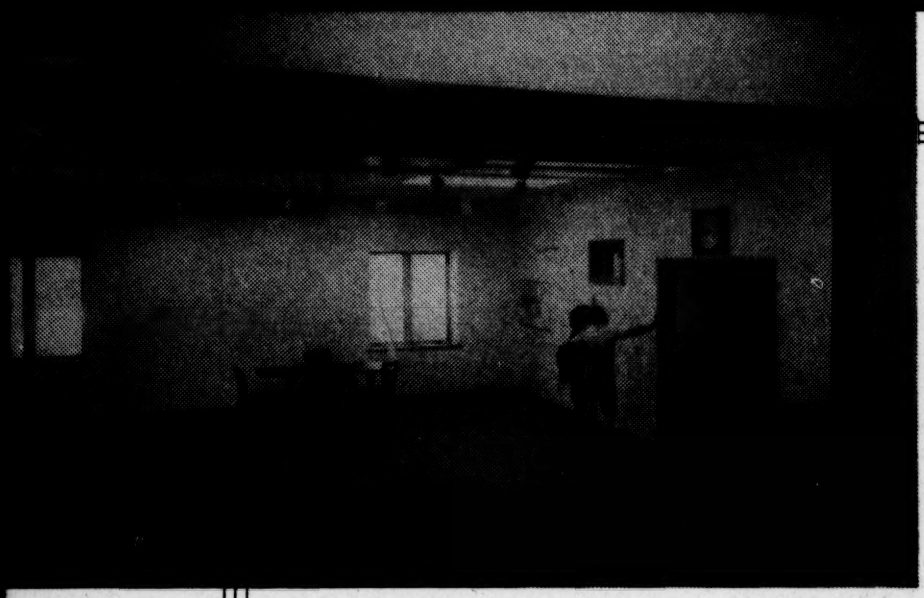
The floor was insulated with 6 inches of polystyrene, bringing the R value up to 30. The floor vapor barrier is above the insulation. In general, the building was insulated to levels three or four times greater than typical 6000 Degree Day standards. The following table compares the R values of conventional Massachusetts construction to superinsulated construction:

	CONVENTIONAL	SUPER INSULATED
Walls	14	42
Ceiling	19	60
Floor	4	30

Although the word "superinsulation" implies that insulation is of paramount importance, airtight construction is, by far, the most important aspect of energy-efficient construction. Each exterior building surface was covered with a one-piece air and vapor barrier. Every sheet was generously overlapped with the adjacent sheet and carefully glued together with an acoustical sealant. The major trick to this job is to form a continuous bead of sealant over a solid surface (such as a stud or joist), and to staple through the entire seam. Any necessary hole in the sheet (windows, doors, and plumbing vents) should be well sealed to the AVB. In order to continue the vapor barrier through load bearing (i.e. nonmovable) walls and floors, we glued a styrofoam block between the studs or joists and then glued the main AVB to



DON RYAN



The auditorium interior, viewed from within the projection booth. The windows employ Heat Mirror plastic film and nighttime movable insulation.

the block. This reliance on the AVB led us to choose a product much stronger than conventional polyethylene. Two layers of Tu-Tuff virgin polyethylene withstands the normal abuse of building and is available in very large sizes.

If all of this superinsulation and airtight construction seems a bit fanatical, you're right. Moving air, however, is relentless: sneaking into and out of your building, it will find a way through the most convoluted and tiny passageway. Thanks to the Venturi effect you will find that the last few holes in the shell will allow air passage at a much greater rate than you would expect. It takes a keen eye, a steady hand, and patience for a lot of detail to create a tight building. Before covering up all of your handiwork, by all means use a blower door to test the building's airtightness. A blower door simply pressurizes the building so that smoke will flow through the last remaining openings. It is then a simple manner to caulk the offending crack and test again. Lacking such tools, imagine building the house so tight that it will float.

If your lungs have been gasping for a breath of fresh air wondering about the air quality in such a tight structure, know that there is an easy, albeit technological, solution. An air-to-air heat exchanger simply exhausts stale indoor air, brings in fresh air, and recycles the interior heat. In other words, it transfers the heat from outgoing, stale, warm air, to incoming, fresh, cold air, with resulting warmed, fresh air. Controlled by a humidistat, a properly installed heat exchanger will maintain excellent indoor air quality and expel any excess humidity.

The windows and skylights in the auditorium employ Heat Mirror plastic film, long in the development stages and only recently available. (See "Buildings As Organisms," **CQ** Winter 1977.) Sandwiched between two layers of conventional glass, heat mirror film looks completely transparent yet reflects radiant heat. The R value of this three-layer sandwich is 4.3, compared to conventional triple pane with an R 2.7, and double pane of R 1.8. In addition, the glass is much more comfortable on a cold night, since body heat is largely reflected back into the room.

Each window and skylight in the structure is also endowed with nighttime movable insulation. The skylights feature a sliding shutter with two inches of Thermax foam (a polyisocyanurate). Each of the windows is draped with a different window insulation product: an insulating shade, curtain, or "Roman" shade.

For all you warm-climate folks wondering how this technology can benefit you, superinsulation makes residential air conditioning obsolete. All that insulation works to keep the summer heat outside, and with intelligent shading, the building remains remarkably cool. In the Massachusetts summer, the only additional step necessary was to open the skylights (which act as a solar chimney) and windows, which allows substantial amounts of air to circulate. In fact, many people entering the building on hot days think that it is air-conditioned.

Experience to date shows that the building is remarkably sensitive to interior heat. Before the building was completely closed in, the interior temperature sat at a cool 55° F with an outdoor temperature of 30° F. Within 45 minutes, the assembled heat of more than 40 people raised the temperature to 68° F. To satisfy the scientifically minded folks, the auditorium will be thoroughly monitored during the winter of 83-84. Specifically, an Apple computer, with the aid of an analog-to-digital converter, will keep a constant eye on exterior temperature, wind speed, solar radiation, interior temperature, heat exchanger inlet and outlet temperatures, mean radiant temperature, interior relative humidity, carbon dioxide and formaldahyde concentrations, and backup energy requirements. Most of the monitoring will be done to ascertain how the building performs as a public building and as a retrofit. We already know that many new superinsulated homes perform extremely well.

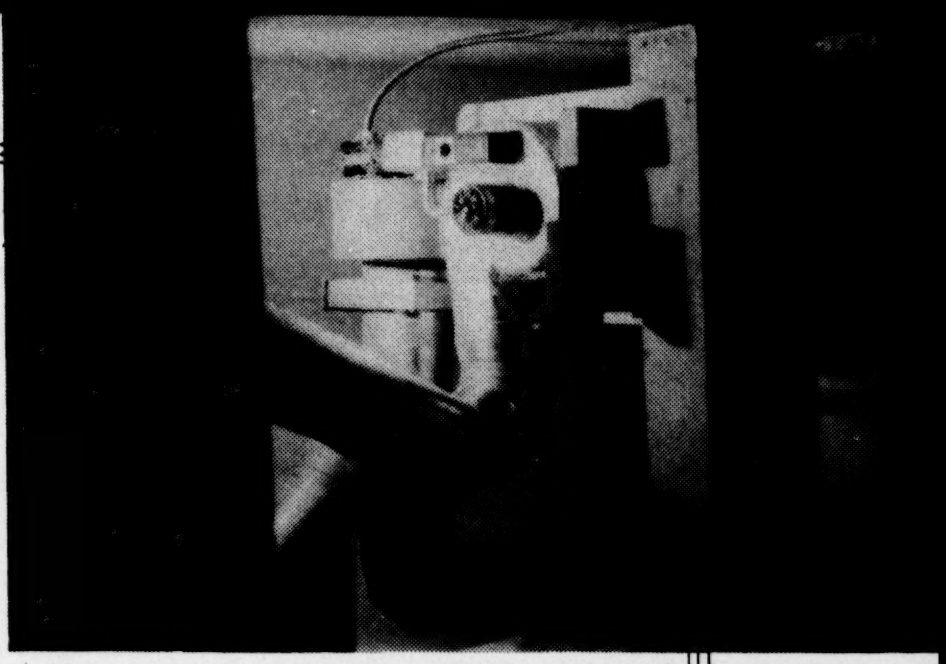
Additional Frills

Hot water is supplied via a Junkers instantaneous water heater and a passive solar water heater. The Junkers heater (from the makers of Bosch tools in Germany) warms water only when the hot water faucet is turned on, and only to the necessary temperature and volume. Married to an inexpensive "breadbox" or "batch" solar water heater — which does not perform well in the middle of a Massachusetts winter — the system supplies year-round hot water with very little purchased fuel.

Although many folks expected New Alchemy to use a composting toilet, we instead chose a low-flow, water-based Swedish unit. (Composting toilets cannot handle the large quantities of urine that we receive.) Designed by a sculptor, the Ifo uses 1.5 gallons per flush and is more than adequate for the job.

On those rare nights when people and light bulbs cannot supply

enough heat to keep the space warm, backup radiant electric heaters supply an extra boost. These Norwegian Eswa and Cove heaters use less electricity than conventional electric heaters since they heat objects, like floors and people, which allows a low thermostat yet ample comfort. Electric heat has the big advantage of not burning oxygen in the space, and is very inexpensive to install. Although tied to the electric grid, these heaters will be used so little that their extra cost will be insignificant. ■



The air-to-air heat exchanger, the only route for fresh air to enter the building when windows and doors are closed.

Materials Sources

All of the materials used are available from local building suppliers, except:

Eswa and **Cove** radiant electric heaters. $30 and up. Information free from New England Radiant Heating Corporation, 1151 Worcester Road, Framingham, MA 01701.

Heat Mirror skylights. Information and nearest dealer location free from Wasco Corporation, P.O. Box 351, Sanford, ME 04073.

Heat Mirror windows. Information and nearest dealer location free from Hurd Windows, Medford, WI 54451.

More information on **Heat Mirror** from Southwall Corporation, P.O. Box 51825, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Ifo low-flow toilets. $328-408 (approx.). Information and nearest dealer location $1 from Western Builders Co-op, 2150 Pine Drive, Prescott, AZ 86301.

Junkers instantaneous water heaters. Information and nearest dealer location from Appropriate Energy Systems, Point Reyes, CA 94956.

Tremco acoustical sealant. Information and nearest dealer location from Tremco Corporation, 10701 Shaker Boulevard, Cleveland, OH 44104.

Tu-Tuff air and vapor barrier. 6-7 cents per square foot (approx.). Information and nearest dealer location from: Sto-Cote Products, Drawer 310, Richmond, IL 60071.

Tyvek building paper. Information and nearest dealer location free from the DuPont Corporation, 1007 Market Street, Wilmington, DE 19898.

Van Ee R2000 air-to-air heat exchanger. $895 (approx.). Information free from Solatech, Inc., 1325 East 79th Street, Minneapolis, MN 55420.

Recommended Reading

Argue, Robert, and Marshall, Brian. **The Superinsulated Retrofit Book**. $13.95 postpaid from Renewable Energy in Canada, 334 King Street East, Studio 208, Toronto, Canada M5A 1K8; 1981. *An excellent guide for aspiring superretrofitters, with much detail on interior and exterior retrofit, and several case studies.*

Eyre, D. and Jennings, P. **Air Vapour Barriers.** Free from EMR-CRD Building Technology Support Program, Energy Demand Branch, Killearny Building, 460 O'Connor Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1S 5H3; 1983. *Crammed with lots of excellent graphics and detail on superinsulation, sealing the air and vapor barrier.*

McGrath, Ed. **The Superinsulated House**. $7 postpaid from Project 2020, Box 80707, Fairbanks, AK 99708; 1978. *From the far north, Ed McGrath fills this book with numerous valuable tidbits for the superinsulation builder. A new edition is clearly needed, however.*

National Center for Appropriate Technology. **Superinsulation: A Housing Trend for the Eighties**. $0.55 postpaid from NCAT, P.O. Box 3838, Butte, MT 59702; 1980. *A concise and lucid introduction to superinsulation.*

Shurcliff, William. **Air to Air Heat Exchangers for Homes.** $14.45 postpaid from Brick House Publishing, 34 Essex Street, Andover, MA 01810; 1982. *A gem from Bill Shurcliff; it is the definitive work on residential heat exchangers. It lacks much installation advice, however.*

Shurcliff, William. **Superinsulated Houses and Double-Envelope Houses**. $13.50 postpaid from Brick House Publishing, 34 Essex Street, Andover, MA 01810; 1980. *Written at a time when double-envelope houses were still in vogue. Shurcliff clearly demonstrates the superiority of superinsulation.*

Warkentin, I.H. **A Double Wall Retrofit Project**. $3.95 postpaid from I.H. Warkentin, Box 50 Group 32 RR1B, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 4A3. *A case study of a farmhouse retrofit in downtown Winnipeg, including lots of great details.*

Superinsulation Building Newsletter. $45/year (24 issues) from Superinsulation Information Service, 56 John F. Kennedy Street, Suite 7, Cambridge, MA 02138. *SIS provides a wealth of information on the latest developments in the field.*

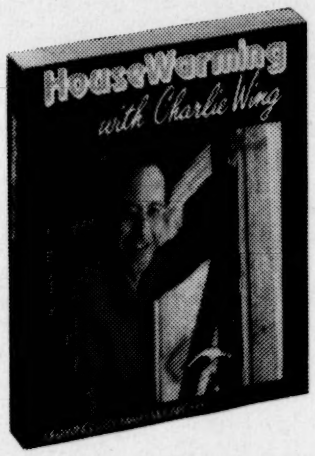
Information on the exterior retrofit truss is available from John Hughes, Passive Solar Designs, Ltd., No.204 10830 107 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5H 0X3.

Information on the LeClair truss is available from Gerald LeClair, 607 Fleet Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3M 1J3.

HouseWarming with Charlie Wing

Charlie Wing has been working while lots of folks have been talking about working. His earlier books are classics of their kind: ***From The Walls In*** *(**NWEC** p. 235) and* ***From The Ground Up*** *(**NWEC** p. 222) are among the best available, and he's even expanded to PBS TV. This book is based on that program, and it's really good. It's clear, well-researched, and blessed with that fine detail that only real experience can offer. Getting things clear for TV has had the effect of removing chaff and blur. To retrofit your humble abode for less energy use and better livability, this is about the easiest-to-use book I've seen. It's actually enjoyable, which is saying a lot in these days of competent-but-dull efforts.* —*J. Baldwin*

HouseWarming with Charlie Wing
Charles Wing
Drawings by Mary McCarthy
1983; 204 pp.
$17.95
postpaid from:
Little, Brown and Company
Order Department
200 West Street
Waltham, MA 02154
or Whole Earth Access



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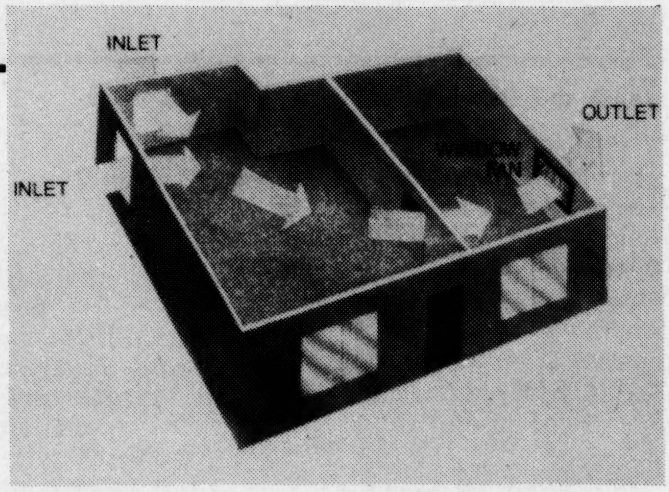
You finally decide to insulate your open attic to R (thermal resistance) 38. [The R value of a single glazed window is about 1.] Your house was built in 1900, before the housing industry standardized 16" and 24" on-center framing systems, and you find that the attic floor joists are 18" on-center (sometimes I think builders just counted the number of joists on hand and divided into the length of the building). Down at the lumberyard you find that R 19 fiberglass batts are on sale. Great;



The location of a window fan and the location of other open windows and doors can precisely determine the areas cooled. In the illustration, a single fan exhausting air from the living room draws air in through bedroom windows at the opposite corner of the house. With this arrangement, the coolest room will be the bedroom; the next coolest, the living room (the moving air will have picked up heat along the way); and the warmest rooms, those out of the direct path of the moving air. This arrangement is ideal for sleeping since the cooling benefit is concentrated where it is most needed — and without the attendant noise of a fan in the sleeper's ear.

you'll install a double layer! Then you discover that they only come in nominal widths of 16" and 24". Now the distance between your 2" thick joists (where you plan to place the insulation) is 18" − 2" = 16", but the actual width of the fiberglass batts is only 15". Coolly and quickly evaluating the situation so as not to unduly squander the salesman's valuable time (the salesman being an eighteen-year-old kid whose only thought while you're deliberating is how to obtain a six-pack for the evening), you opt for the 15" batt. After all, 15/16th is very close to 100 percent! And so you install the batts: 2" of wood, 15" of batt, 1" of air, and so on.

Ignoring the 2 inches of wood, what have you achieved? Your percentage of air gap is 1/16th or 6 percent. At the 6 percent gap, the nominal R 38 curve drops to R 13. That's right, you've just paid for an R 38 attic and gotten R 13! What's the solution? You should have also picked up a bag or two of loose fill insulation to pour into the 1'' air gaps.

Low Cost Earth Shelters

As more and more folks bravely try their hand at "underground" houses, the literature available gets better and better informed. This book gives you some good vicarious experience in building modest below-grade structures. It's all in friendly, encouraging language intended for the owner-builder sort of person who might consider such a structure. Nicely done. It's probably the most useful book on this subject yet seen. —*J. Baldwin*

Low Cost Earth Shelters
Jim Eggert
1983; 159 pp.
$7.95
postpaid from:
Stackpole Books
P.O. Box 1831
Harrisburg, PA 17105
or Whole Earth Access

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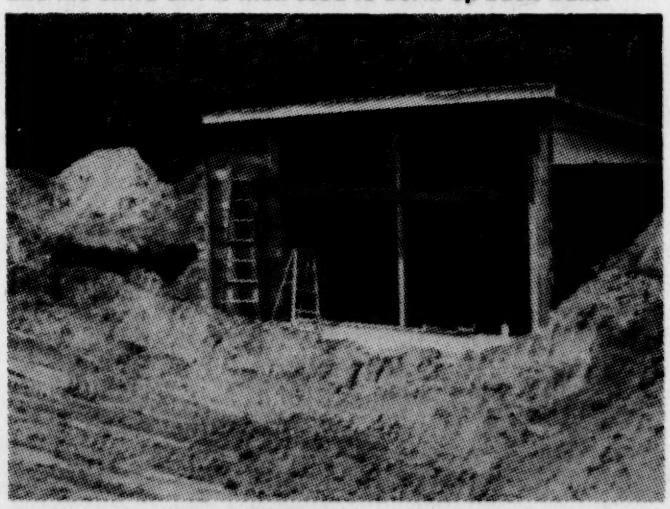
In the entire building project, I can only remember two times when I felt an intense, almost overwhelming anxiety. One time was right before I began and the other was "backfilling day."

On that day, inevitable questions loom up in your mind. Will the concrete shell hold? What about the retaining walls — will they tip as if you pushed over a stake in the garden?

There may also be some mental pain associated with the bulldozer itself. It can, indeed, be agonizing to watch one of these machines come snorting in and begin madly pushing dirt around — scraping away at the thin soil, ripping up clover and grass. Although earth-sheltered builders probably cannot avoid the anxiety of this necessary stage, they nevertheless can be fussy about who they bring in for the job.

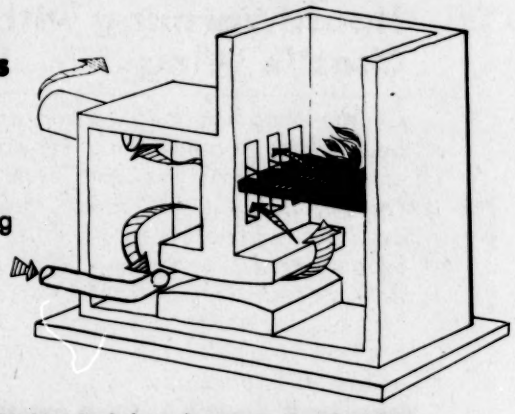
Backfilling day — a large "bowl" is carved out in front and the extra dirt is then used to berm up back walls.



The Book of Masonry Stoves

*Masonry stoves are one of the better ways of heating your building with wood. They're more efficient, safer, less polluting, and require lots less attention. They can be custom-fit to the house's needs. They can be made by you, which helps bring down the significant cost involved. All that sounds good, so how do you find out all about them? Up until this book, there were some interesting papers available (**NWEC** p. 208) but no thorough treatise on the subject. Now there is, and it's thorough, all right — everything from early history to the most modern versions, how they work, what to expect from them, plus highly detailed plans and construction nuances. Masonry stoves are also ideally suited for use with a solar heating system. And there are some interesting design possibilities, especially for very cold climates: how about building your beds in as part of the stove? Better than a three-dog night! —J. Baldwin*

The Book of Masonry Stoves
David Lyle
1983; 288 pp.
$16.45
postpaid from:
Brick House Publishing Company
34 Essex Street
Andover, MA 01810
or Whole Earth Access



Prof. Richard C. Hill's Maine Audubon furnace. Combustion air is blown in at lower left, then passes through a Venturi into firebox. Leaving the firebox, some gases again pass through the Venturi; the rest move out to rock storage bed through duct at upper left.

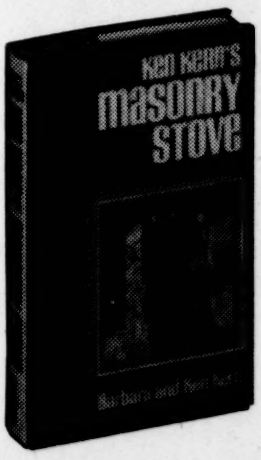
•

Many Americans tend to look for a woodstove with a big door and a big firebox. Not unreasonably, they want to reduce wood-cutting and firetending chores. Big chunks take less cutting, burn longer. But in the household stove, they tend to lead to slow fires and poor combustion. Big chunks aren't at all well-suited to the rapid hot combustion wanted in a masonry stove. Nothing over three-inch diameter is a common rule of thumb in central Europe. Faggots, bundles of twigs and branches tied tightly together, are an old and very good masonry stove fuel. The smaller wood produces better air/fuel mixing in the firebox, and better combustion.

Ken Kern's Masonry Stove

Long famous among the independent-minded, the Kerns' books tend to stress getting the job done effectively. This book is no exception. As usual with the Kerns, you'll find many ideas that fly in the face of conventional wisdom, lots of philosophy, and some radical methods. One thing you can be sure of: The Kerns have actually done what they write about, and what they recommend works. Four basic designs are discussed in detail, with enough elucidation of the principles involved to enable you to do some modifications to suit your own mind. The designs are backed by plenty of research on older stoves, which the Kerns share with us. It's a good way to teach. —J. Baldwin

Ken Kern's Masonry Stove
Barbara and Ken Kern
1983; 158 pp.
$19.50
postpaid from:
Charles Scribner's Sons
Special Sales Department
597 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10017
or Whole Earth Access



Insulating the chimney before the final plastering. This experimental fireplace-stove has become the central support member for the roof beams of a small structure. A collar of reinforced concrete and steel was cast around the chimney flue to uphold radiating concrete roof beams that support a framework of bamboo cast with a roofing surface of stabilized clay.

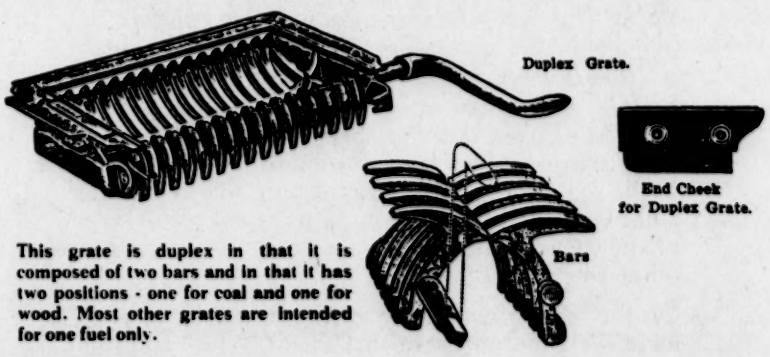
How To Get Parts Cast For Your Antique Stove

This simple and straightforward pamphlet tells you what you need to know even if your knowledge of foundry work is zero. With few exceptions, you can duplicate broken or missing cast iron parts of stoves or anything else, for that matter. Good advice. Surprisingly low cost, too. And it's a good education in foundry process. A glossary of stove part names, and a list of suitable foundries is included. —J. Baldwin

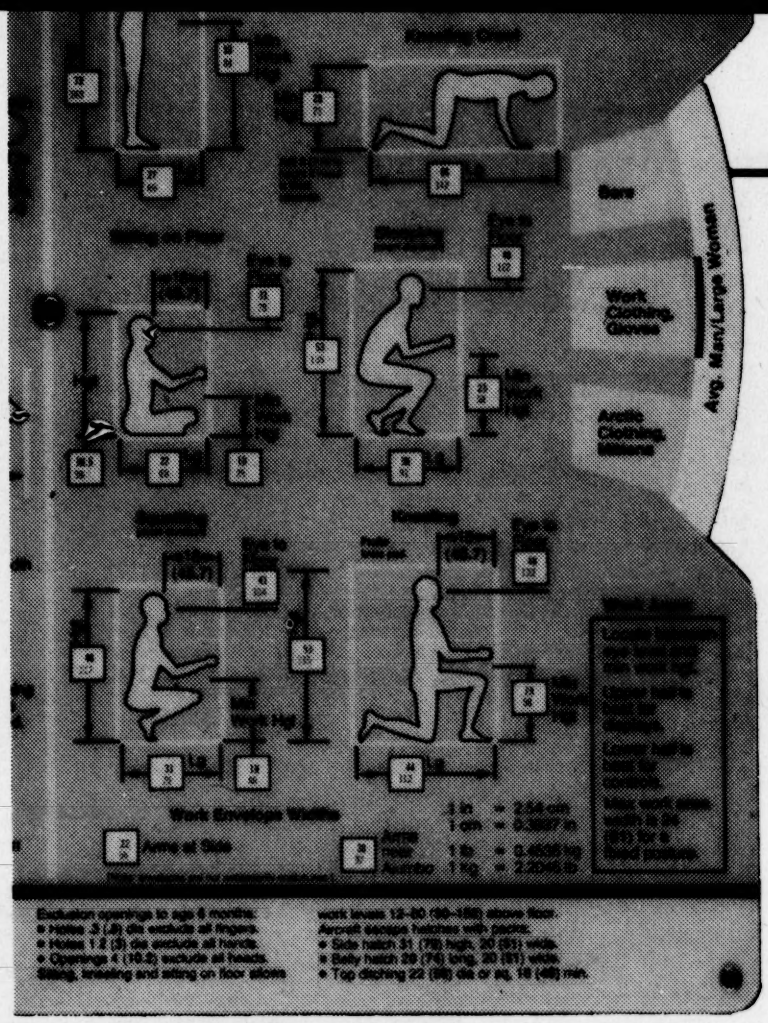
How To Get Parts Cast For Your Antique Stove
Clifford Boram
1982; 53 pp.
$5.00
postpaid from:
Autonomy House Publications
417 N. Main Street
Monticello, IN 47960

•

If someone tells you it's not practical to weld cast iron or that you need a preheating oven to do so, it's his way of telling you he's not up-to-date on modern welding technology. Many stove restorers now weld cast iron with great success, using an arc welder and special nickel welding rods. It takes plenty of good judgment and experience on cast iron to do the job right. Be choosy. If you can't find a nearby welder that you really have confidence in, it's worth taking the job to a stove restorer to weld.



This grate is duplex in that it is composed of two bars and in that it has two positions - one for coal and one for wood. Most other grates are intended for one fuel only.

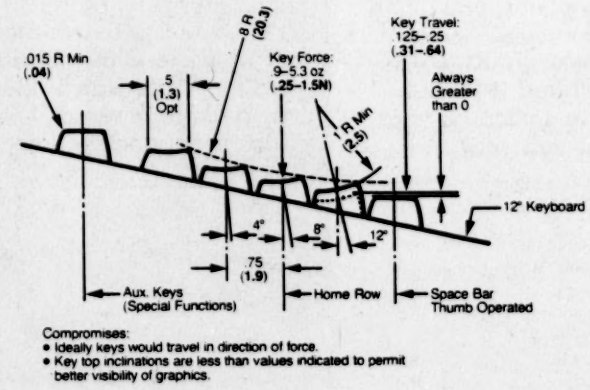


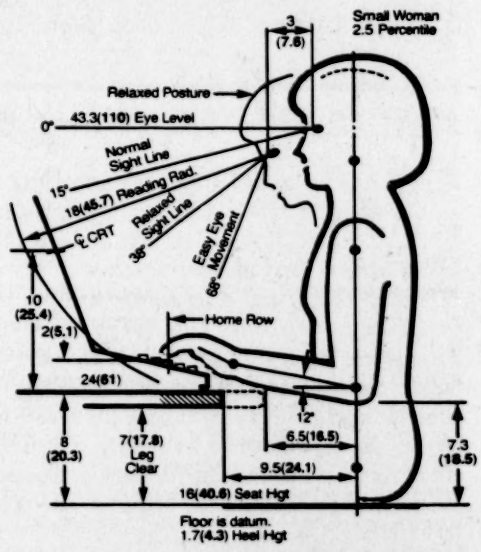
Humanscale

Ever driven a car with a steering wheel that hid the instruments from your view? That sort of poor design is always inexcusable, but it's been indefensible since these booklets and charts have been with us. No need to plow through a fat book that conceals the numbers you need to know in a mass of verbiage. Just find the diagram that's closest to what you are designing, and dial in the sort of person you are designing for. The appropriate lengths, heights, limits, and just about anything else you need to know is right there in a few seconds. This set does not take the place of a full-scale model though — it's still possible to lie to yourself with a drawing. But this is certainly one of the easiest ways to get the ergonomics right. The needs of children and disabled folks are included. —J. Baldwin

A section of *Humanscale* rotary disk 9a: body access. It shows the minimum sizes for access crawlspace for six settings: Large man and Average Man/Large Woman, each measured bare, in work clothing, and in arctic clothing.

Humanscale
(A Portfolio of Information)
Niels Diffrient, Alvin R. Tilley, David Harman, Joan C. Bardagjy, Henry Dreyfuss Associates
1974, 1981; 3 booklets, 135 pp., 9 two-sided rotating dial charts
$98.88
postpaid from:
MIT Press
28 Carlton Street
Cambridge, MA 12142



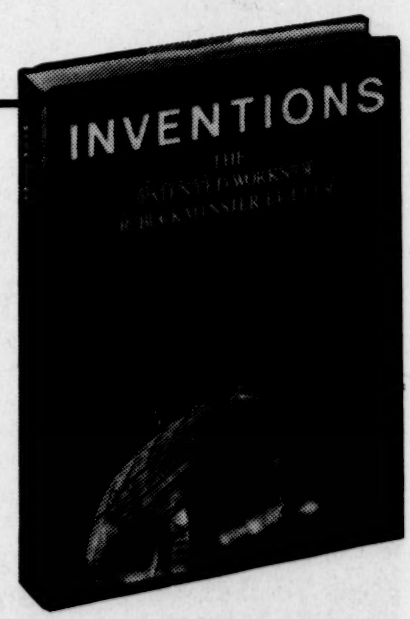


Inventions

Just prior to his death, Bucky decided to make his 27 patents more accessible to laypersons intimidated by the obscure language of the patent office. Each patent is introduced by Bucky with an explanation of what he had in mind when he came up with the idea. The patent is then presented, with the drawings, in a language that makes it obvious he wrote his own patents. In this case, such language is a boon, for it elucidates the ideas carefully and completely. Mercifully, the legally required endless redundancies one finds in patents have been edited out — it's only the raw, spare facts necessary to back the claims. (If you want the entire patent with all the frills, you'll have to obtain a copy from the patent office.) The patents cover a remarkable range; Dymaxion cars and houses, machines to fabricate intricate dome parts, and his favorite — the Rowing Needles — a single scull that won't swamp or capsize. (He told us once that the Rowing Needles idea was his best because it most clearly showed how good thinking could solve age-old problems.) Most of the patents are shown at work in a useful form.

I sure hope the publisher makes this available in a less-expensive paper edition; otherwise it's a job well done. It's Bucky at his more pure and real. —J. Baldwin

Inventions
(The Patented Works of R. Buckminster Fuller)
R. Buckminster Fuller
1983; 316 pp.
$41.25
postpaid from:
St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10010
or Whole Earth Access



Rowing Needles (Watercraft) (1970). The oarsman/oarswoman sits above two single shells connected by a truss assembly made of some material like aluminum tubing.

Philips SL★18 light-bulb

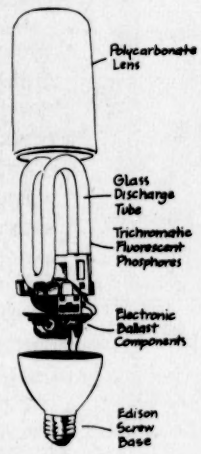
The state-of-the-art light bulb to screw into standard Edison sockets. Gives better light than an incandescent bulb, uses a quarter as much electricity (60 lumens per watt), lasts ten times as long (7500 hours), and pays back in one to two years.

The attractive prismatic polycarbonate housing is a bit bigger than a normal bulb but fits most fixtures. Contains a high-frequency solid-state ballast (no flicker, no hum) and a little folded-up fluorescent tube with phosphor peaks tuned to your red, green, and blue retinal cones for amazingly good color rendition. People like us who can't stand fluorescents love this one. The standard 18-watt size replaces a 75-watt bulb but can also serve for a 60- or 100-watt. Runs at above-freezing temperatures in any position. Comes on immediately, rising to full intensity in three minutes. Other sizes and some dimmable models (including a decorative globe) will be out in late '83. Uses 117 VAC; a Massachusetts plant is making nearly a million this year. They're test-marketing it now, and should have it widely distributed soon.

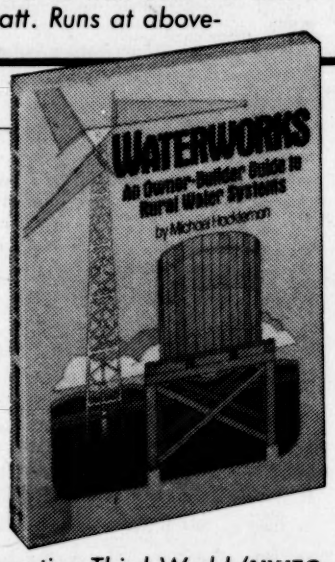
It's a real sweetie. We're sitting under two of them right now. —*Amory and Hunter Lovins*

Philips SL★18 light bulb
$25.00 (approx.)

Information and nearest dealer location from:
Philips Corporation
1 Westinghouse Plaza
Bloomfield, NJ 07003



Waterworks



Waterworks
(An Owner-Builder Guide to Rural Water Systems)
Michael Hackleman
1983; 172 pp.
$15.95
postpaid from:
Doubleday and Company, Inc.
501 Franklin Avenue
Garden City, NY 11530
or Whole Earth Access

Waterworks *fills the gap separating Third World (**NWEC** p. 245) and American-automated-electrified (**NWEC** p. 104) water supply systems. Once you've settled on your country acres,* ***Waterworks*** *provides the practical know-how and the basis to choose a small-scale water technology that best suits your aquifer or watershed. A thorough, clearly-written, absolutely useful book for the rural and subrural homesteader. Hackleman's waterwatch (a device to help monitor cistern water-levels) is just one of many imaginative devices found in no other publication.* —*Peter Warshall*

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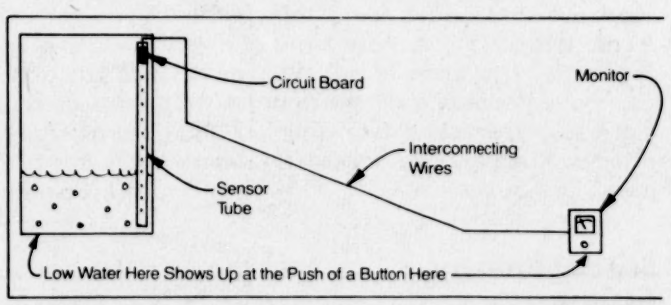
If you, like many others, have decided to use a gravity-fed method of pressurizing your water (good choice), you have no doubt realized by now one shortcoming of the setup: estimating the level of liquid in the tank.

There are two methods that immediately pop into mind: let it go till it runs dry, or hike up the hill and have a look-see. After a couple of jaunts you'll naturally wonder whether there isn't a better way. I don't know about your days, but I have better things to do than play nursemaid to a cistern.

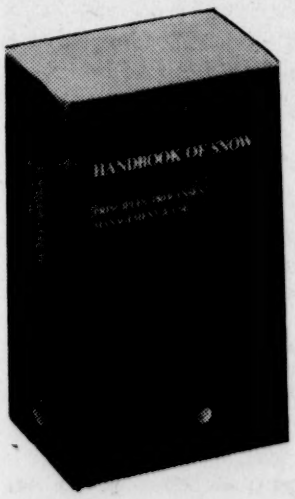
Well, fret not. This situation is readily remedied with a handful of common electronic components. Don't let the word "electronic" intimidate you. This water-level gauge is based on the fact that water is a better electrical conductor than air, and is easily duplicated by almost anyone — even if you've never done more than replace a light bulb. And after completion, this monitor makes it as easy to determine the level of water in the tank as glancing at the living-room wall. Called the Waterwatch, the system is made up of four parts: an in-tank sensor tube, a circuit board, the monitor itself, and the interconnecting wire.



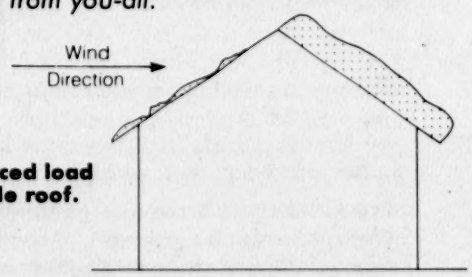
Handbook of Snow

And here I had always thought that all there was to know about snow was whether you could make snowballs from it! But seriously folks, there is more to it than deciding which wax to use on your cross-country skis. Such as: the effects of snow on agriculture and summer water supply; drifts and how to control them; avalanches; the effects of snow loads on architecture; how to shape a snowplow blade; snow and climate; snow physics; snow on lakes; snow vehicles; snow economics. All treated in great detail. More than you may wish to know. But fascinating! I'm in the process of reading the whole thing. I'd like to specially thank **CQ** *reader Charles Chesney for calling this book to our attention. As usual, much of our more interesting material comes to us from you-all.*

—*J. Baldwin*
[Suggested by Charles Chesney]



Handbook of Snow
(Principles, Processes, Management & Use)
D.M. Gray and D.H. Male
1981; 776 pp.
$21.75
postpaid from:
Pergamon Press, Inc.
Maxwell House
Fairview Park
Elmsford, NY 10523



Unbalanced load on gable roof.

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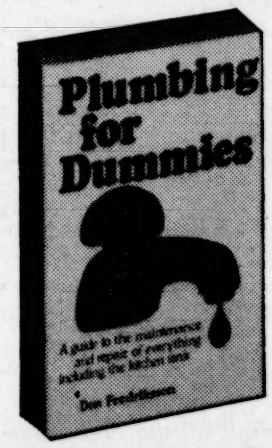
Gable or hip roofs.
If the wind direction is perpendicular to the ridge of a gable roof the windward side of the roof may be scoured clear and some of the snow removed and redeposited in a fairly even layer on the opposite (lee) side. To design these roofs it is recommended that the windward side of the roof be assumed to be free of snow, and the lee side loaded with 100% of the ground load modified according to slope (National Building Code of Canada, 1980b).

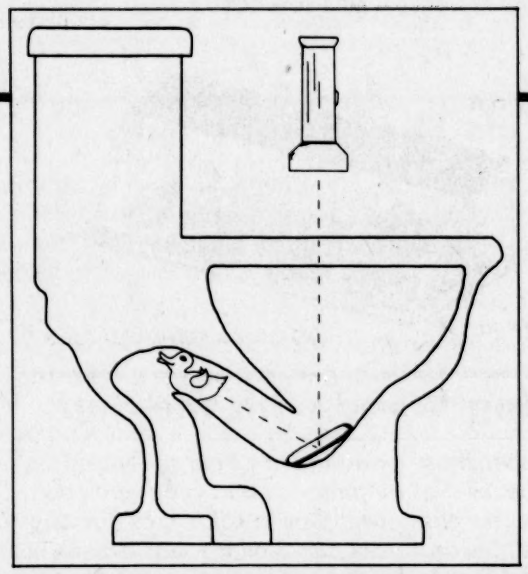
Plumbing for Dummies

You'd think with all the do-it-yourself plumbing books around that nobody in their right head would write another (or that no reviewers of such things would risk brain damage by reading another). Well, this one really is different. Rather than a cold-blooded mass of illustrations, this is a highly personal, amazingly detailed education in the plumbing trade — many years of experience made yours for the reading. It's so comprehensive that the small number of illustrations doesn't seem to matter. The operations are so highly detailed that it is unlikely you'll ever come up with a problem you couldn't deal with. The code is well attended to, too, in contrast to many other books recommending procedures that could get you into legal trouble. I don't personally care for his tone of voice, but that's a minor matter compared to the general excellence of the information. I've added the book to my library.

—J. Baldwin

Plumbing for Dummies
Don Fredriksson
1983; 238 pp.
$10.95
postpaid from:
NAPIS
P.O. Box 3455
San Rafael, CA 94912
or Whole Earth Access





Side section of toilet with "ducky" obstruction in trap, and flashlight shining into a mirror in the sump, illuminating the obstruction.

•

Whatever was in that line was as solid as a rock, and it later turned out to be plaster-like hard-setting material, flushed into the line that morning by the gardener or handyman. I dug up the line, and cut out the plugged section, after I had warned everyone in the house not to flush any of the other toilets.

Someone, who shall remain nameless, didn't heed my plea, and while I was leaning down inspecting the open end of the line, I got a turd in the face, my first and last.

The irony of that was the fact that the offending toilet was the *only* tank-type water closet in the entire house. If anyone had tried to flush the flushometer-equipped water closets they wouldn't have worked, because the water was off.

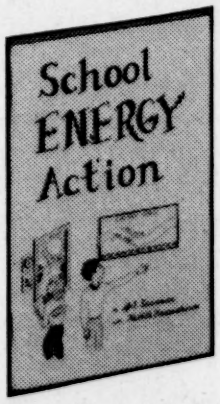
To this day, I can still remember every small detail of that experience. *Beware when you work on sewers.*

School Energy Action

Work out ways to save energy at school, and you've taught folks to think in those terms at a very basic level that tends to get taken home. What more could you ask? This modest booklet is alive with practical, proven ideas that'll save your school district money and generally raise community energy consciousness. Commendably free of hyperrighteousness, too.

—J. Baldwin

School Energy Action
Art Sussman with
Judith Tannenbaum
1983; 68 pp.
$5.95
postpaid from:
Soft Energy Wares
P.O. Box 14
Point Arena, CA 95468



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We have a meeting [of the Energy Patrol] every Tuesday. We have our daily patrol. A few students per day. We go around and see if the lights are on, if the shades are open, and what the thermostat is set on.

I like the way we have our meetings. Each time a different person is chairman. We all get to tell our feelings. We are all part together and we don't ignore each other.

We also have little committees: certificates, scrapbook, bulletin board, recycling and photographs.

There are about 12 members and 2 alternatives. I think that is a perfect amount.

Seoni Llanes
Point Arena
Junior High School Student

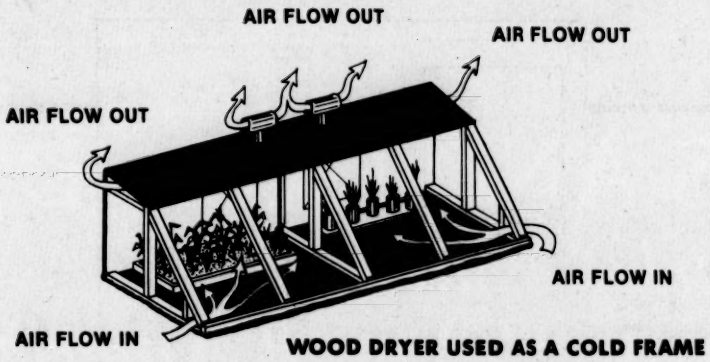
Biogas from Agricultural and Other Wastes

The author of this bibliography has furnished us with all manner of good information over the years, so we'll let him describe his own efforts: "[My paper] is a comprehensive subject bibliography that will interest people involved with energy production and waste management. It covers four decades' publications on fuel gas production by anaerobic digestion of such materials as livestock wastes, crop residues, food-processing wastes, municipal solid waste, and others. The factors involved in anaerobic digester design and operation are covered, as are also the many digester types. The wide coverage of the bibliography makes it suitable for use by those interested in high-technology processes as well as those whose interest is in intermediate technology."

He has included no less than 2760 citations, many of them foreign, along with their sources of availability. For many entries, he has added his own useful abstract. Care has been taken to ensure accurate computer access and easy future additions. Nice job, Greg! Lots of folks will appreciate your having done their homework for them.

—J. Baldwin

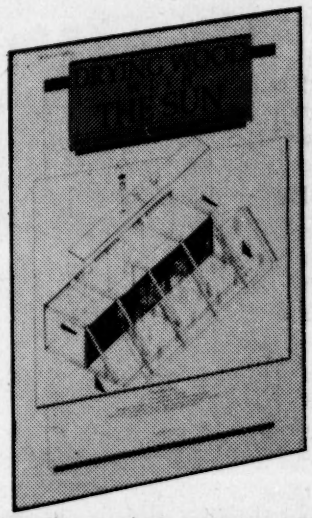
Biogas from Agricultural and Other Wastes
Greg Shadduck
1981; 324 pp.
$24 paper;
$4 microfiche
postpaid from:
National Technical Information Service
5285 Port Royal Road
Springfield, VA 22161
(Specify order no. DE82 011534 and choice of paper or microfiche)



WOOD DRYER USED AS A COLD FRAME

Drying Wood with the Sun

Remember those government "Energy Grants" a few years back? Not all turned out to produce worthy designs, but these well-proven solar firewood dryer plans are fine. Several basically similar ideas are presented in easily understood drawings accompanied by the expected explanations and materials lists. The rig will work just about anywhere, greatly speeding the drying process of any wood, or whatever else you put in there. Vegetables, even. Looks good to me. Be sure and pay attention to their warning not to attach the dryer to your house. The damp heat and wood-loving insects could damage your humble abode. —J. Baldwin

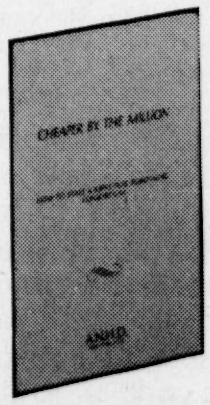


Drying Wood with the Sun
(How to build a Solar-Heated Firewood Dryer)
National Center for Appropriate Technology
1983; 24 pp.
$3.50
postpaid from:
Superintendent of Documents
U.S. Government Printing Office
Washington, DC 20402
or Whole Earth Access

Cheaper By The Million

This is a handbook on how to start a joint fuel-purchasing consortium and make it work. (A consortium is a group that gathers for the purpose of combining their economic clout; in this case purchasing power to buy heating fuel with.) This sort of enterprise takes lots of loving labor to execute, but the amount of money that can be saved is amazing. That's money that you'd otherwise spend and get absolutely nothing in return! This booklet engenders the street-smart attitude you'll need to go with the strategies suggested. Winter's coming . . . why wait? —J. Baldwin

Cheaper By The Million
Association of Neighborhood Housing Developers
1980; 25 pp.
$3.50
postpaid from:
Association of Neighborhood Housing Developers
424 West 33rd Street
New York, NY 10001



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Of all the advantages a consortium can use to bolster its bargaining position, prompt payment is the greatest. The ability to make prompt payments, of course, depends on prompt payments received from members. If this point is not understood up front, and then enforced by administrative "central," the consortium will not work.

GACO Neoprene Coating

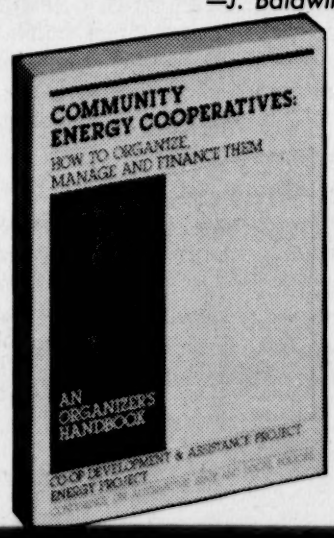
An excellent coating for making a wooden container waterproof (as in sinks, tubs, and the like) is GACO N-55 High Tensile Neoprene Coating. Applied like paint, it dries to a nice rubbery surface that remains flexible and won't crack at the joints. Run a bead of acrylic caulking compound around your seams prior to application. Handy, magical, good stuff. Follow the instructions closely, especially regarding ventilation.
—John Benecki

GACO N-55 Neoprene Coating
$25/gallon (approx.)
Nearest dealer information **free** from:
Gates Engineering Company
100 South West Street
Wilmington, DE 19899

Community Energy Cooperatives

Hard-won how-to information for anyone contemplating the development of an energy co-op. The advantages of co-op energy selling and buying can be many. The pitfalls can be many, too. A hardheaded handbook like this is absolutely necessary as a start, I'd say. This one is exceptionally complete and experienced, and of course could easily be adapted to the start-up of any co-op. —J. Baldwin

Community Energy Cooperatives
Keith Oberg and Patricia Logan, Editors
1980, 1981; 229 pp.
$10.95
postpaid from:
Conference Publications
2000 Florida Ave. NW
Room 408
Washington, DC 20009



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Expensive loan capital compounds a problem endemic in fuel wood enterprises: financing a large inventory long enough to season it properly. Without this extra time the co-op becomes largely a green wood business.

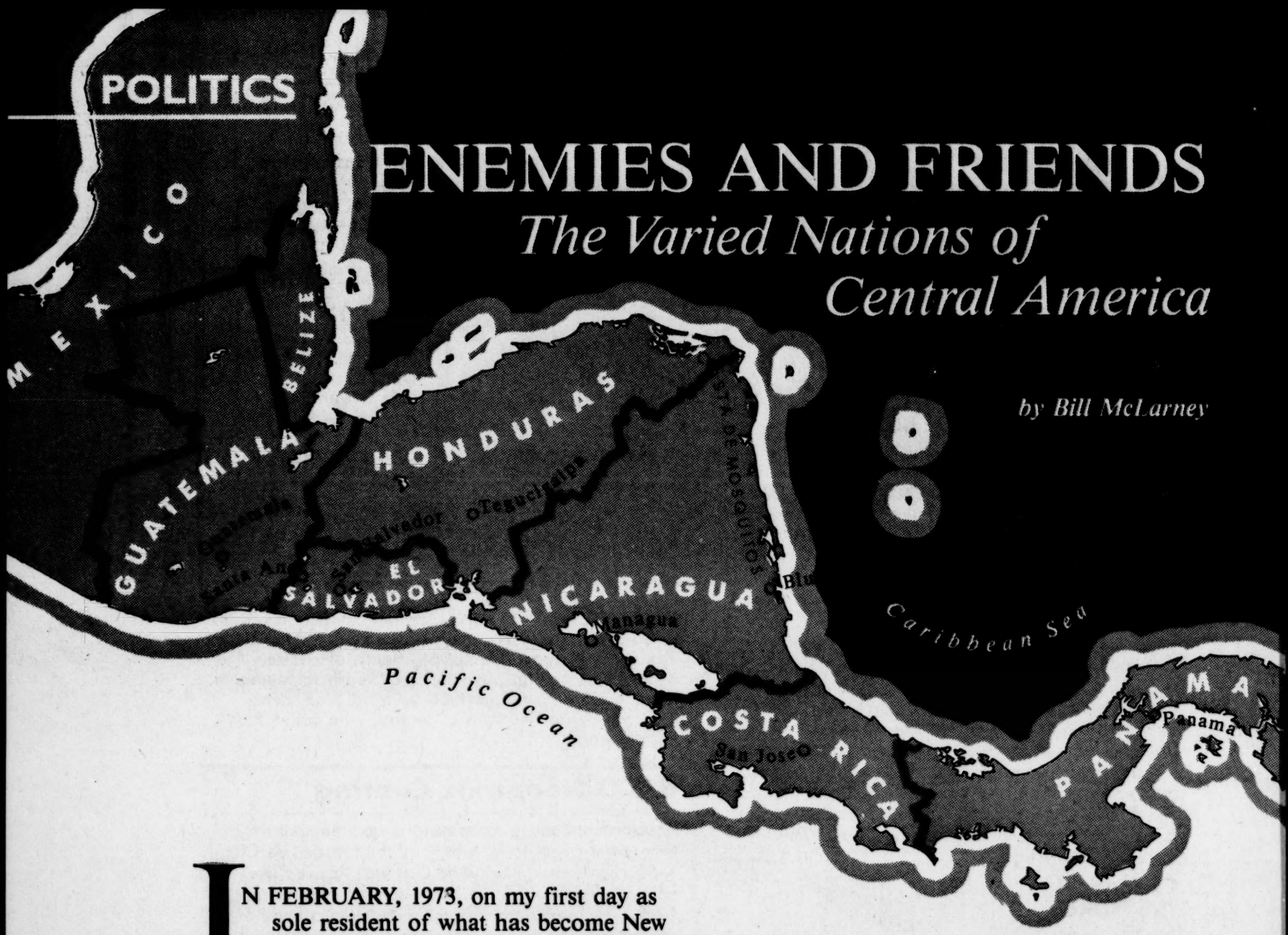
This aging process causes a dilemma for poor people, who cannot afford the practice of "pay now, fly later" (i.e., buy green wood enough in advance of the heating season to allow it to season in one's own woodpile). As a result, low-income householders often must buy fuel wood in a condition that is hard to measure for quality, and they must also burn it in a condition that is difficult, wasteful, and dangerous.

The co-op responded to this dilemma by attempting to generate more working capital. It worked to turn over unseasoned firewood as rapidly as possible to higher-income people (members and non-members) who can afford to stockpile it at home. Members were also encouraged to make a 50 percent advance payment on fuel wood to be delivered for the next heating season. With a significant number of advance sales and pre-payments, all members will have seasoned wood available and will be able to buy this wood at time-of-contract prices. This way the participation of middle-income people directly serves the interests of low-income people.

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS

The Varied Nations of Central America

by Bill McLarney



IN FEBRUARY, 1973, on my first day as sole resident of what has become New Alchemy Institute S.A. headquarters in a remote lowland village in Costa Rica, an old man with wild hair, a full white beard and one eye, dressed in ragged work clothes, his shoes strapped together with twine, splashed through the swampy spot which separated the land from the neighbor's, vaulted the fence and strode into the yard. "Sit down," he motioned grandly toward my one existing bench, pulling up a firewood stump for himself. "We're going to talk." It was the first of hundreds of conversations with Jeronimo Matute, an unlettered Honduran *campesino*, who has lived and worked from Mexico to Panama and finally settled in Costa Rica in large part because of his respect for Costa Rica's democratic government.

A major thesis of Matute's on that day, and since, was that Central America is going to be the setting for the start of World War III. Matute and I have since become close friends and coworkers. I have learned how to mentally edit his speeches; how he pulls everything to a certain center. It is not that he distorts the truth. Rather he concentrates it so that, without low-rating anyone else, as much of the credit as possible is attributed to himself, or to whatever entity he is a part of. He is an honest boaster and a fine storyteller.

Matute also has a good eye for impending disaster. Matute the boaster/prophet never tires of telling the sad story of Apolinar Sanarusia. Don Apolinar wanted to build a dugout canoe. Not a little *cayuco* for fishing in the *laguna*, but a 40-foot giant, the grandest canoe in our part of Costa Rica.

Unless you count fishing, Bill McLarney hardly ever looks like he's working. He does work, though: he's the author of the classic fish farming book ***Aquaculture*** *(NWEC, 1st edition, p. 110), coauthor (with Jeffrey Parkin) of* ***The New Alchemy Backyard Fish Farm Book*** *(CQ, Fall '81) and cofounder of The New Alchemy Institute (NWEC, p. 177). He was also instrumental in the founding of New Alchemy's sister institute in Costa Rica (NAISA), an enterprise that gives rise to this article. Realizing that much gringo do-gooder work has been ineffective or worse, Bill set out to be truly useful to the folks around the experimental farm. It's no fancy imported lab; a modest house attends some fields and forest just as you'd find with its neighbors. No technology has been introduced that can't be obtained or afforded by local folks. The institute's work is centered around environmentally sound crop diversification, conservation, and locally based economic community development. All very egalitarian, tuned to the needs of the people living there. When Bill isn't in Costa Rica, he's in the bush of North Carolina with his wife Susan and daughter Rose. Probably fishing.*

— J. Baldwin

Now it is a fact of contemporary Central American life that in very few places close to navigable water will you find a tree suitable for a 40-foot dugout; those trees were cut by past generations. So Don Apolinar ventured back into the jungle and eventually found a magnificent sandbox, the best of all canoe trees, and set to work. It is slow work, for not only is sandbox wood hard, it is abundantly supplied with spines on the trunk and a poisonous sap which must not get into the eyes or the blood stream. One takes axe and adze to sandbox with respect and caution.

But at length the canoe was built, and it was as splendid as any of Don Apolinar's dreams. The following day he summoned his neighbors, including Matute, to help him launch it in the river. They gathered after breakfast and, after a suitable time spent in admiration of the craft, started the arduous task of alternately clearing a few yards of jungle growth and pushing the heavy boat. They chopped and pushed all day, and by dusk were within 50 yards of the river, with heavy bush and a slight upgrade to surmount. Matute, so he says, wanted to finish in the dark, but the others, tired, hungry and afraid of snakes, voted to return in the morning.

In the night a storm came up, and a giant ceiba tree (useless for boat building) came crashing down and broke the splendid vessel in two. *"Chispas,"* said Don Apolinar. (Your Spanish-English dictionary will tell you *chispa* means spark or flash of lightning. But in Costa Rican slang, *chispas* means the little things that keep life from getting dull.) His next project was a sizeable marijuana crop, for which he was arrested.

At first blush, in 1973, I viewed Matute's World War III theory as an old eccentric's crackpot notion. After hearing the Apolinar Sanarusia story, and dozens like it, I realized it was another reflection of an ego alive and well in the midst of poverty. In his mind, while there were plenty of his own personal accomplishments he might brag about, there was little that his poor, backward, illiterate Central America could claim to impress a *gringo.* But the place was, by God, going to be *important.* The spooky part is that Matute's boasts are seldom unfounded.

The tale of Apolinar Sanarusia and Matute's World War III theory illustrate two aspects of the Central American character: the sense of cultural inferiority which leads to boasting, and the resiliency, coupled with fatalism, which allows a disaster to be shrugged off as *chispas.* To further flesh out the character, I am going to borrow a story from Archie Carr's splendid book **High Jungles and Low** (see bibliography). The story takes place in Honduras.

Carr and a companion were driving along a slippery clay jungle road, with a low but steep bank on either side. If truth be known they were probably going a little too fast, for they were trying to beat an impending storm which would turn the road to quagmire. As they rounded a bend and started down a hill, they noticed a horseman approaching, also trying to beat the storm. He was dressed in his very best and carried a 6-month-old baby. Apparently the horse had not seen many motor vehicles, because as they drew near it shied and reared. The horseman lost his grip and the baby sailed high into the air, to land safely on its back in a soft, muddy spot, where it lay cooing contentedly. The horseman attempted to regain control, but was half-thrown and left dangling from his stirrup, while the panicked horse pranced back and forth over the baby.

Both Carr and the driver leaped from the jeep and Carr was able to snatch up the baby by one foot. Just as the horseman began to recover control, they realized that the jeep was sliding down the slippery road at them. The driver raced back and stopped the vehicle just short of pinning horse and rider against the bank.

The horseman looked around and saw that no one was injured. He had seen his baby, now suspended by one foot, narrowly miss being killed, had been thrown from his horse in front of a *gringo*, had ruined his good clothes and had almost been pinned against a bank, with his horse, by a jeep. His first words were: *Muy briosa la yegua, verdad?* ("A spirited mare, yes?").

Some cultures have elaborate formalized face-saving rituals. In Central America, face-saving

Jeronimo Matute: "An honest boaster and a fine story-teller," wearing the Costa Rican hat.

DON GRAYBILL

at its best is improvised and preferably humorous. It is socially graceless to blame someone else (even a horse) *or* yourself.

In Archie Carr's story, the occurrence of the near-disaster is seen as a consequence of a *virtue* of the horse. Failing the opportunity for such an elegant rationalization, blame is placed on the fates. The Costa Rican worker, when a job doesn't turn out right, neither apologizes nor makes excuses to his boss. *Algo que me fue la mano* ("Something my hand did to me") he says, admitting the defect, but displacing the responsibility.

There are a few things beside the fates which a Central American can blame and not be thought a boor. Notable among them is "the communists." A Central American, searching for a suitable epithet to castigate a person or an idea he really distrusts, might well light on *communista.* He would not use *capitalista* in that pejorative sense. His definition of communism or capitalism might not satisfy a professor of political science, but then theologians have never gotten a firm grip on "God" or "Satan" either, a fact which has not kept God and Satan out of everyday life.

To most Central Americans, "capitalism" is a logical expression of two natural human tendencies — to accumulate, and to care for one's own self and family first. The ambitious *campesino* family see themselves as embryonic capitalists. And they may eventually attain to open a small rural store, or to become a buyer of other people's crops. The less ambitious *campesino* hopes for a good relationship with the capitalist who is his employer or customer for his crops. Individual capitalists may be honest or dishonest, benevolent or cruel, but that says nothing about the system called capitalism.

"Communism" on the other hand is understood to be an unnatural system, which takes away from the individual and distributes...one really doesn't know where. It is vaguely connected with "the Russians" who, since no one has ever met them, are more distrusted than the *gringos*, who are at worst a known quantity. (It is interesting to note that any number of Central American political movements have advocated the ouster of the Soviet embassy from their countries, but that even the radical left parties have not adopted complete expulsion of the United States diplomatic presence as a plank in a political platform.) The communists, they say, *hablan muy bonito* ("talk very pretty") but end up impoverishing everyone. This view was the prevalent one, so far as I can tell, even immediately before the revolution in Nicaragua.

Certainly an "anticommunist" stance is the prevalent one in Matute's community, which comes close to constituting a permanent "straw poll" of Central American *campesinos*. It is a *colonia* — a community carved out of the bush within this generation (the first settlers arrived in 1949) by emigrants from all over Central America. The largest proportion are Nicaraguan, followed by Panamanians. Costa Ricans, from various distant parts of the country, are in third place, with a smattering of Hondurans and Salvadorans. All of them are people who have left somewhere for political, legal or economic reasons, often in flight from a right-wing regime. They founded their community by invading and squatting on undeveloped lands of the United Fruit Company, an action which, from the company's point of view, is certainly "communistic."

Currently another wave of *precaristas* ("squatters") is loose upon the land, in large part organized by Vanguardia Popular, Costa Rica's quasi-communist political coalition. They threaten to invade not only state and private company land, but undeveloped lands belonging to the present *campesino* community. The locals are sympathetic to the *precaristas* — so long as they confine their efforts to company land — but disdainful of the communists. In their view, though Vanguardia Popular talks of land reform, it really aims to exploit the *precaristas* for its own political or economic ends, while the *precaristas* try to take advantage of the communists' organizational skills. It is a calculated risk, like hiring a lawyer. Not only is any benefit to the *campesino* incidental to the communists' ends, but the process to some degree jeopardizes Costa Rica's cherished political democracy. But the risk is understandable; above all, a man needs his own parcel of land. With that secured, only a fool would flirt with the communists.

The community is not 100 percent distrustful of Vanguardia Popular; there is one self-proclaimed communist, Don Pablo Rojas. He lives alone in the poorest house in town. For years he got along without walls, not for lack of materials, but through simple sloth. It took a visit from some female relatives to bestir him to deprive the community of the sight of Don Pablo snoring through the morning, his immense belly slung over the side of his too-narrow bed.

Don Pablo's "working" time is spent in plotting get-rich-quick schemes. His sure-fire, low-labor rice-growing plan ended up in a swamp fire and nearly ignited his neighbor's house. A "photographer" he invited to town, with some vague idea of profit, turned out to be a fugitive three-time murderer and was removed

PHIL EASON

A house of precaristas: squatters on land belonging to the state, private companies, or the community. Precaristas try to take advantage of the local communist organization: "a calculated risk, like hiring a lawyer."

by the law before anyone even got a look at his camera. Any passing *gringo* is confronted with a sheaf of documents which turn out to be fraudulent deeds to various of his neighbors' farms.

At community meetings, Don Pablo is fond of making long speeches, beginning with the declaration *Soy Puntarenense* ("I am from the province of Puntarenas"), a fact which immediately separates him from all present, proceeding through a dazzling series of irrelevancies and ending with the suggestion that we seek assistance from Vanguardia Popular. When he is permitted to finish this speech — if the agenda is crowded, he is told to shut up — the reaction is laughter or embarrassed silence.

On one occasion someone, probably mischievously, nominated Don Pablo for a community office. He declined, saying, "I am not qualified for office. I am not a leader, but a follower." To a friend, he confided, "I'm old, fat, ugly and single. I have to do something to make people notice me."

People call Don Pablo "our communist," but they know he is not a *real* communist. Real communists are crafty and devious, like the Russians; their speeches are composed of beguiling double-talk.

My one-town straw poll might not amount to much as statistical evidence, but I think it paints an accurate picture. Ask any *campesino* what political system he admires and he will indicate United States-style representative democracy. Ask him what economic system appeals to him and he will say free enterprise as practiced in the United States. Would he like to live in the United States? Usually, yes. Would he like to live in Russia? No. Why not? Because there is no individual freedom or economic opportunity.

How is it, given those sentiments, that we now find a more or less Marxist government in Nicaragua, ongoing revolutions in which communists play major roles in El Salvador and Guatemala, and increasingly vigorous stirrings from the radical left in Honduras and Costa Rica?

Washington clearly prefers the simplest answer to this question: subversion by the Soviets, the Cubans and their handful of Central American surrogates. The left for the most part tries to deny the subversion theory and paint the Central American situation as the only logical outcome of years of unrelieved poverty and oppression. Very few people seem willing to admit that both explanations are valid — and inadequate.

Of course, the Soviets are making hay in Central America. Given the rules of the East-West polarity game, to assert that they are not is to say that they are fools. If the noncommunist left is wishful in denying the fact of subversion, the nonfascist right has committed the willful and irresponsible error of glossing over the real grievances of the Central American peoples. But not even the most perfect synthesis of the two viewpoints will prove to be of great utility in United States diplomatic efforts.

A third cause of the present impasse is our persistent inability or unwillingness to comprehend the Central American character(s). The Western power structure — beginning with colonial Spain and including the United States and other developed countries, the transnational corporations and the indigenous elites who have been their allies — has continually taken advantage of the resiliency and fatalism of

the Central Americans, while offering precious little outlet for face-saving. The horseman has dropped his baby in the mud and soiled his clothes too often. He is tired of pointing out the spirited character of the horse and starting to place a fair share of the blame on the runaway jeep and its driver.

Anyone who holds forth on the national character of some part of the world of which he or she is not a native is vulnerable to accusations of racism, paternalism or plain ignorance. Yet surely there is such a thing as a "Central American character," and within it a Costa Rican character, a Nicaraguan character, etc. Given the growing concern over the "Vietnamization" of Central America, as Matute's "crackpot notion" inches toward plausible prophecy it is surely worthwhile to try to arrive at some understanding of the Central American character(s). Hence these personal observations. The anecdotes are true; the interpretations are my own.

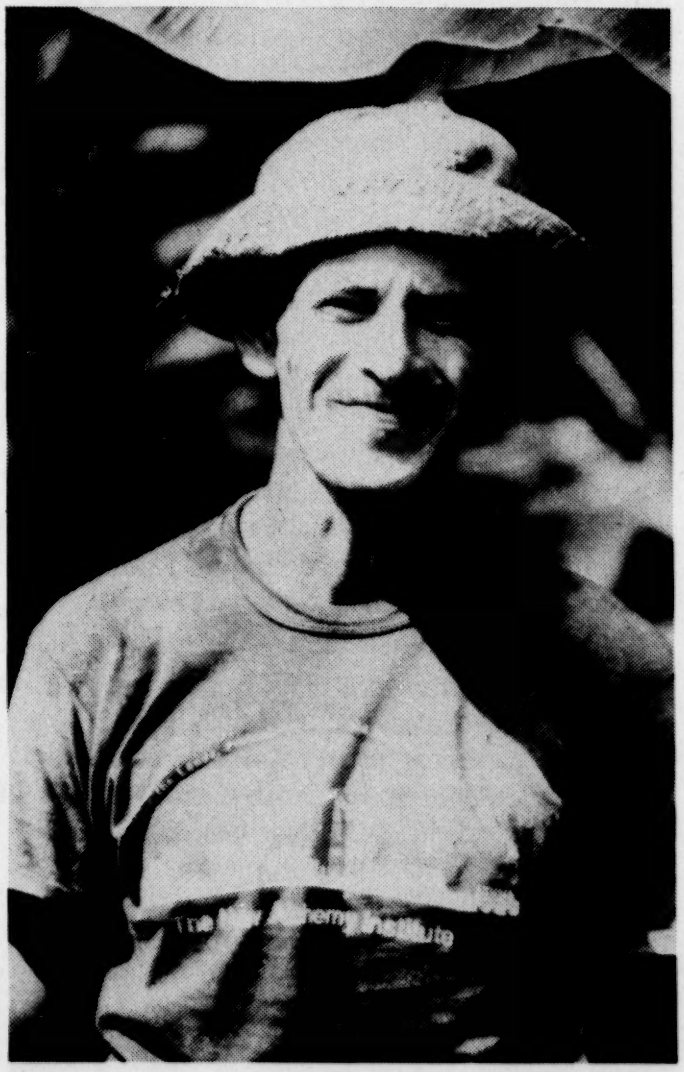
I will not write about El Salvador or Guatemala, where the limits of fatalism were passed long ago and face-saving is done with rifles. That is the job of a war correspondent. In any event, it is the southern Central American countries — Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica — that I know best.

A FEW YEARS AGO in Costa Rica I received a visit from a new neighbor. I knew little about Isabel Velasquez (Chavelo) except that he was exceedingly poor, a Salvadoran refugee with three children and no land. After some time spent discussing the weather, the properties of various hardwoods and other matters, it became clear that he wanted to interest me in sponsoring a watermelon-planting scheme. After he left, and I explained his mission to a non-Spanish-speaking *gringa* friend who was visiting, she advised against the venture. Why? Because she "wouldn't trust" Chavelo. Why? Because he always avoided her gaze.

Right there you have one of the commonest causes of misunderstanding between North Americans and Central Americans. (By the way, the word is *Norteamericano*, not *Americano*. To a Latin American, Argentines, Jamaicans, Cubans, Canadians — the whole hemisphere — are *Americanos*. Our appropriation of the unmodified, unhyphenated form of "American" is seen as a minor act of imperialism.) In most of Central America, good manners dictate that one *not* meet another's gaze — particularly if the other person is not well known, of the opposite sex, or if one is seeking a favor. The verbal equivalent of this behavior is *not* to come right to the point, but to make the point by allusion or after a lengthy preamble. What we could call the point of the discussion may even be seen as an embarrassing necessity; the important aspect is the social contact. To act otherwise implies poor breeding.

As a result, the North American judges the Latin shifty. The Latin is put off by the constant eye contact and lean, brusque verbal style of the *gringo* — mannerisms which only a thug would exhibit in his culture. Each culture is predisposed to encounter the worst in the other. (As it happens, Chavelo, in spite of his extreme poverty, turned out to be one of the most consistently trustworthy people around.)

OF ALL THE CENTRAL AMERican peoples, the easiest for North American diplomacy ought to be the Nicaraguans. Almost alone in Latin America, Nicaraguans tend to come



DON GRAYBILL

Isabel Velasquez: One of the most consistently trustworthy people around, but suspicious to gringos because of his shifty gaze. His hat, like Matute's, is Costa Rican.

quickly to the point — a habit which is sometimes upsetting to their neighbors. *No tengo pelo en la lengua* ("I don't have any hair on my tongue") is the Nicaraguan shorthand for the conventional Central American preamble. (It sounds like a double entendre to other Latins, since the peculiarly slurred accent and idiosyncratic Nicaraguan slang almost make up for the more direct approach to expression.)

Among the Nicaraguan inhabitants of our Costa Rican community is Leopoldo Sosa (Polo). He is perhaps the best farmer around; in recognition of this he serves on the board of directors of the community development association. At a community meeting, six of the seven directors are seated at a table. The rest of the community sits on benches facing them. Polo lies on the floor, his head propped up in a corner, his hat over his face. One of the directors suggests that we seek help from a certain office of the federal government. Off comes the hat. *Mierda!* ("Shit!") After a respectful silence, someone asks Polo his opinion. He allows that the community should do more for itself, and that each one of them should do more for him or herself. He restores the hat, and goes back to "sleep."

Polo's other most distinctively Nicaraguan trait is his addiction to hard work. His origins are middle-class urban. He came to Costa Rica to homestead in a lowland village with no road, no store, no church and an abundance of snakes, mosquitoes and alligators, not so much for political reasons, but because he could not get his own piece of land in Somoza's Nicaragua.

Polo, now in his fifties, weighs in at about a lean, hard 125 pounds. After 20 years of farming he still leaps from his bed at 4:30 a.m. to be in the field at crack of dawn. His idea of taking a break is to take a visitor on a rapid-fire tour of the farm. "Look at my corn! See how tall it is!" "Look at those avocadoes! I have more than I can use!" He loads the visitor up with ripe avocadoes and tosses a couple of shovelfuls to the pigs. "I did all this with my own hands! I started with nothing but bush."

A propensity for hard work seems like a virtue, but combined with the migratory tendencies fostered by the Somoza regime, it has brought the Nicaraguans in Costa Rica a certain amount of trouble. Costa Rican laborers, seeing their jobs lost to *Nicas* who work harder and cheaper, are naturally resentful. In this connection, the proverbial writing on the outhouse wall is instructive. For years a high percentage of the obscene and derogatory scribbling in Costa Rican men's rooms was directed at the masculinity of the *Nica.* During the revolution, the theme changed slightly: "*Nica,* why don't you go home and fight the dog Somoza?" With the revolution the Nicaraguans won the grudging admiration of the Costa Ricans. Now, as Costa Rica reevaluates their erstwhile support of the Sandinistas, we await the anonymous scribes' next chapter.

A North American friend, married to a *Nica*, who once ran a house of prostitution in Somoza's Nicaragua, offers another insight into the Nicaraguan character. Business was brisk in Managua, but he never had a single Nicaraguan girl in his employ. According to this authority, Nicaraguan women either behave like traditional Central Americans, eyes downcast and deferential, or look you straight in the eye from pride, not coquetry. Certainly no women can carry off a more authentically fierce femininity than today's armed Sandinista women.

I attended a mass rally in Managua's central square in January of 1980, at a time when the mass euphoria in the wake of the Sandinista victory still had not worn off. The focus of the event was a visit by Mexico's president José Lopez Portillo, but his thunder was stolen by Tomás Borge, the most charismatic of the Sandinista junta. Borge is the kind of pyrotechnic orator who can use simple statements to move a crowd to utter a single full-throated roar of agreement, which he did repeatedly on that occasion. The focus of his speech was "Yankee Imperialism." He seemed to be focusing Nicaraguan national pride by making it socially acceptable to blame the United States for Nicaragua's problems.

Neither at the rally, nor afterward in Managua, nor in the rural areas did I, as a North American, feel any animosity. In fact a good many chance acquaintances went to some length to point out that they distinguished between the United States government and the individual U.S. citizen. (They were also eager to discuss baseball, a passion which Nicaragua, alone among the Central American nations, shares with the United States.)

Of course, we discussed the junta, Borge's speech and Borge. One story was common currency on the street. Supposedly, prior to the revolution, Borge was captured by Somoza's troops, tortured and ultimately castrated. After the revolution, the officer who had supervised the administration of the punishment was brought before Borge. "Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" Borge inquired of the trembling man. "I'm going to forgive you."

The story is almost certainly apocryphal. (A

JOHN STOREY/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

"Baseball (is) a passion which Nicaragua, alone among the Central American nations, shares with the United States." The stadium is in Masaya; the soldier, a member of the militia.

female friend of a friend claims to know for certain that Borge was not castrated.) What matters is not the truth of the story, but the fact that it is quoted with admiration on the street. Surely a society which adulates a military hero for an act of non-violent forgiveness is a society where peace might be achieved.

It is generally overlooked in the United States that one of the first acts of the Sandinista government was to abolish capital punishment; it has not been reinstated. When United States U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, referring to Sandinista blunders with the Miskito Indians and a comparative handful of deaths in personal postrevolutionary vendettas and paramilitary actions, accuses Sandinista Nicaragua of having "the worst human rights record in Central America," overlooking the ghouls who run the death squads in El Salvador and Guatemala, she is not only telling a ridiculous lie. She is assaulting the Nicaraguan ego by denying one of their real achievements. (Sandinista Nicaragua is to date the only Latin American country to respond to a 1980 United Nations suggestion that each country establish a human rights commission.) By affronting national pride, she is reducing the chances for a constructive relationship with *any* Nicaraguan government, present or future, Sandinista or *Contra*.

YOU CAN TELL YOU HAVE crossed over into Costa Rica by the hats the farmers wear. Nicaraguan men favor flamboyant wide-brimmed sombreros, perhaps made of woven straw or shiny leather, perhaps adorned with ribbons or tassels. They are unabashedly expressive and individualistic in their choice of headwear, and perhaps just a bit anachronistic, like B-movie Mexicans.

The Costa Rican hat is uniform and utterly functional. Made of cool soft white cloth, with a brim just wide enough to provide shade, and no wider, it can be dipped in the river on a hot day or rolled up and stashed in a pocket. The Nicaraguan hat fairly cries for a horse under the man under the hat, but the Costa Rican hat is more practical to wear on the bus. The only variation is that some Costa Rican hats bear the national seal and the name of the country in red and blue. "Tourist hats" — but it is the local farmers who wear them.

Of all the Central American countries, Costa Rica is the last one you would visit to look for colorful cultural artifacts. There is nothing like the Guatemalan *huipillo* or the Panamanian *mola*; it's hard even to buy a good sombrero. The hat fits the Costa Rican head perfectly — practical, self-effacing, firmly and optimistically planted in the twentieth century, and proud in its own quiet way.

In the United States, Costa Rica has the best image of the Central American countries. To a large extent it is merited, but there is a lot of hype under the white hat, too. The man in the white hat is a small farmer. He represents the

dominant form of land ownership, the tourist brochures will tell you. While land distribution is certainly more equitable in Costa Rica than in, say, El Salvador, the fact is that increasing concentration of land in the hands of a few is the trend in Costa Rica as surely as in most of Latin America (or in the United States, for that matter).

One of the really hot issues in the countryside is land titling. Somewhat paradoxically, the Costa Ricans who call themselves communists are among the staunchest defenders of everyone's right to his own plot of land. Collective farming arrangements play no part in the *precarista* movement.

Even more paradoxical is the practice of some individual communists to repeatedly use the *precarista* strategy of establishing ownership through squatting as a basis for land speculation. To the *campesino*, a communist speculator is no more surprising than a capitalist practicing forest conservation; life is full of contradictions.

A potentially more insidious hype has to do with the whiteness of the *Tico* under the white hat. During and immediately after the colonial period, Costa Rica was more European and less Indian than its neighbors. But with the development of the coffee and banana industries, it became necessary to import labor, and immigration became a fact of Costa Rican life. A 1922 **National Geographic** article, "Costa Rica, Land of the Banana" reports that:

> Mixture of blood is naturally the basis of the whole population, but the Spanish element preponderates to a greater extent than in any other Central American republic. This European infusion is evident everywhere — in the superior intelligence and civilization of the inhabitants and in the excellence of the Spanish which is universally spoken.

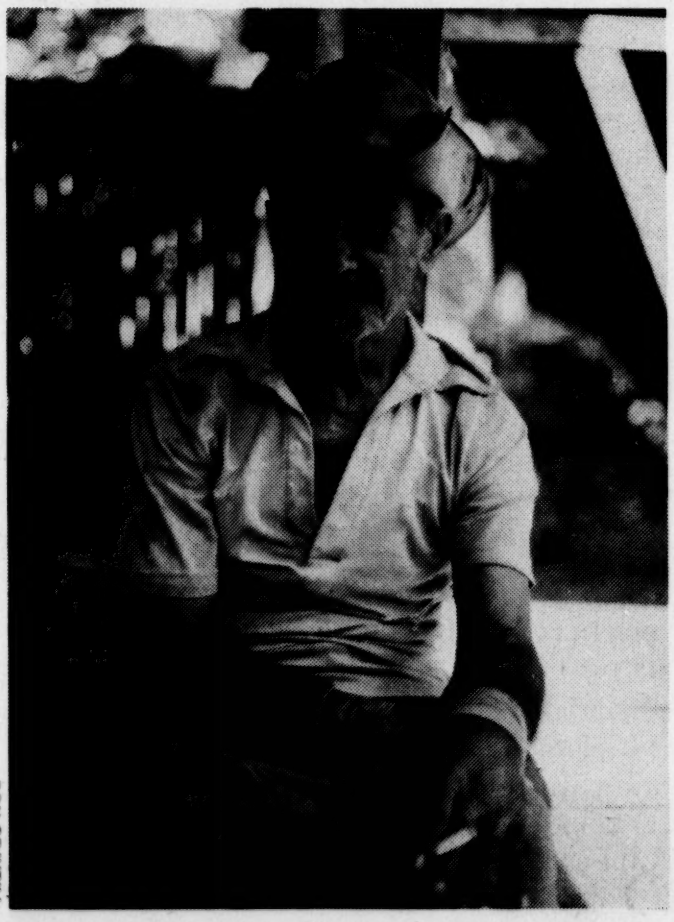
This tendency to identify the social and material progress the country has made with the Caucasoid tendency in the genes of the upper class has persisted in less blatant form to this day.

Statistically, Costa Rica is not so very Caucasian. Of the country's seven provinces, Guanacaste is, for all purposes of cultural and ethnic distinction, Nicaraguan, which is to say triracial. Limon province is over 50 percent black (and largely English-speaking). Continued immigration has brought in Caucasians from North America and Europe, but also Chinese, Lebanese and above all, *mestizos* from other Latin countries. Of course, for reasons of geographic proximity, Nicaraguans and Panamanians predominate, but refugees of all kinds, from right-wing Cubans to left-wing Argentines, are to be found, in numbers.

What is remarkable is not so much the existence of the proverbial melting pot as the grace with which the country has made the transition from provincialism to cosmopolitanism. Until 1948, black Costa Ricans could not vote and were not permitted to pass the night outside of Limon province. In 1978, the Minister of Agriculture, Hernan Garron, came close to being nominated as the National Liberation Party's presidential candidate. Garron's wife is black. (The nod went to the current president, Luis Alberto Monge, whose wife is Jewish.) The years 1948-1978 were not marked by racial disturbances or by any conspicuous civil rights movement.

Costa Ricans don't understand racial violence in the United States any more than we understand their smooth transition. It is not that the mass of Costa Ricans suddenly saw the light; racism is alive and well. Rather it has to do with pride in the democratic tradition.

Most Costa Ricans seem almost obsessively aware of racial identity. If Juan is the only black in town, he is always *Juan, el Negro.* The Chinese storekeeper is always *El Chino.* In part, this is a reflection of the same sort of acceptance of physical reality that enables me to



DON GRAYBILL

One of the many forms of the Nicaraguan hat, worn by Ramon Castillo.

hail a blue-eyed waitress as *Gata* or walk into a town I know, where the lone policeman is obese, and ask for *Gordo*. (I wouldn't essay "Blue Eyes" or "Fatso" in a similar situation in the States.)

Still, there is prejudice. A *gringo* gets to see both sides of the coin. White Costa Ricans tend to assume a bond of racial sympathy, and confide to the visitor that the blacks are ugly, lazy and prone to thievery. Black Costa Ricans are inclined to think it is the bond of language that matters most and confide things like "The wickedest race of people God ever made, that the Sponiard, mon."

Yet most rural whites are loyal to the National Liberation Party, and one of the most frequently cited reasons is that it was National Liberation which freed the Costa Rican blacks. In a democracy, everyone should have the same rights — even thieving blacks or conniving communists. (Meanwhile, young blacks are identifying with Costa Rica and the Spanish language and deemphasizing their African/English heritage to an extent that alarms their Jamaican immigrant grandparents.)

As for the hated communists, an incident which occurred during Ronald Reagan's visit in December 1982 is revealing. According to the New York Times, "When a communist legislator, Sergio Ardon, stood up to speak between prepared speeches by President Monge and Mr. Reagan in the National Theater this morning, he was drowned out by shouts, applause and stamping feet. But when security agents moved toward him, other legislators, noncommunists, waved them away, asserting Mr. Ardon's right to say his bit." When the chips were down, the principle of freedom of speech was valued more than any particular political opinion.

Costa Rica has on occasion been called "the Switzerland of Central America." Well, let's see, it's small, mountainous (though there's not a snowflake to be found) and beautiful in its own, very un-Swiss way. Chocolate is known mostly as an agricultural product of the hottest climates, shipped to Switzerland in raw form, and the cheese would make a Swiss ill.

The low point of the Swiss analogy was reached by one travel brochure which asserted that "This tiny jewel of a country runs as smoothly as a fine Swiss watch." It most certainly does not. As elsewhere in the Third World, the bus is late and the train has broken down. The store is out of rice and the police station is closed. But everything will be fixed *ahora* ("now," meaning a long time) or *ahorita* ("right now," meaning perhaps today). Whether this is charming and relaxing or annoying and enervating depends on your attitude and what you think you have to do, but it is not reminiscent of anything Swiss.

The really valid part of the Swiss analogy, and the most important aspect, is one many tourists overlook: Costa Rica has no military. Even before the 1949 constitution, which abolished the army, Costa Ricans liked to brag that their country had "more school teachers than soldiers." So when José Figueres made his audacious move in 1949 he was simply encouraging a popular tendency.

Probably low military expenditures have as much to do as anything with the rise of Spain's poorest colony to rank at or near the top in per capita income, life expectancy, literacy — all the conventional indices of quality of life — among the tropical American countries. Certainly the absence of a military helps explain the perpetuation of an electoral democracy. (National security fanatics might pause to consider that Latin American armies have made more revolutions than they have ever stopped.)

So when Ms. Kirkpatrick opines that what Costa Rica needs is a good dose of militarization, she is not just giving bad advice. She is assaulting one of the most positive aspects of the Costa Rican self-image.

MORE PUZZLING THAN MS. Kirkpatrick's and the administration's misguided belligerence is the failure of U.S. propagandists to make much of good news from Costa Rica. One might imagine that Washington would be as anxious as the Costa Rican Tourist Board to portray Central America's oasis of peace and bastion of democracy in a positive light. Apparently not so — the most recent evidence being the Stephen Schmidt case.

One can understand why there has not been a word about the Schmidt case in the leftist press. There is no way it can be used to argue that Costa Rica needs a revolution; it might even lend support to the opposite argument. But the Schmidt trial would seem like grist for the mill of the mainstream media in that:

- It involved journalistic licensing, an issue which has been hotly debated in the United Nations in the past few years, with the U.S. and U.S.S.R. on opposite sides.
- The case created a major stir in legal and journalistic circles worldwide.
- It ultimately became a human rights case.
- The decision set something of a world legal precedent
- It took place in Central America, pitting a *gringo* defendant against a government

ELI REED/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Presidential inauguration day, Costa Rica, May 1982. The 'Ticos' carried flags and marched in the streets to celebrate more than 30 years of peaceful elections. "Certainly the absence of a military helps explain the perpetuation of an electoral democracy."

prosecutor representing a national organization, and the *gringo* won.

- It makes a democracy, as we understand it, look good.
- The judge was an attractive young woman.

Yet the Schmidt trial rated one news item (seven paragraphs) and one editorial (six paragraphs) in the **Miami Herald**, the leading venue for Latin American news in the United States. So far as I can determine, no other major daily touched it, nor did a word about the trial appear in the major news weeklies.

Could it be that at this point in history (September 1983), both left and right have a vested interest in portraying all of Central America as volatile and unstable? Matute's World War III theory becomes more plausible.

Schmidt was accused of "illegal practice of journalism" in a suit brought by the Colegio de Periodistas, a national association which licenses journalists; licenses are granted only to graduates of the University of Costa Rica. (Schmidt holds a journalism degree from the Autonomous University of Central America, based in Costa Rica.) The crux of the case appeared to be whether Schmidt, who wrote for two newspapers in Costa Rica, earned the major part of his living as a journalist, and whether his articles were "news reports" (restricted to licensed journalists under Costa Rican law) or "commentaries" (which anyone may publish).

Judge Jeanette Sanchez, however, threw the case into a whole new ballpark by basing her decision on the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the American Convention on Human Rights (also known as the Pact of San José). Asserting that the right of the individual to free expression and of the public to be informed took precedence over national law, she found Schmidt not guilty.

Schmidt, who returned to Costa Rica voluntarily to face trial, citing his faith in Costa Rican justice, was the first to congratulate the nation: "This could only happen in Costa Rica. This couldn't even happen in my own country, which hasn't even ratified the Pact of San José. The fact that a country would put a human rights conviction above its own laws... what more can you say?"

Subsequently, the Colegio appealed the case and the Costa Rican Supreme Court, in a highly legalistic decision, reversed Judge Sanchez's verdict. Schmidt received only a three-month suspended sentence. While many observers see the Supreme Court's decision as a great blow to democracy, it has sparked a public debate notable for clarity of thought and expression on both sides. The end result may be liberalization of the Colegio law.

THE CENTRAL FACT OF HONduran life is isolation, of and within the nation. Seen on a topographic map, Honduras doesn't make sense; the orderly sequence of mountains, plains and valleys which emerges from most such maps is lacking. Earthquakes are prevalent throughout Central America, but only Honduras looks like the aftermath of one.

ELI REED/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

A foreman from the United Fruit Company banana plantation in Honduras rests in a hammock with his machete over his shoulder. "Above all in Honduras you remember the courtesy, and elegance of manner and bearing."

Development of land transportation connecting the pockets of this crumpled tissue has been slow, partly because the terrain seldom suggests a road connecting more than two points. Even today, the average rural Honduran has never been more than a few miles from home.

Even Tegucigalpa, the capital, is isolated. There is no broad fertile central plateau, as in the other countries, to focus development. When development finally came to Honduras, it came to the Caribbean coast, in the form of U.S.-based fruit companies. The companies had no need of roads to the capital; in fact, they could operate more freely without them, so the capital was cut off from the country's major center of economic activity.

The Inter-American Highway runs lengthwise through the other Central American countries (except tiny Belize) and serves their capitals. It barely crosses the far southwest corner of Honduras and passes 84 miles from Tegucigalpa. Fewer tourists visit Honduras than any other Central American country, and some of those who do may not even stop for lunch.

Most of what is good and bad about Honduras has to do with isolation. If you want to imagine what Central America was like in the last century, leave the tourists behind and go to Honduras. My mental image of rural Honduras is of a maze of dusty mountain roads tramped in a fierce dry heat. The roads pass between stone walls patiently built by hands seeking soil to plant. (Where the rocks are too large, Honduran farmers may even excavate basketball-sized holes in the rock with a pick and fill them with compost to plant tomatoes.) At the end of one such road is a small white adobe house, with a thatched roof, nestled in the shade of a grove of venerable mango trees. The exterior is plain; wandering livestock limit the growth of ornamental plants but, as at most Honduran houses, there is a touch of whimsy somewhere — a set of steer horns hung from a tree or perhaps a small, functionless windmill in the form of an airplane.

Within the house it is mercifully cool; you tend to forget whatever business may have brought you. The most precious possession, a 3-foot-high clay jug of water, lies draped with an immaculate white towel and sweating in a corner. An old woman in an ankle-length black dress motions you to a chair. She apologizes for the lack of mangoes — out of season — but offers tortillas and a slab of homemade white cheese. Too late you realize it is the family's last piece of cheese. And she offers water. "Ours is good water, *señor.* We boil it." You wonder at this extravagant use of precious firewood. At intervals the rest of the family troop in, including a six-year-old cowboy — and I don't mean he was playing cowboy. Their greetings are warm, curious, and formal, all at once.

There is evidence of poverty all around. Apart from the men's machetes, gear for the horses and a very few dishes, there may not be a commercially manufactured item in the house. (Ironically the toilet paper in the clean, odorless outhouse is pages torn from a Sears catalog.) Food is scarce and simple, and you may spot symptoms of malnutritution. But there is practiced courtesy, and elegance of manner

and bearing. It is not at all like other poverty scenes you may have endured; you want to visit again and often, even if you are no help to the people. You wonder if this grace and poise could be the product of poverty, and if it will survive the passing of the old generation.

Away from the house, another Honduran characteristic emerges. The men, especially, have a zany (and at times crude and raunchy) sense of humor uncommon elsewhere in the region. I can remember one town I visited with an agricultural extensionist who was promoting a nitrogen-fixing tree generally known by its Filipino name, *ipil-ipil.* The mayor of this town, like most Latins, found the repeating name amusing. But he made a project out of it. The first time I ever saw the mayor he sprang up from a crouching position behind a stone wall and shouted "How grows the hippy-hippy?" We chatted for a minute and went on our way. But a few yards down the road he jumped out from behind a tree: "Where will we plant the lippy-lippy?" And so on through the day.

But above all in Honduras you remember the courtesy, even in strained circumstances. One day in 1977, a Colombian travelling companion and I were on a Honduran bus near the Nicaraguan border. The bus was stopped by the army, looking, I suppose, for contraband weapons or fugitive Sandinistas. We were all taken off the bus, asked to produce our identification and searched. I was struck by how respectful the soldiers were while doing their jobs. There was no insinuation to the women, nor condescension to anyone, not even my Colombian friend. (Colombians rank with communists as bogey men in Central American mythology. "Who stole your saddle?" "Some Colombian" — meaning a stranger.) Having experienced the normal amount of brusque and rude treatment by uniformed men in my own and other countries, I find it hard to imagine that these courteous soldiers are now massacring Salvadoran refugees.

The good part of isolation, then, is that Honduras has retained a measure of a kind of charm, elegance and good manners that are all but lost in other countries. The bad part is that Hondurans have tasted little of the real fruit of development. Literacy is the lowest in Central America (40 percent). So is political awareness. In the other countries, protest and revolutionary activity on the one hand and oppression on the other have followed the familiar zig-zag pattern of escalation. Depending on your political conviction, it is left and right, chicken and egg. Not so Honduras; the Hondurans are having to be literally beaten into rebellion; there is still no revolutionary force to be compared with those in Guatemala or El Salvador, but the storm is building.

In a cruel paradox, while foreign investment has long been highest in Honduras and is growing more rapidly than elsewhere in Central America, per capita income remains the lowest ($639) in the region. This is possible only because the seat of development, the North Coast, is so isolated from the rest of Honduras. The fruit companies have been able to pursue an independent course without much caring how the politicians fume and fuss in Tegucigalpa. And the politicians have often been as concerned with regional rivalries as with international affairs. The history of Honduras is not a history of presidents and congresses, laws and revolutions; it is the history of the banana. Honduras is the prototypical banana republic.

And now Honduras finds that isolation is no longer permitted. It is Honduras' bad luck to have as neighbors Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua. All of a sudden, Honduras is at the strategic center for both right and left; every inch of all three borders is vital, and not just to Honduras.

It may be that Hondurans as a whole, like Matute prophesying World War III, experience a certain thrill in finding that they are finally going to have a history. But they certainly do not like being dragged into the twentieth century by the hair of the head.

One of the most genuinely exciting events in Honduran history was the voluntary termination in 1980 of the military government of Gen. Policarpo Paz and the subsequent presidential election. Critics of both left and right agree that the enthusiastic voter turnout was genuine and the election of the Liberal Party candidate, Dr. Roberto Suazo Córdova, honest. The election was also a repudiation of military rule, identified with the other major party, the National Party.

Some say that under the right circumstances, Suazo would make a good president. We will never know. At his inauguration, he was handed a list of policies favored by the United States, signed by the U.S. ambassador, John Negroponte, and couched in the imperative mood. Such a gesture would have been insulting anywhere, but in this most courteous of Latin nations it was a blatant affront to the values of the culture and a blow to any real U.S. – Honduran friendship which might have developed.

That was the form; the substance had already been decided. At a preelection meeting between the leaders of the Honduran army

and the two leading presidential candidates, the army stated its terms, failing acceptance of which they would carry out a coup d'êtat. Whichever party won, the military was to have absolute control over all three national borders (therefore over refugees), the right to select the Minister of Defense (responsible for internal security, as well as national defense) and immunity from any government investigation of military performance.

The most obvious result of this "separation of powers" has been the installation of the Reagan administration's favorite general, Argentine-trained Gustavo Alvarez Martinez, as Supreme Head of the Armed Forces. Among a number of generals who might have been promoted to the post, Alvarez, the most fervent anticommunist, was also the only one known for brutality. Two Alvarez maxims:

"In this world, there are only two types of politicians, communists and ourselves."

"At the technical police level, a delinquency is eliminated by eliminating the delinquent."

Now Honduras has its very own death squads. One of them bears the acronym MACHO *(Movimiento Anti-Communista Hondureno)* in celebration of one traditional Latin American cultural value which, with the erosion of the traditional cultural restraints of courtesy and manners, may be expected to flourish in its most warped form.

About a year ago, I was chatting with a friend, a man of unquestioned good intent, who is active in development circles in Honduras. I was telling him about a recent successful well-drilling project NAISA had carried out in Costa Rica. The simple technology involved appealed to him and he asked if we could send a well-drilling technician to Honduras.

A feature of the project has been to train local people in the technology, so I proudly offered to send him a Costa Rican *campesino*. His response was unequivocal. "No, send me a *gringo*, preferably a blond one, so he can be identified easily from a distance. Any Latin working in community development might be considered a communist; I couldn't guarantee his safety."

MS. KIRKPATRICK'S FOOLISH statements about Nicaragua and Costa Rica might be dismissed as the result of one person's insensitivity. But the issue is not her insensitivity, or even insensitivity on the part of whole agencies of the U.S. government. The affront to the new Honduran government in its first moments of existence, and the subsequent transformation of Honduras into a country where the army is capable of the brutal tactics of the Guatemalan and Salvadoran armies, where a North American may be safe, but not a Latin American, illustrates more clearly what the problem is. We (our government, our culture) have been asking the wrong questions.

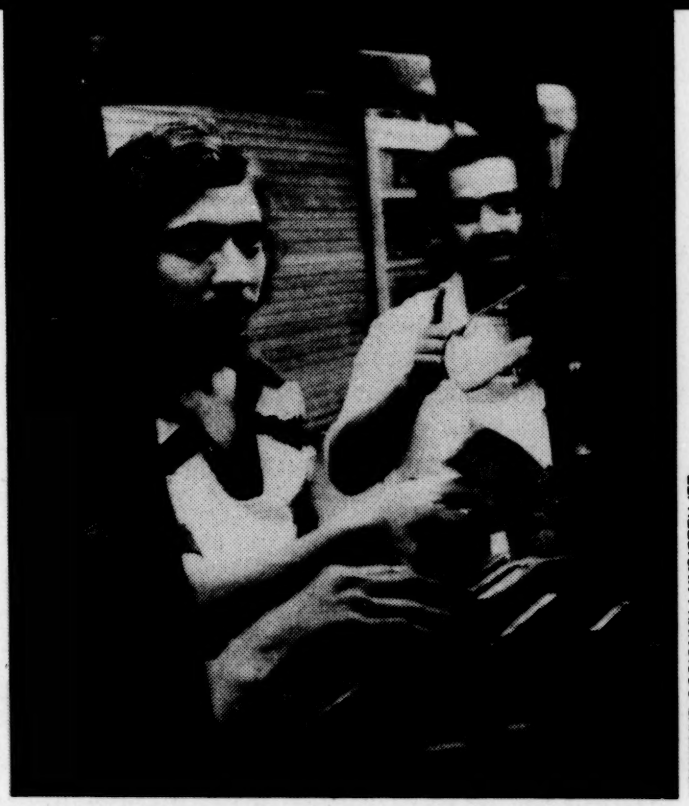
"What are Hondurans and Costa Ricans *for?* What is the value to the United States of the Central American countries?" These are the kinds of questions that have been asked since the U.S. banana magnate Sam "The Banana Man" Zemurray, with the aid of such characters as the mercenary "General" Lee Christmas and one "Machine Gun" Malony, succeeded in the first overthrow of a Honduran government by subversives, in 1910.

Honduras, then and now, is "good for" growing bananas. As long as that was all it was good for, the more isolated the Honduran people, from the lowliest *peon* to the president, the fewer problems would arise in the banana business.

But now Honduras has a second use. It is "good for" what the Somoza regime in Nicaragua used to be "good for" — for restraining communism, and for mounting counterinsurgency efforts in its three neighbor countries. To fulfill this purpose, the entire country must be shaken out of its isolation. The poorest and least sophisticated of the Central American countries must suddenly assume a dominant role. And still no one in a position to affect anything has bothered to ask the other easily formulated questions: "What do the Hondurans need?" "What do they want?"

One thing Hondurans have demonstrated that they want is an electoral democracy, believing it to be the best route to material progress. But many Hondurans will take "communist" government in preference to a military dictatorship with a democratic facade. The Hondurans emerge from isolation, not to greet any possibility of wider community, but to growing polarization.

The parallel case for Costa Rica is clear. Costa Rica as an example of peace and progress, a testimony to electoral democracy, was fine for United States purposes when all the oligarchic and military governments of Central America were on "our side" too. But a demilitarized Costa Rica is not of much use in destabilizing the new Nicaragua. Never mind that if militarization of Costa Rica occurs it may contribute to the decline of a Costa Rican economy already fallen upon its worst crisis in history. Never mind that militarization would likely destabilize the



ELI REED/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Costa Ricans buying black market dollars from American tourists. "Militarization may contribute to the decline of a Costa Rican economy already fallen upon its worst crisis in history."

Costa Rican government. What is at stake is not the welfare of Costa Ricans or Nicaraguans, but an international economic system.

Earlier I suggested that we have failed to understand the Central American character. On the part of individual North Americans, this failure may stem from no more than the natural inclination to believe what we are told. But the root of the phenomenon lies in a complete lack of interest in Central Americans as people, an attitude which predates Sam the Banana Man, going back to the earliest days of the Spanish colonial empire.

There is a parallel here to the dominant Western philosophy of land use. "What is it good for?" was the question the Spaniards asked about the land *and* the people of their colonies. This attitude of dominion has persisted into the twentieth century. It was implicit in the Monroe Doctrine. It resurfaced in the words of U.S. president William Howard Taft:

> The day is not far distant when three Stars and Stripes at three equidistant points will mark our territory: One at the North Pole, another at the Panama Canal and the third at the South Pole. The whole hemisphere will be ours in fact as, by virtue of our superiority of race, it already is ours morally.

Many of us in the overdeveloped world are beginning to see, mostly by hindsight, that the simplistic response to the question "What is it good for?" and diligent application of the answers by attempting to convert every acre to its "highest and best use," bring dreadful costs. Of course a few foresighted individuals saw this fact generations ago. Just as there were a few Spanish colonials who urged justice for the Indians, so there have always been those who believed in cooperation and friendship with the land. Having largely failed in moral persuasion, they have adopted one of the exploiters' favorite tools, cost-benefit analysis, and used it, with the aid of hindsight, to win a few victories. So it is not absurd to hope that, even though Reagan may be the heir to Monroe's and Taft's ideology, the U.S. executive and military will eventually see the folly of propping up illegitimate governments.

Still, one hopes for a nobler response. Most of us eventually do better in our personal lives. We realize that sometimes you can get away with, and profit from, manipulating or dominating other people. We may succumb to that temptation now and then. But sooner or later most of us learn that it is both easier and better to simply befriend people, to do a favor when you can and ask for one when you need it. Not only will you feel better about what you do, you will prosper more in the long run. Manipulation and power-tripping, most of us learn, are the stuff of which personal tragedy is made.

That sort of thinking is harder to apply between nations than on the individual level. Jimmy Carter made a tentative step in the right direction with his human rights stance, but that small effort was quickly undone by the Reagan administration. It may be true that, as stated in a recent issue of **Manas**, "Powerful institutions are almost entirely based on self-interest — which for government is sovereignty, and for industry and commerce is profit." Still, maybe it is not too much to hope that some future U.S. administration will realize that if respect for sovereignty were mutual and profit more fairly distributed, that would conduce more to our own sovereignty and prosperity than the present defensive posture. To quote Wendell Berry:

> Because its faith [the Pentagon's] rests entirely in its own power, its mode of dealing with the rest of the world is not faith but suspicion. It recognizes no friends, for it knows that the face of friendship is the best disguise of an enemy. It sees the future as a dark woods with a gunman behind every tree. It is passing through the valley of the shadow of death without a shepherd, and thus is never still. But as long as it can keep the public infected with its own state of mind, this spiritual disease, it can survive without justification and grow huge. Whereas the man of faith may go armed with only a trumpet and an empty pitcher and a lamp, the institution of

> suspicion arms with the death of the world; trusting nobody, it must stand ready to kill everybody.

Berry goes on to say, "The Pentagon exists continually, not only on the brink of war, but on the brink of exhaustion of its moral and material means." The armaments of the Honduran army may be less impressive than the Pentagon's, but Hondurans have sufficient experience of "the exhaustion of moral and material means."

To a greater or lesser degree the "moral and material means" (and the patience) of the other Central American peoples are being exhausted, too. Even Costa Rica, the traditional "bright spot" in the picture, has fallen into poverty. The Costa Rican government estimates that, in the wake of a fourfold reduction in earning power by Costa Rican workers in the last few years, 71 percent of households can no longer afford a basic minimum diet. President Monge finds himself in the absurd position of having to spout increasingly strident anticommunist rhetoric to secure U.S. aid, while at the same time beseeching the Organization of American States to help him get rid of anticommunist Nicaraguans carrying out counter-insurgency operations from bases along Costa Rica's Nicaraguan border.

Despite this, and not overlooking the legacy of overspending, overborrowing, corruption and bureaucratic bloat left Costa Rica by recent administrations, there does seem to be a notion of international friendship and an ethical sense which one looks for in vain in U.S. foreign policy.

Take the matter of Belize. In 1981, the former British colony of British Honduras officially became the independent nation of Belize. The event had been postponed for years because of neighboring Guatemala's claim, going back to colonial days, of sovereignty over Belize. Guatemalan policy is still belligerent toward Belize, but internal problems have stayed the hand of the "Guats," as they are called in Belize.

Looked at from a conventional political standpoint, Costa Rica could find many reasons to support Guatemala's claim. The Costa Ricans and the governing class in Guatemala share a common Spanish cultural and linguistic heritage. Belize is predominantly black and English speaking. For better or worse, the Guatemalan government holds sway over more than 7 million people; its army numbers 14,000 well-equipped men. There are 150,000 Belizeans; the army amounts to 200 men.

Guatemala has considerable oil fields which might one day be important to Costa Rica. It is the most industrialized Central American country and a fellow member, with Costa Rica, of the Central American Common Market. Guatemala supplies Costa Rica with processed foods, textiles, tires and drugs. Belize's economy is minuscule and most of its few products go to the British Commonwealth nations or the United States. Costa Rica is also a member, with Guatemala, of the U.S.-backed "Central American Democratic Community," which does not include Belize.

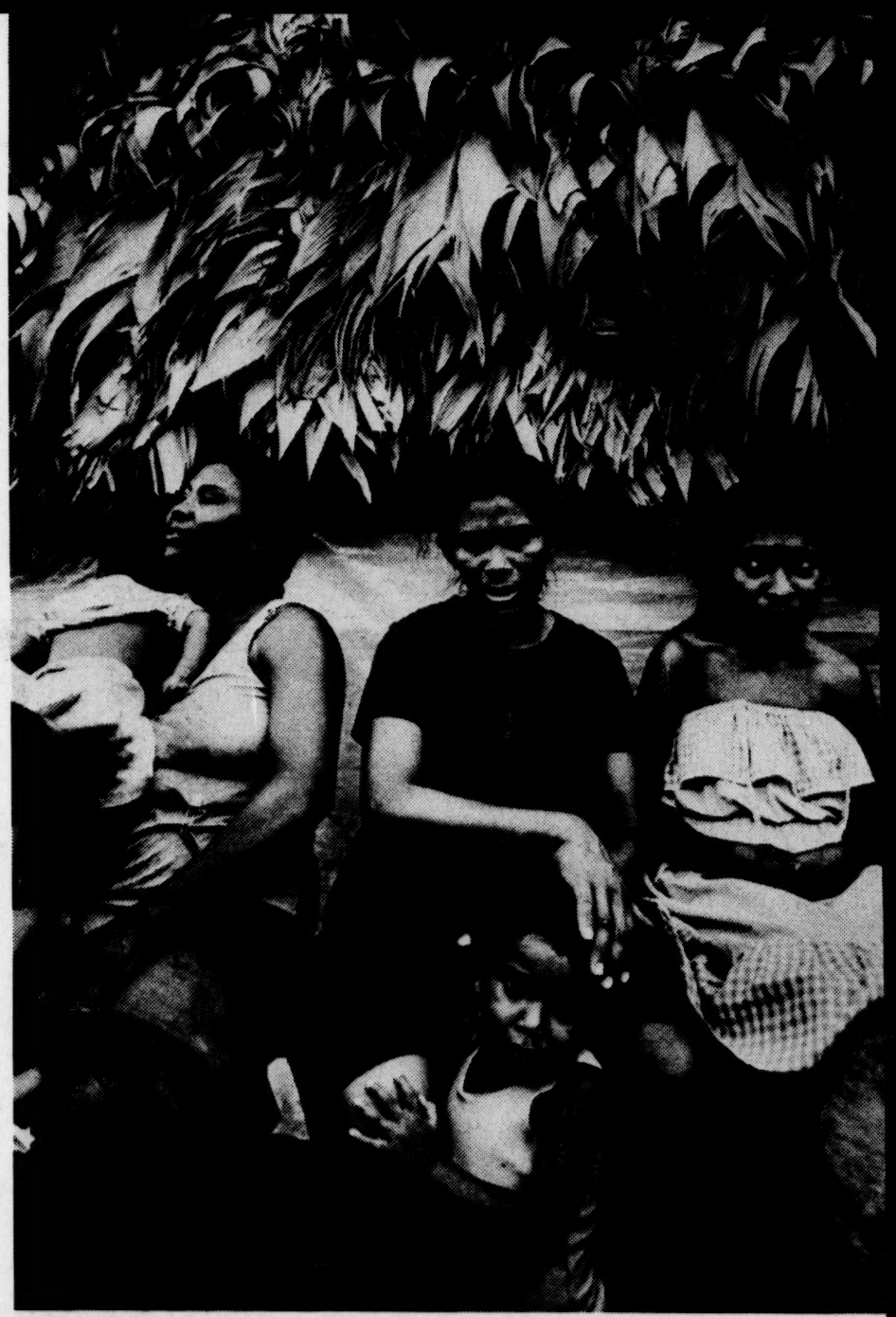
The only reasons to support Belize which a nation like Costa Rica could advance are recognition of their cultural and historic separation from Guatemala and a knowledge of how the present bloodthirsty Guatemalan regime would treat the Belizeans. So it would not be surprising if Costa Rica had endorsed Guatemala's claim to Belize. Or, in keeping with their usual non-interventionist stance, they might have remained silent on the issue. But Costa Rica, with considerable fanfare in the local press, became the first nation in the world to formally recognize Belize, a step no other Central American country has yet taken.

The ability to take such a stance seems to me to be intimately connected with the lack of institutionalized suspicion in the form of a powerful military. As former Costa Rican minister of public security Mario Charpentier put it, "Our strength lies in our international integrity and in the treaties we sign and adhere to. This makes us stronger than all the gun-toting dictators combined."

Charpentier's statement nicely ties together the concepts of international friendship and disarmament. There is no lack of logical arguments against disarmament, and the same arguments are likely to be cited when it is suggested that the notion of friendship or moral values ought to be prime determiners in international relations. Yet the alternative seems to be World War III, if not in Central America, then somewhere.

Charpentier's statement is something of a boast, thrown in the faces of the dictators. But it is more palatable than the boasts made by the dictators and their generals. Charpentier inflates Costa Rica's importance and glosses over the fact that a major reason for abolishing the army in 1949 was to protect a shaky government which had just won a revolution. But his is a healthier notion of importance than that manifested by Honduran President Suazo when he says that his nation, "due to its geopolitical situation, is of fundamental strategic importance in pacifying the region" — implying that he is willing to edge closer to World War III.

JOHN STOREY/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER



I have said that we are asking the wrong questions. Let me suggest a few more "right" questions:

Will we acknowledge Costa Rica's antimilitary stance as a step toward peace, or will we "give" the Costa Ricans an army?

Will we acknowledge the Sandinistas' successes (the abolition of capital punishment, the literacy program, the human rights commission, land reform, low basic food prices) as well as their failures and our points of disagreement, or will we continue to assume that "Communists can do no right?"

Will we honor the Honduran people's fervent desire for a democratic government, or will we continue to reward the more desperate egos of a few Hondurans of the ilk of Alvarez and Suazo?

Shall we continue to paranoiacally defend our right to exploit Central America, at ever escalating cost to both North Americans and Latin Americans? Or will we let the resilient horseman dust himself off, save face by getting rid of his embarrassing generals, and get back on his horse?

Is there such a thing as international friendship? ■

Miskitos (a cultural/racial mixture of indigenous Indian and African), resettled from their Nicaraguan villages to Sahsa resettlement camp in Nicaragua. "When Jeane Kirkpatrick, referring to Sandinista blunders with the Miskito Indians, accuses Sandinista Nicaragua of 'the worst human rights record in Central America,' she is reducing the chances for a constructive relationship with any Nicaraguan government."

Suggested Reading:

It is hard to find any sources of what strikes me as consistently objective information about Central America. Most of what is in print takes a politically biased stance, left or right. Most of the publications mentioned here tend toward the left, which side, when all the posturing, theorizing and politicking are done, seems to be where most of the human decency resides.

High Jungles and Low, by Archie Carr (1953, out of print from University of Florida Press). An account of Carr's search for diverse jungle climates in Honduras and Nicaragua more than 30 years ago. While dispelling the North American notion that all jungles are alike, he's a good enough storyteller to show us all kinds of people as well — Honduran, Nicaraguan, Spanish, Black, Indian, coastal and mountain.

Open Veins of Latin America: Five Centuries of the Pillage of a Continent, by Eduardo Galeano (1973, $8.50 postpaid from 62 West 14th Street, New York, NY 10011). A relentlessly documented account of the colonization of Latin America from the sixteenth century until now, by a Uruguayan journalist.

The Banana Empire: A Case Study in Economic Imperialism, by Charles David Kepner and Jay Henry Soothill (1935, out of print from Vanguard Press). This book provides excellent historical background on the role of the fruit companies. Soothill worked for the United Fruit Company in Costa Rica from 1912 through 1928.

Cry of the People: The Struggle for Human Rights in Latin America, by Penny Leroux (1980, $7.70 postpaid from Penguin Books, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073). Focuses on the role of the Catholic Church, but illuminates the whole of the human rights struggle in Central America.

Honduras Update ($12/year individual; $20/year institution from Honduras Information Center, 1151 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138). A monthly analysis and update of events in Honduras.

MesoAmerica ($30/year from the Institute for Central American Studies, Apdo. 300, 1002 San José, Costa Rica, C.A.). Monthly report on the real Central American news.

The Miami Herald ($241.80/year out-of-state from **The Miami Herald**, 1 Herald Plaza, Miami, FL 33101). The only major North American daily newspaper with any breadth or depth in reporting Latin American news.

Nicaragua Update ($10/year from NICA, 942 Market Street, #709, San Francisco, CA 94102). Bimonthly newsletter from the Nicaragua Interfaith Committee for Action.

The Tico Times ($36/year from **The Tico Times**, Apdo. 4632, San José, Costa Rica, C.A.). Not a political organ, just Costa Rica's good English language newspaper.

IT'S EASIER TO STOP A SLOW-MOVING VEHICLE THAN IT IS A RUNAWAY HORSE. SAFER, TOO.

by Anne Herbert

WHAT if we all did now what we're going to do in four years' time about El Salvador?

It would save lots of trouble.

If you're a sophomore in high school, you could shoot off your foot. It's going to happen anyway. If you do it yourself now, it will be equally inconvenient in daily life, but you will be able to rest peacefully from your struggles, untroubled by nightmares of killing people and watching friends die.

If you're a good-hearted, middle-of-the-road person, inclined to think the government is as good-hearted as you are, you could eat a sauteed El Salvadoran baby for lunch. In four years, a picture of a fried child will reduce your trust in government and make you oppose the war, but lots of children will need to be charred before the picture gets to you. It would be kinder to barbeque just one right now, and meditatively munch on the question of whether babies should be killed to educate Americans.

The Sacrifice

If you're an El Salvadoran, you could blow your brains out. We well-meaning Americans are on our way to help you, and you'd be better off killing yourself cleanly instead of waiting for us to give you high tech torture as you go. (Napalm is old hat. Wait till you feel what we've developed lately. Would you like to be a product tester?)

The Widow, II

This call to alarms is taken from ***Random Kindness and Senseless Acts of Beauty****, a book by* ***CQ*** *regular Anne Herbert which will be published in the spring by Barn Owl Books, 1101 Keeler, Berkeley, CA 94708. The book, Anne says, "is about creating things more interesting than war so war won't be the most exciting alternative we offer ourselves."*

—Art Kleiner

If you're opposed to the war in El Salvador right now, you could get off your duff and go to Washington with 2 or 3 million friends, or go to the town square with a few hundred or hundred thousand, all on the same day, across the country, all of us. How bad is it going to have to get before we do that? Must we have piles of corpses to march on? How about we *all* get together — aging hippies and doubting Republicans and high school kids with feet — on Labor Day to symbolize our need to get on with our real work, which ain't making Central America messier than it is. Or on Columbus Day to discover new continents that people can live on instead of fight on? Or any day we declare with our bodies to be the start peace now day? How about this time we suddenly and massively and surprisingly escalate our peace *before* they escalate their war?

Solidarity: The Propeller Song

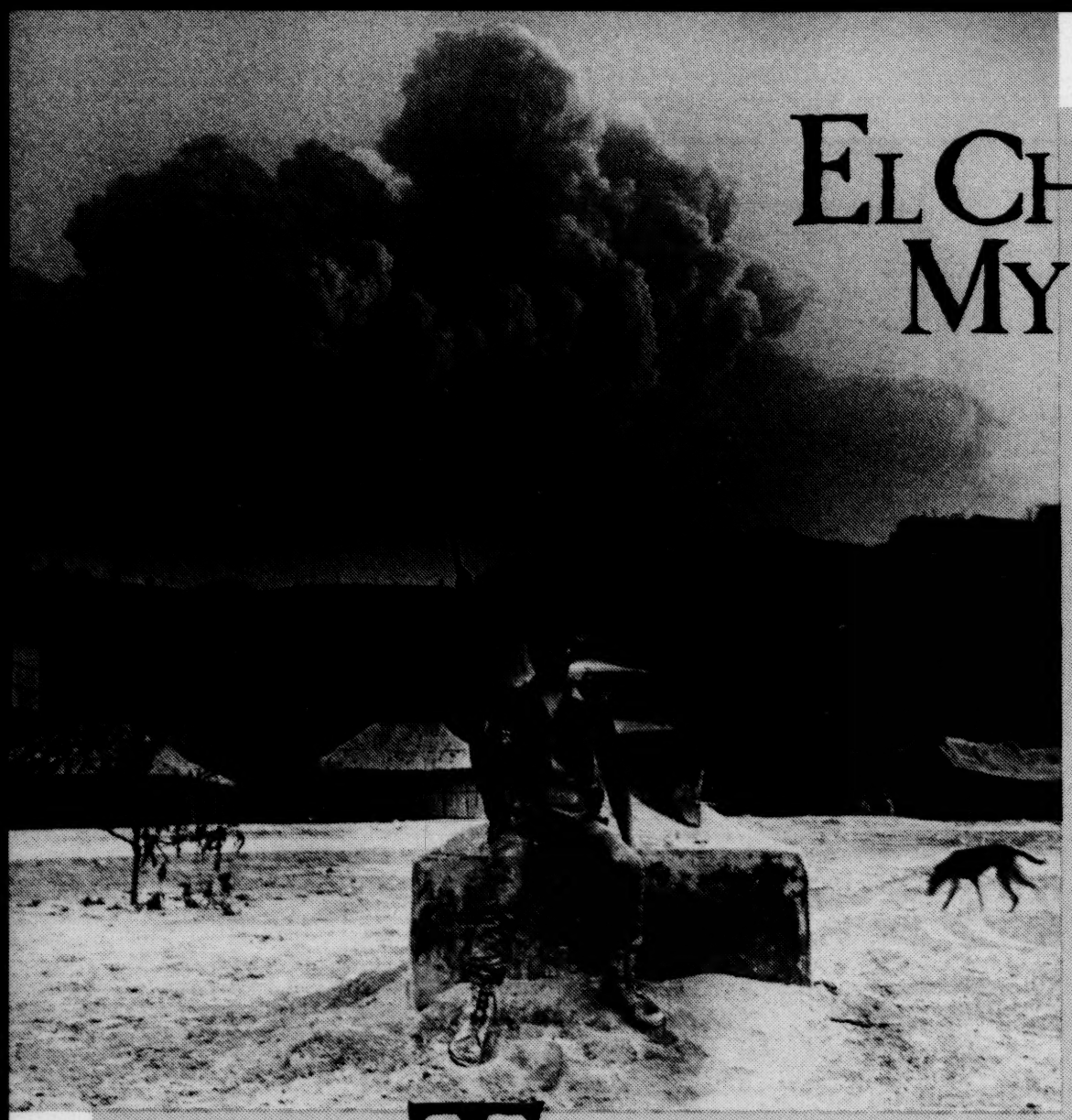
These drawings by German artist Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) are from *Prints and Drawings of Käthe Kollwitz*, by Carl Zigrosser; 1951, 1969; $7.75 postpaid from Dover Publications, 180 Varick Street, New York, NY 10014.

Think what the world would be like if America got out of Central America and stayed out. Imagine it: nuclear weapons, toxic wastes, starving millions, shrinking wilderness, inflation, unemployment — and time to work to change all that. If we let the current administration keep sneaking into Central America until they tell us it's too late to leave, we will, sooner or later, have to stop our other work to swim in the quicksand of trying to stop a jungle war.

But if now, very soon, tomorrow, all of us who know that this is a war to be missed do something that demonstrates to ourselves and our politicians how many of us there are, maybe we can avoid this particular tragedy and leave Central America with the horrible problems it already has instead of making them a thousand times worse. It almost doesn't matter what we do as long as we do it peacefully and in unison. Shall we meet at the Washington Monument on Labor Day? Make the last Monday in May Memorial and *Prevention* Day in every neighborhood in America? Each ring a bell for out of Central America some quiet weekday at noon? Wear green armbands on a given day to prevent the need for black ones later? Let's talk about it, get together, and make the world safe from America this time, for a change. ■

Never Again War!

El Chichon & My Friends



A Mexican soldier standing guard in the abandoned village of Nicapa, as El Chichon billows ash behind him. Photograph by Chris Johns, *Seattle Times*.

by Gary Ginter

TWO FRIENDS OF MINE, Ed and Judson, with their wives and children, were located so close to the El Chichon volcano in Mexico that their hut was covered by hot dust from the eruption last April. It required of them constant, on the hour, shovelling off to avoid collapse of the roof. They had to cover their food as they prepared and ate it due to the very heavy rate of fall of the dust. The total accumulation of dust outside, if I remember what they said correctly, was several feet deep! Everything was dead. Starvation would be a major problem soon. . . .

Ed was infuriated at the inhumane treatment given his neighbors, the Chol Indians, by the Mexican government during the eruption. The Indians knew that it was going to blow for about two weeks beforehand. They sent a delegation out to plead for government help in relocating those in villages closest to the volcano. The response of the government was to send in troops and trucks to haul out all the livestock in the region! The Chols were not allowed to get on the trucks at all. So, they began to carry their goods and themselves out of the immediate area on foot. They were met by armed militia who turned them back to their villages and their deaths. Ed and Judson both said the number of people killed was in the many thousands in their region alone. To the best of my knowledge, this has not been commonly reported in the USA press coverage of the Mexican volcano.

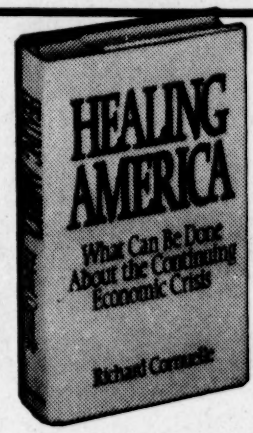
Why would the government turn them back? Because it didn't want more Indians in the larger cities as unemployed, inappropriately skilled for urban living and jobs, politically unstable elements worsening an already bad situation. That seems reasonable enough. The Chols didn't want to go to those cities anyway. They just wanted to be allowed to escape what they knew endangered their wives and children; savages that they were, they weren't modern enough to know that such a request would be reviewed by some racially biased bureaucrat in Mexico City who would find more logic in stopping them with guns than he would find compassion in his heart to reach out and try to help his fellow countrymen. And his logic worked. They never reached those cities. They never fomented revolution. They never bothered anyone as they died. Nor will those who have survived bother the world as they starve in the coming months. ■

Chicago-based commodities trader Gary Ginter posted this story on the EIES computer network, where he was serving as part-time faculty for electronic management courses offered by the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute (WBSI). We're running it (with permission) partly as counterpoint to Bill McLarney's article on Central America, and partly because in itself it's a bloody outrageous anecdote.
—Art Kleiner

Healing America

This book has some tough hurdles to overcome. The title is flat. Even more importantly, it does not subscribe to the two commercial hooks that are sine qua non for economic literature: you won't be able to make any money from it and it doesn't offer government officials, public planners or bureaucrats any means to expand the role of government in economic affairs. And of course, that is the whole point of the book. Cornuelle, a writer of unusual clarity, has dissected the vast array of current economic problems — unemployment, debt, inflation, burgeoning government, and the welfare system — with a historical precision and wit that forbids the simple nostrums proffered by all economic schools. The answers to these economic problems are in our social cracks as opposed to our institutional edifices. A strong case is made for the independent sector, those activities that are neither government or business, a sector that was once vibrantly active in society, but one that has been atrophying in the face of big government. You will be startled at his analysis of unemployment, there are giggles for Keynes, and his description of the Italian Solution is a prophetic look at America if we try to strangle our economy into health. —Paul Hawken
[Suggested by Ene Riisna]

Healing America
(What Can Be Done About the Continuing Economic Crisis)
Richard Cornuelle
1983; 208 pp.
$16.45
postpaid from:
G.P. Putnam's Sons
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth Access



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During the first full year of the Great Depression unemployment reached 7.8%, meaning that almost 4 million workers were unemployed. That was a desperate time, and those 4 million — or most of them — were in serious distress.

But today's unemployment figure is useless as an indicator of human emergency. In 1977 (any recent year will serve the purpose) the number reached 7.0%, meaning about 7½ million people were "unemployed." Seven million were receiving unemployment insurance. At that time, 15 million Americans were on welfare and 19 million were receiving food stamps. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has reported that nearly a third of the unemployed have turned down at least one job offer. Everyone knows people who are seeking unemployment, who are employed at being unemployed. Thousands of them are asking that their unemployment checks be mailed to Florida.

The war on unemployment is clearly being waged against an unspecified enemy, and the unemployment problem has long since outgrown its original definition.

•

It was Keynes' central premise, and later Roosevelt's, that the American economy had reached maturity, that there would henceforth be a chronic shortage of jobs and a chronic surplus of capital. But history has proved that premise and its corollaries dead wrong. . . .

Today we know that what was taken for chronic stagnation was in fact temporary, that the economies of Europe and America were not mature, but barely adolescent. The Keynesian edifice, which posited this "maturity" before the air age, before the computer, before microwave transmission, before the laser, before space travel, before automation, before robotics, rested on a false foundation. . . . Keynes and the Keynesians had mistaken the late dawn of the industrial era for its twilight. And, as a result, the potentially healthy American economy has been under intensive care for nearly fifty years.

Taming The Tiger

*At last we have an eloquent spokesman on the side of technology-can-be-controlled-after-all. Witold Rybczynski has long been a rather lonely voice of realism amongst the eco-chic (**NWEC** p. 201 for example). Now he takes the stand that it is not so much technology out of control, it is us out of control. He shows that going back doesn't help, and may not even be possible. But intelligent, ethical directing of technological development holds out the hope of a world rather better for most people than the one we have now. I don't wish to reveal his arguments here because the case he makes is complex and very well integrated and I'd be insolent to discuss parts of it out of context. It is hopeful, though, and that is an unusual viewpoint these days. I find myself in agreement with his basic ideas, and I'm glad to say that they are easily extracted from this commendably clear essay. Recommended reading for world-savers. —J. Baldwin*

•

Ivan Illich, in **Tools for Conviviality**, contrasts the skilled user of a hand tool with the "mere operator" of a machine. Ellul, in **The Technological Society**, ascribes regional stability, a high degree of skill development, and aesthetic value to the tool phase of civilization, and loss of these to the machine phase. Is it caviling to point out that many hand tools require absolutely no skill at all, and that their use involves primarily drudgery? At the same time, most machines require dexterity and a high level of hand-eye coordination. Ellul claims that tools are inherently deficient and hence rely on, and develop, the skill of the user. But is not the same true of many large machines? Had Ellul or Illich ever had the opportunity to operate a bulldozer, or a hundred-ton crane, they might be less prone to denigrate the skills required to coax these awkward monsters into useful life.

Taming The Tiger
(The Struggle to Control Technology)
Witold Rybczynski
1983; 247 pp.
$16.95
postpaid from:
The Viking Press
299 Murray Hill Parkway
East Rutherford, NJ 07073
or Whole Earth Access

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Fundamentalism, whether it is Maoist as in Kampuchea, or Islamic as in Iran, inevitably leads, in [V.S.] Naipaul's words, to parasitism. This parasitism is not intentional, but it is inevitable all the same. Tanzania, for example, has proclaimed a new African socialism (*ujamma*) based on rural communes and peasant technology. But the fact that President Julius Nyerere symbolically chooses to reside (part-time) in a "development village" is not enough. Tanzania, which had been a food exporter in the past, is now forced to borrow money from the World Bank in order to import food. Two-thirds of Tanzania's budget is externally funded through foreign aid, which fact underlies its parasitic relationship to the outside world.

PRIOR CENSORSHIP

Forced security checks on writing by federal workers, starting now

by Angus Mackenzie

PHILIP ELIOT, A FORMER SPY attached to the Central Intelligence Agency's technical division, a specialist in electronics, has been writing novels since his retirement from the CIA in 1970. His latest thriller, recently censored by the agency, invents a hawkish U.S. senator on a congressional defense committee briefed on the technical aspects of top-secret weapons systems. Two heroic CIA agents discover the senator passing the secrets to the Russians; the FBI arrests him and the nation's defenses are saved. That's fiction.

In real life, author Eliot had to rewrite 60 pages of his fantasy on demand of the CIA Publication Review Board before his book was printed.

He calls the changes demanded by the agency "chickenshit."

Each Tuesday at the CIA's Langley, Virginia headquarters, Mr. Charles E. Wilson, CIA Deputy Director of Public Affairs, convenes a crew of six men to censor articles and books by CIA employees.

Since 1977, he says the CIA Publication Review Board has reviewed 501 articles, 146 books, 60 book reviews, 29 speeches, six letters to editors, 21 outlines, and six scripts by former and current CIA personnel. Of those, the CIA barred publication of 15, forced changes in the texts of 212, and approved the rest.

Some of those authors are still screaming. The type of censorship started at the CIA will soon be spread throughout government.

Now, the Reagan Administration is planning to force more than one million of its workers to sign secrecy agreements that will require

> **"[The] demand for secrecy is scarcely more than the wish of a sick civilization not to learn the progress of its own disease."**
>
> —Norbert Weiner
> *The Human Use of Human Beings*
> (NWEC p. 30)

When we accepted this article Stewart predicted that the new censorship apparatus described here will become the focus of public debate by the time the article appears. I'm not so sure many people will notice. I think it's an example of why we need more investigative reporters in this country — not because the results of investigation support liberal causes (they don't, always) but because it takes a good investigator to uncover and challenge an abuse before it has time to become an ingrained habit.

Angus Mackenzie is an associate at San Francisco's Center for Investigative Reporting, where he directs the Freedom of Information Project — an effort to sue the CIA to release documents on its harassment of the dissident press during the late sixties and early seventies. When Angus filed a Freedom of Information Act request for these documents in 1979, the CIA asked for a $61,501 search fee, without guaranteeing that they would release what they found. His lawsuit seeks to waive the fee and produce the documents. Angus has tracked suppression of free speech since 1970, when federally directed police harassment closed his Beloit, Wisconsin newspaper. He contributed to ***Unamerican Activities*** *(CQ Winter 1981), a book on government campaigns against the underground press. As his research expanded, he's become one of maybe a dozen serious writers who regularly cover the U.S. intelligence community.*

Though this article doesn't go into much detail about scientific research, it suggests that any scientist working even as a temporary consultant for the federal executive branch should look closely at the contract. —*Art Kleiner*

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION NONDISCLOSURE AGREEMENT

An Agreement Between _____ and the United States
(Name - Printed or Typed)

1. Intending to be legally bound, I hereby accept the obligations contained in this Agreement in consideration of my being granted access to classified information. As used in this Agreement, classified information is information that is either classified or classifiable under the standards of Executive Order 12356, or under any other Executive order or statute that prohibits the unauthorized disclosure of information in the interest of national security. I understand and accept that by being granted access to classified information, special confidence and trust shall be placed in me by the United States Government.

5. I hereby assign to the United States Government all royalties, remunerations, and emoluments that have resulted, will result or may result from any disclosure, publication, or revelation not consistent with the terms of this Agreement.

6. I understand that the United States Government may seek any remedy available to it to enforce this Agreement including, but not limited to, application for a court order prohibiting disclosure of information in breach of this Agreement.

NOTICE: The Privacy Act, 5 U.S.C. 552a, requires that federal agencies inform individuals, at the time information is solicited from them, whether the disclosure is mandatory or voluntary, by what authority such information is solicited, and what uses will be made of the information. You are hereby advised that authority for soliciting your Social Security Account Number (SSN) is Executive Order 9397. Your SSN will be used to identify you precisely when it is necessary to 1) certify that you have access to the information indicated above or 2) determine that your access to the information indicated has terminated. Although disclosure of your SSN is not mandatory, your failure to do so may impede the processing of such certifications or determinations.

STANDARD FORM 189 (8-83)

them to submit their manuscripts to prepublication review boards like the one at the CIA. Following the CIA model, these new censoring operations will be set up in almost all of the 100 agencies of the executive branch of government, according to the director of the Information and Security Oversight Offices, Steven Garfinkel.

In other words, the one million people who know most about big government's mistakes will be hushed for the rest of their lives. Censored books will become common in stores and libraries of this nation which at one time prided itself for being censor-free. Taking a job that exposes one to classified information will mean forever forfeiting the right to speak without censorship — even for those who work on short-term contracts that expose them to secrets. The Reagan team is by administrative fiat repealing the First Amendment for those who work in government.

"The CIA's experience provides a starting point. You'll be seeing an increase in the number of prepublication review boards," Garfinkel says. The new censoring boards will first be created at the departments of State, Defense, Justice, and Energy.

On March 11, 1983, President Reagan ordered Garfinkel to spread the kind of secrecy long practiced at the CIA to those one million who have access to the 17 million documents that are classified each year. The censorship agreements will be signed by each employee who has access to even one of those documents.

Scientific consultants to the government who require security clearances will have to sign the agreements which will commit them to pass their technical articles before the censors for the rest of their lives. The agreements call for the signers to submit their works for prepublication review or face civil penalties, including injunctions against any publication of their manuscripts and liens on any royalties.

Even novels go before the censors.

Take Eliot's novel, **Serpent on the Hill**. On September 3, 1981, Eliot finished seven years of writing, eleven years after he had finished an eight-year stint with the CIA. Before that he had graduated from law school; he had been a Marine sergeant specializing in electronics, a ham radio operator, and a U.S. Treasury agent trained in lockpicking and bugging; and then he had traveled the world for the CIA beginning in 1962. He says his book spent seven years in and out of bureau drawers because he was afraid of the CIA's censoring process, a process he now calls "totally ineffective" in achieving its purpose of preserving national secrets.

On September 3, 1981, Eliot mailed his finished manuscript to the CIA Publication Review Board. On October 14, Eliot received a phone call from CIA Attorney Paul Schilling, who Eliot calls "a nice young man in the general counsel's office." The nice young man asked Eliot to fly to Washington, where they met on the 19th of October in the main CIA building at Langley. Attorney Schilling represents the agency's censoring board.

First came the agency's requests — not demands — for changes. Schilling asked Eliot to delete from his manuscript "common ordinary words about the agency — things you've seen in 100 newspapers," says Eliot. "I said but that's in so-and-so's book." Schilling told Eliot he didn't have to make those changes, but he'd like him to. Subtle coercion, Eliot calls it.

The one million people who know most about [redacted] big government will be [redacted] hushed for the rest of their lives.

After those requested changes, Eliot was then told to delete more single words that Eliot says are in print elsewhere. Eliot is prohibited from telling exactly which words, but he says, for example, "epoxy" had to be changed to "glue."

Eliot to himself at the meeting: "If this is the way this is going to go, this is bullshit. I have to get out of here. I've been had."

He said yes to almost every agency request. He had no money to fight. No money for lawyers.

The agency asked him to change his entire concept of one piece of fictionalized spy equipment. "I'd been gone from the agency eleven years," he says. "There's no way I could've known the state of the art in electronic bugging devices. They're censoring my imagination."

He went home to Dallas, Texas, to change 60 pages out of 249 in his book. The agency's attorney had told him that the mere fact that he was an agent on the technical side means people will think that what he had written was true.

At home, Eliot took out parts of his book that he felt were "a little sensitive" but not mentioned by the agency. Eliot considers himself a backer of this nation's intelligence agencies, a patriotic American.

Eliot even thinks that authors who reveal real secrets should be jailed — like James Bamford who exposed the National Security Agency in **The Puzzle Palace** (see page 90 of this issue).

On October 22 Eliot mailed the CIA his revised manuscript. On November 12 the CIA attorney called to say everything was okay. Then Eliot got a letter from him saying the agency wanted to see the galleys, the typesetter's proofs.

On January 28, Eliot's birthday, the CIA told him the galleys were okay. Also that day, the agency told him that if he should write a screenplay from the book, the agency wanted to review that, too.

"Now I tell movie people that I want nothing to do with writing the screenplay — too many inhibitions on my mind. If someone wants to budget for a movie, they don't want to screw with six months of waiting for agency clearance."

His book was in the stores by February, 1982 — just in time to miss the Christmas rush, and to bankrupt his publishing company, which he is selling "because I ran out of money."

The ultimate step in the censorship process was still to come. Eliot got a letter from the CIA that told him if he contested the prepublication review in public, he might violate his secrecy agreement. So he can't talk about the specifics of what was censored — to do so would violate national security.

CIA chief censor Wilson remembers cutting Eliot's book. "Sure, we're censors," he says. "But we did not disable him from transmitting his message. In a kind of surgical sense we can take out one word. The problem is there is always the possibility that a thinly veiled fact is not fuzzed up enough. It was surgical censorship — he was not censored by any stretch of the imagination, not in any pejorative way."

Wilson seems upset that his censorship is taken critically. "It's come to mean a bad thing," he says, "as arbitrary and capricious."

But why censor a novel? Wilson says, "Mr. Eliot is a former CIA employee. We can assume his materials are read by adversarial services."

Other CIA employees have complained about the censorship process, soon to spread to other federal agencies. "[It] virtually stops our ability to write anything," said Ralph McGehee, who upon his retirement after 25 years of CIA service wrote a book — **Deadly Deceits** — that was also censored by Mr. Wilson's board.

McGehee's book was full of facts — no novel here. By the time he retired he had become disgusted with the agency's downplaying of his best intelligence estimates. He'd spent the 1960s and 1970s interrogating villagers in Thailand and Vietnam and found out that the communists had organized more peasants than had been admitted in headquarters' intelligence digests. When he returned to headquarters after his tour of duty, he discovered that estimates based on his field work had been doctored before reaching the highest levels of command. His reports of communist strength had run counter to official policy, and so had been downplayed. He thinks that's one reason the U.S. lost the

war in Southeast Asia. Top officials were ignorant of the extent of communist grass-roots power. He was mad. He'd done a job well, and had been ignored.

So he wrote **Deadly Deceits**, exposing how CIA field reports had been covered up because they ran counter to official policy.

As required of him when he joined the CIA in 1952, McGehee had signed a secrecy agreement, and so he submitted his book to the Publication Review Board February 26, 1980 and spent the next two years fighting the board's order to delete 397 passages in his text.

By the time his book went to press, he had convinced the agency to require only 27 deletions.

Wilson says, "Yes, most of the cuts were reinstated. We really went around the mill on that one. We took a careful look and allowed him to have it."

Why did the agency restore the cuts? Because McGehee was able to prove much of what had been cut had already appeared in **The Pentagon Papers** (Neil Sheehan and E.W. Kenworthy, 1971, $16 postpaid from New York Times Books, Three Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016).

But why did the CIA originally cut material already published? Says censor Wilson, "The Pentagon Papers were leaked — that did not constitute official disclosure. We were neither going to confirm or deny the contents of the Pentagon Papers. When a CIA officer goes to press with a previously published story, he's giving away a secret in confirming that published account; otherwise we'd be in a position to deny it."

Besides, says Wilson, "We question his

Scientific consultants to the government [redacted] who require [redacted] security clearances will have to [redacted] sign agreements which will commit [redacted] them to pass their technical articles before the censors.

Ex-CIA agent Ralph McGehee, receiving the Agency's Career Intelligence Medal for outstanding service in 1977, three years before the CIA tried to cut his book Deadly Deceits.

motives anyway. It's quite clear he's very unhappy with the agency." But Wilson insists the viewpoint of the author toward the agency has nothing to do with the censoring process.

It had taken dozens of intelligence officers to censor McGehee's manuscript, says Wilson. The Publication Review Board took McGehee's manuscript and forwarded it to all CIA components that McGehee touched upon.

"I took on Thailand, so my manuscript went to the Deputy Director of Plans, the Thai desk and over to Thailand," says the author. "So the manuscript was disseminated to 20 or 30 people within the agency. The lowest officer says, 'I think that's classified information.' Then it goes back to higher levels and to the Publication Review Board."

In this fashion, lower-level CIA officers become censors, too. "The most sensitive people overclassify and overrule the others. The most strict dominate," says McGehee. "I thought there was nothing worthy of deletions. I had no intention of revealing anything

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Philip Eliot, author of Serpent on the Hill, a novel which the CIA asked him to revise.

classified. National security has little to do with how the agency administers the secrecy agreements."

McGehee thinks under this process, soon to be administered to more than one million government employees, the people most able to give informed views of problems, deficiencies and illegalities will be unable to comment. In addition, there will be no benefit from past mistakes.

Says McGehee, "Because what I dealt with in the book was in the Pentagon Papers, I got my broader issue out. If I'd been writing about Europe, Africa, or Latin America, the book would have been unpublishable because of agency objections."

Soon, as publication review boards are created in more agencies, the contents of the biggest newspapers in the country will be changed by censorship. The Fund for Free Expression, a New York City-based group that examines First Amendment issues, found more than 300 articles in 1982 in five leading newspapers had been authored by the kind of government officials who will soon come under the gun of the new secrecy agreements (see box); their articles in **The New York Times** and elsewhere will be subject to prepublication censorship.

The spread of secrecy from the CIA to the entire executive branch of government follows closely a series of CIA courtroom successes that cleared the way for the agency to censor its own employees' books.

First, on April 18, 1972, Victor Marchetti, a CIA expert on Russian military aid to the Third World, became the first U.S. author to be served with a censorship injunction that prohibited him from revealing CIA secrets in a book he had yet to write. The injunction required Marchetti to submit his manuscript, when completed, to the agency. This prepublication injunction is a model for the ones the government intends to seek under the new secrecy agreements. Marchetti's book, **The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence**, went to press two years later, in 1974, with 168 blanks where CIA censors had ordered text removed — the first government-censored book in U.S. history.

Then came another courtroom victory for censorship. CIA agent Frank Snepp joined the agency in 1968, served in Vietnam, and then wrote a book, **Decent Interval**, in which he roasted the agency for abandoning its allies during the 1975 evacuation of Saigon.

In May 1977 Snepp decided not to submit his book to agency censors. The Justice Department filed suit against him for breach of contract. In 1980 the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the government's claims, ruling that Snepp would have to submit all his future writings, including novels, to the CIA for prepublication review, and would have to forfeit his **Decent Interval** royalties.

Just over a year after the Snepp decision, on March 31, 1982, a panel consisting of high-level officials from the departments of State, Treasury, Defense, Justice, and CIA recommended the president spread the secrecy agreements to every agency and every employee who handled classified information. On March 11, 1983, Reagan ordered those recommendations into effect, and Steven Garfinkel in the Information Security Oversight Office began perfecting two new secrecy agreements in accordance with the recent court decisions.

Both secrecy agreements, which will protect the 17 million pieces of information classified each year, will allow the government to obtain injunctions "to prevent publication and to deprive the person of profits from any such publication, even when the agreements do not call for prepublication review," says Garfinkel.

Now that the government is going into the business of censorship in a big way, in order to protect "national security," it remains to be seen how the publishing industry will react. Will government workers find a way to defy the censors, to question government policies hidden behind the cloak of secret classification? Will the mainstream press have the guts to take defiant whistle-blowers' stories and tell them to the nation? ■

Senate Solution Doesn't Help: October 28 Update

Don't believe false reports which have circulated saying the censorship measures reported in this article will be delayed until April because of a Senate rider on an appropriations measure that passed October 20. The **New York Times** reported that the new modified bill "would force a stop to the censorship measures at least until next April. . . ."

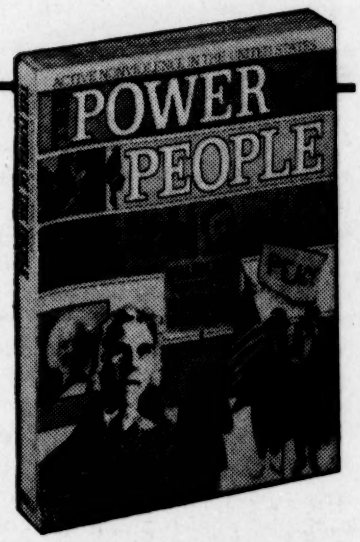
However, the director of the Information Security Oversight Office, Steven Garfinkel, who is in charge of government secrecy, said October 24, "I don't know that we're doing anything differently" as a result of the Senate action. "We haven't stopped moving ahead. The vote does not address prepublication review itself. We've already accomplished what we've set out to do. Security officials from various agencies are calling, asking 'Do we stop signing people up with the nondisclosure agreements?' No, I tell them, certainly not."

—Angus Mackenzie

The Power of the People

Nonviolence as a political tactic has a history, but you won't find it in conventional history books. You will find its American history in ***The Power of the People, Active Nonviolence in the United States.*** *This book is a dramatic and emotional history of the moral struggle to right the balance of power and to live the principles of the Bill of Rights (not to mention the Golden Rule). There are some show-stopping photographs in the book, and it's a portable archive of the great popular struggles which have risen out of various phases of American history. It's one of those "every schoolchild should see this book" books.*

It also has great value for our time, as we approach another one of those upswellings of populism. It gives us a context for our work and great role models to acknowledge, people like Dorothy Day, Paul Goodman, Bayard Rustin, Evan Thomas, Tracy Mygatt, Frances Witherspoon, A.J. Muste, David Dellinger, etc., whose biographies (included in the book) are testimonies to the courage of convictions. Read this book to remind yourself that you belong to a tradition and then hand it over to your kids to remind them that they belong to the tradition as well. —*Elizabeth Whitney*



The Power of the People
(Active Nonviolence in the United States)
Robert Cooney and Helen Michalowski, Editors
1977; 240 pp.
$10.85
postpaid from:
Peace Press, Inc.
3828 Willat Avenue
Culver City, CA 90230
or Whole Earth Access

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Speaking of his friends who abandoned nonviolence to fight fascism in Europe, Thomas wrote, "Emotionally, I can understand fully why they did this, and I have felt myself that evil such as Hitler represents must be resisted." But how, Thomas asked? "Following the last war," he continued, "I saw enough actual discrimination and brutality in this country to realize that people like Hitler were not unique. I had to make up my mind at that time what I considered to be the best form of resistance to that sort of thing. . . . I came to the conclusion . . . that violence is no answer to tyranny, exploitation or brutality."

Mrs. Rosa Parks is fingerprinted after refusing to give up her seat for a white passenger on a Montgomery, Alabama, bus, February 1956. "It was a matter of dignity; I could not have faced myself and my people if I had moved," she said.

WOMEN
OF AMERICA
What Will Your ANSWER BE?
When Your Children Ask
WHAT DID YOU DO
IN 1916
to Help the Protest Against Militarism?
Join the WOMAN'S PEACE PARTY
70 Fifth Avenue, New York City
JOIN TODAY!

The Reporter's Handbook

Most good reporting starts when a reporter smells that something's wrong. But you don't have to be a professional reporter to follow your nose. Anyone can help stop a local abuse by tracking down the facts, but it often means an extended hunt down a trail of paper and interviews. This manual for following that trail is an encyclopedic directory in itself, listing dozens of documents, agencies, and reports that you might never hear about any other way. Put together by a group of experienced investigative journalists, it's one of the few college textbooks that's fun to read. It overlaps but also complements the excellent ***Muckraker's Manual*** *(CQ Winter 1980). If you're seriously involved in any kind of political investigation, it'll save you hours of time starting the first day.* —*Art Kleiner*

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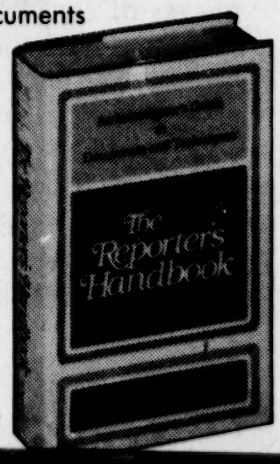
The call for help came from a lawyer-friend. He was trying to untangle a dispute over a will written in 1940. The signer, of course, was dead. So were the lawyers who had drafted it and the secretary who had typed it. The only person who might still be alive to testify about the signer's soundness of mind was another secretary,

The Reporter's Handbook
(An Investigator's Guide to Documents and Techniques)
Investigative Reporters & Editors, Inc.
1983; 504 pp.
$19.45
postpaid from:
St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10010
or Whole Earth Access



BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966

who had witnessed a codicil to the will. Her name was Jane Smith. That's all we knew — only one of the most common names among the more than 10 million people in the Los Angeles area.

I found her in three months. Here's how.

To begin with, I made the assumption that Jane had been employed in the office of the long-dead lawyer who had drafted the will. Using an employee to witness a will is a common practice in law offices. My first stop was the archives of the Los Angeles central library, where I asked for the 1940 edition of **Polk's City Directory**. Four Jane Smiths were listed as secretaries. I started a separate notebook page for each. Then I tracked each Jane forward in the directory year by year. R.L. Polk and Company gave up trying to keep track of L.A.'s exploding and transient population not long after World War II — a great loss to reporters. But I had addresses from the last edition, so I could use the telephone book. That led me forward a few more years before each trail disappeared.

One of the last city directories had listed an employer of one Jane Smith. It, too, was a law firm, now defunct. From the Yellow Pages of that year's phone book, I got the names of the firm's member-lawyers. The bar association was able to supply the home address of a retired partner.

Yes, he remembered Jane. No, he had no idea what had become of her. But he did remember that she had gotten married, and he recalled her married name.

The county recorder's office keeps the marriage license file. Jane Smith's husband had come from out-of-state. A call to the motor vehicle department there turned up his driver's license, with his current home address. Another call. A man answered. I made my inquiry. A pause. Then I was talking to the right Jane Smith.

The Puzzle Palace

I first heard of the National Security Agency (NSA) when I started reporting on computer networks in 1979, innocently wondering whether a national computer network might be monitored by the government. I soon learned about Operation Shamrock, in which NSA computers scanned all foreign telegrams until 1975, searching for specific combinations of phrases, names, and destinations. I also learned about a giant one-way link from the Chesapeake and Potomac switching center into the NSA's Fort Meade, Virginia, headquarters, through which all overseas telephone calls are presumably monitored and scanned even now. So I called NSA public relations to ask about their plans for computer networks and was told, "We have no public relations. We don't talk to the press. Goodbye." That was when I decided not to devote years investigating computer network privacy, and hoped someone else would pick up the story.

Someone did, and he brought the requisite obsessiveness to finish the job. ***The Puzzle Palace*** *is a monumental reporting feat on the most secret government agency America has ever had. Organized in 1952 by the Department of Defense as a codemaking and codebreaking agency, the NSA has also tapped and translated foreign radio, scanned satellite signals, and burglarized offices. It's gathered intelligence on organized crime and Cuba (for President Kennedy), and Vietnam protesters and drug dealers (for Johnson and Nixon). It has tried to completely avoid public scrutiny and legal constraint; it's the kind of agency that can only exist in a government that feels it is at war.*

The Puzzle Palace
(A Report on America's Most Secret Agency)
James Bamford
1982, 1983; 655 pp.
$8.70
postpaid from:
Penguin Books
299 Murray Hill Parkway
East Rutherford, NJ 07073
or Whole Earth Access

I got lost sometimes in the book's voluminous detail, but it's a necessary book and I'll forgive some denseness. It's our first glimpse of the police that Ivan Illich foresees for the electronic highways of the future (p. 4 of this issue). I'm grateful that James Bamford stuck with his topic and that Houghton Mifflin (the hardcover publisher) and Penguin fought what must have been considerable pressure to suppress it. —*Art Kleiner*

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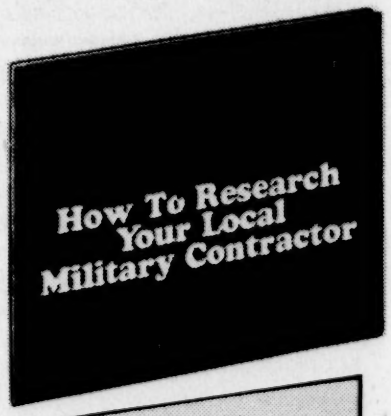
Because of NSA's vacuum-cleaner approach to intelligence collection — whereby it sucks into its system the maximum amount of telecommunications and then filters it through an enormous screen of "trigger words" — analysts end up reviewing telephone calls, telegrams, and telex messages to and from thousands of innocent persons having little or nothing to do with the actual focus of the effort. Thus if an organization is targeted, all its members' communications may be intercepted; if an individual is listed on a watch list, all communications to, from, or even mentioning that individual are scooped up. Captured in NSA's net were communications about a peace concert, a communication mentioning the wife of a U.S. senator, a correspondent's report from Southeast Asia to his magazine in New York, and a pro-Vietnam War activist's invitations to speakers for a rally.

How to Research Your Local Military Contractor

The folks at the Highlander Center in New Market, Tennessee, have done a bang-up job in producing a clear and easy-to-follow handbook — ***How to Research Your Local Military Contractor****.*

The booklet comes out of their own experience of researching military contractors/suppliers in the South and as a result comes across with that "hands-on" step-by-step type of information — how to obtain and read a Department of Defense Prime Contract Award print out; how to locate military contracts for your specific city, county, or state; how to get Pentagon/contractor correspondence through a Freedom of Information request; etc.

If you're interested in getting information on the military big boys in your area, this is a heck of a first source to start the ball rolling. —*Jim Harb*



How to Research Your Local Military Contractor
Tom Schlesinger,
John Gaventa,
Juliet Merrifield
1983; 15 pp.
$2.00
postpaid from:
Highland Research and Education Center
Rte. 3, Box 370
New Market, TN 37820

Privacy Journal

From Washington, DC, the ***Privacy Journal*** *tracks issues like confidentiality of records, lie detector testing, electronic surveillance, inaccurate credit reporting, invasion of privacy suits, and suppression of free speech. The editor is ex-lawyer Robert E. Smith, who wrote* ***Privacy*** *(**NWEC** p. 387). This is the only newsletter on privacy issues, and it's as thoughtful and comprehensive as a newsletter can be. There is a question column, too; if you feel you've been harrassed or spied on, you can raise your case. The only drawback is its absurdly high price, annoying in any newsletter but downright distressing here since Smith is a champion of privacy rights for the poor. Maybe a local college library would go for it.* —*Art Kleiner*

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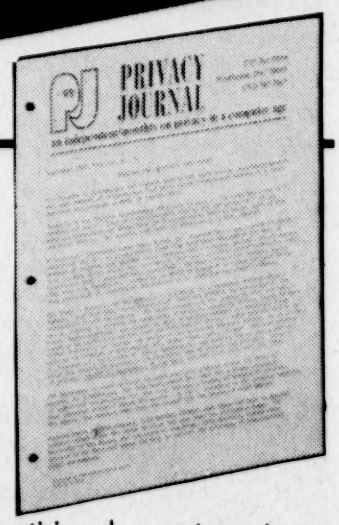
"Mailing lists don't hurt anyone. No one gets hurt by mailing lists!" says Robert Sherman, attorney for the Direct Marketing Association, reflecting the position of his association that mail advertising does not create an invasion of privacy.



Privacy Journal
(An Independent Monthly on Privacy in a Computer Age)
Robert Ellis Smith, Publisher
$89/year (12 issues)
Special discount rates for students
From:
Privacy Journal
P.O. Box 8844
Washington, DC 20003

The American public had evidence to the contrary this month, with the national circulation of a story by ***The New York Times'*** David Burnham that the Internal Revenue Service plans to experiment with "lifestyle" demographic mailing lists to detect persons paying inadequate taxes.

Preventing Nuclear War

An unusually promising peace tactic in a brisk little pamphlet. The tactic invokes two premises — 1) if you can increase the strength of everyone's defense, you proportionally decrease the usefulness of their offense, and stabilization grows; 2) you can never contain "technology creep," the tendency of new technology to find its way around any limiting treaties, but you may be able to harness it.

The scheme here is to encourage U.S. and Soviet coordination to employ laser and particle-beam space weapons as nuclear missile antidotes. International trust is neither expected nor required. The R & D, and political backing, is already under way. Only the perspective is changed. —*Stewart Brand*

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The World Security Council proposes that the United States, the Soviet Union, and other nations coordinate their laser, particle beam, and other defenses against nuclear attack. Coordination would eliminate the dangers associated with one-sided deployment and would enable each nation to shoot down any nuclear missiles and bombers launched from any country.

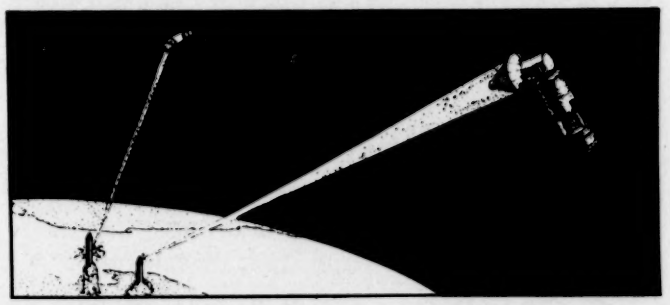
The key to nations' participation in this solution is that the World Security Council has developed plans, techniques, and systems which would enable each nation to operate its defense system in a manner which requires no trust between nations, and yet which would prevent opposing systems from shooting at other satellites or targets on earth.

"Non-trust" coordination of U.S., Soviet, and other nations' lasers, particle beams, and other defenses against nuclear attack would involve interlocking communication systems, safeguard systems, inspection teams, and controlled deployment. These safety measures, designed on a basis where nations could remain self-reliant, would prevent nuclear confrontations resulting from unequal buildups of U.S., Soviet, and other nations' defenses and would prevent accidental wars between opposing weapons systems as well.

Preventing Nuclear War
(Coordinating U.S. and Soviet Defense to Protect Against Nuclear Attack)
1983; 20 pp.
$3 postpaid
World Security Council Plans History Profile (more detailed packet)
$10 postpaid
both from:
World Security Council
275-C World Trade Center
San Francisco, CA 94111

Laser/particle beam systems deployed under this agreement would shoot very thin beams of energy to destroy missiles and bombers, but it would be neither realistic nor practical to attempt to use them against cities or populations.

Laser, particle beam, and other defense systems are being designed to make nuclear missiles and bombers obsolete and unusable. An artist's conception of a space-based laser destroying a nuclear missile is shown here. This could cause a nonnuclear explosion, and possibly a scattering of radioactive material on a local level, but would not cause a nuclear explosion. In a multi-layered approach lasers could be fired or launched from submarines, ground stations, aircraft, and satellites.



How to Make War

Did you ever wonder what would really happen if our navy and the Russian navy went to war? Or perhaps you would like to know just how much a war would cost (monetarily). Maybe you're interested in the make-up of personnel, armaments, and tactics of the major NATO and Warsaw Pact allies. Whatever your interest, if it concerns the implements, components, and probabilities of war, James F. Dunnigan has covered it in ***How to Make War****. I couldn't put this book down. Many of the charts and tables can be skimmed or overlooked if intimate detail is not necessary; but for a look at our side vs. their side and how and with what we would fight a war as well as a projection of results this book is the best by far. It makes the defense budget debates much more transparent and infuriating.* —*Hal Ham*

It's sort of an ***Everybody's Business*** *(****NWEC*** *p. 386) of the military. It could turn any ignorant argument about warmaking into a knowledgeable one. It's also extremely readable; in his note to us Hal Ham wrote, "This guy must be the reincarnation of Mark Twain."*
—*Art Kleiner*

•

Most men do not enter combat thinking they will be killed or injured. In warfare during this century, the odds of serving in the infantry during combat and being uninjured have been less than one in three. If potential recruits knew their chances, it would be much more difficult to get anyone into the infantry.

Indeed, given a choice, many would volunteer for any other branch of the armed forces to avoid the infantry. Most other branches are no more dangerous than civilian life. Even the armor and artillery branches offer a better-than-even chance of seeing a war's end uninjured.

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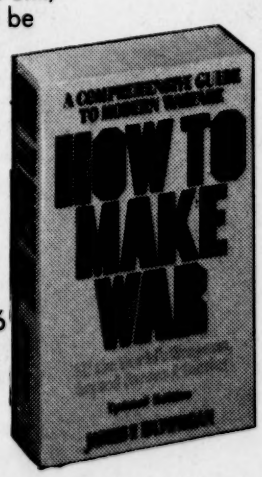
The cost of fighting a war today will be substantially higher than for peacetime operations. This is largely due to the high cost of ammunition. Currently a ton of conventional ammunition costs about $7000. A ton of missile munitions costs over half a million dollars. Some improved conventional munitions (ICM) cost ten times more than standard shells and bombs. The high cost of the more expensive munitions represents two things. One is the greater developmental cost. Second, their greater complexity requires much more labor during manufacturing. Under wartime conditions, economies of scale could reduce their cost by five or more times. Still, the price of an average ton of munitions could still be $22,000 or more.

How to Make War
(A Comprehensive Guide to Modern Warfare)
James F. Dunnigan
1982, 1983; 442 pp.
$8.95

postpaid from:
William Morrow & Company
Wilmer Warehouse
6 Henderson Drive
W. Caldwell, NJ 07006
or Whole Earth Access



BABY BAM

by Will Baker

I SALVAGED MY OWN sanity, without the help of the goddamned therapists and their marathon encounters and dream books and soak tanks. Oh yes, for a while I circled around all that. I called a man up once and made an appointment, but I broke it. I knew where it would go. I could hear it in his asshole professional intonation, that lets you know you poor sap that it's about time you sought help from somebody with all that skill and compassion for rent. Anyway, if you are comptroller of a sizeable company there's just too much risk that the word will get out. So I did it all myself. I pulled myself not just out of a hole, but all the way up to the top, the very top. I did it with boogers.

A slow and painful and risky process. All I had to begin with was a funny pressure inside, that first appeared as I remember in a session with McMurtry and Breunig, my chief rivals, and a guy from this company specializing in small dredge recovery. Our plant has a couple of leach lines running out into a tide-flat, where we've run sludge from the precipitation vats for years. There's a lot of silver salts in the sludge, and somebody heard that the price of silver has gone up to a point where, for example, old tailings in some western ghost towns are worth working again. We call in this guy, and he is giving us the big spiel for recovering these "off-line industrial effluents," as he calls the shit, for a handsome profit.

McMurtry is going on, in his Charles Bronson act, trying to badger the guy down in his estimates. We're all sitting in the board room, the Old Man up front by the blackboard where the guy has drawn diagrams and scribbled amounts. Breunig is looking merciless, the way only the Krauts can do, tapping his faggoty finger on his little calculator, cheeks shiny as varnish because the bastard sneaks into the

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"As the typist said to me," Will Baker wrote us, "there is absolutely no excuse for this sort of thing. My only possible lame explanation is that it seems to have crept out during the Anne Gorsuch affair, when I sensed somehow, under every government and corporate desk, the presence of minuscule, unsavory clots." Readers may remember Will's masterful "Legend of Great Uncle Jim" (CQ, Spring '82) or "Jogger's Reef" before it (CQ, Fall '81). His continuing voice is compassionate, even when it sneers; note how empathetic this morality tale is to its polluting protagonist, even while the author battles similar types in real life. "We are busy here in Yolo County trying to stave off Homestake Mining Company. They want to put the biggest open-pit mine in California about six miles from my back porch. Too close."

—Art Kleiner

The finger went in, rotating and gouging, and the pressure blew like a boiler, an explosive jet of superheated gas, and then like a mainsail torn away in a hurricane, and I felt all at once light and airy, an athlete.

Illustrated by Charles Burns

executive lounge to shave ten minutes before these sessions, while I'm just waiting for the moment to say the obvious. I will say that we should do it, because it's already clear that if the guy's company will get behind his figures with a bid, there's no way we can lose. That's what I do, what the others never have the guts to do: say the obvious.

"What about the insurance?" the Old Man interrupts Charles Bronson all at once. He swivels his little piggy eyes in my direction.

That's usually my cue. The Old Man doesn't play with quite a full deck, but he's got an unerring radar for the way a deal is drifting. He cuts right through the bullshit and dodgery and ass-covering, even when he hasn't the foggiest idea what people are talking about; and the sign that he's figured out which way to lean is his question about insurance, usually directed at me, because he knows I will have figured it out too, and will have the guts to say yes, take the risk, or no, fuck it. Everybody pretending, of course, that it's all a matter of dollars and cents.

So I open my mouth to say, real cool and assured, that if the recovery company guarantees liability for its employees on the dredge, we can handle property damage, acts of God and so forth, and all of a sudden I get this swelling under my ribs, like a balloon or a life jacket has been inflated inside me. Whoof! just like that. I clear my throat, and everything hangs, like one of those freeze-frame tricks in a movie — Breunig with a finger raised for a rap on his calculator, McMurtry drawn back like a rattler, the Old Man's little piggy eyes steady, not blinking.

"The insurance," he repeats.

"Nuh-h-h," I say, and they interpret this as a negative.

"What?" The Old Man's eyes are disappearing into the soft dough of his face.

I pretend like there is really something caught in my esophagus, and put a hand around my throat to squeeze it out. Inside, the balloon is filling every crevice, air driving tight against my ribs. They don't know what to do. The guy from the dredge company riffles the corners of his report and darts a glance at the others.

In this gap, McMurtry, the sonofabitch, takes the first chance in his life.

"I disagree," he says and levels a finger at the figures on the blackboard. "Even if the premium went up by fifty percent, we could come out even. And we'd have good press — environment-wise — like the man says. Why can't we do it?"

The Old Man doesn't handle such questions well. I know that and McMurtry doesn't, which is why I am where I am in the company. The

As the urges came closer together, I was cleaning myself out, and found myself short a time or two, which gave me the cold sweats.

Old Man is swinging his head a little from McMurtry to me, and I can see the dough beginning to crease, a frown. Somehow I manage to get my voice back.

"Sorry," I croak. "Something caught. He's right." I, too, gesture to the board. "We can."

There is a pause, and finally the Old Man nods. "Looks good." he says. "But we'll toss it around some more. Get back to you."

The guy from outside nods quick, begins stacking up his papers. Breunig slides the calculator back into its leather case, like a derringer.

"Dale," the Old Man says then in his locker-room voice, "you oughta get a drink. We all oughta get a drink." He smiles a little and reaches up with his fat fingers to undo his collar button and loosen his tie. At that signal everybody else smiles too, and coats flap open and trousers hike up to expose socks. And at just that instant, when we break for the ritual drink, the balloon inside pops — I could almost hear it, a kind of twanging in the blood — and I wet myself a little. Not much, not a real dribble even. Just a tiny, swift squirt.

You can bet I worried for a few days, after that afternoon running to the executive washroom, before we went to the Empire Lounge, and examining myself (nothing, no swelling or discomfort, just a yellow stain on my underwear). I booked a morning with the company Doc, and even told him I was worried about my plumbing, but again nothing. This kind of thing had never happened to me, and I thought the Big C, Lou Gehrig's disease, prostate, gallstones — Christ knows what — but except for a touch of high pressure, I was clean.

The Doc gave me a chummy thump on the chest. "For a man of forty-four," he said, "not bad. Remember, the older the buck, the stiffer the horn."

I took the vitamins he prescribed, laid off after-dinner alcohol, tried to hit the sack early. Jerry, my wife, was concerned. "Look, fella," she said, with that little cock of the head and downhook of one corner of her mouth, "I didn't waste fifteen years on this to have you check out now."

I didn't tell her what I was worried about, didn't tell anybody. It worried me for the simple reason that it didn't look like it would lead to something bigtime and respectable, chemo-therapy or a sanitarium or anything of the sort. But if that pressure came back, in an important session, it could be deadly. I mean, a comptroller who can't control his own bladder? Suicide.

Then, just as I was ready to write it off as a freak accident, that balloon came back. I was going over the annual in-house employee evaluations with Geraldine and Dixie, the two executive secs under me. Twice a year Tri-Co Chemicals does a from-the-top-down self-evaluation, and as chief of accounting, I had to collect, review and summarize in a report the performance of the twelve people in our division. We were stuck on Al Dunsmore's file: Geraldine wanted to fire him and Dixie thought he was cute. Dunsmore was a finicky little man, a triple-checker with a muscular, rectal mouth, and though nobody liked to get cornered in the elevator with him, he did his job. Geraldine, for whom efficiency is usually the ultimate standard, had gone so far as to accuse him of smelling like cats. Six of them, she said knowingly.

She flipped over a page of his file. I looked over her shoulder, and all at once the print began to crawl, like a field of mad little black ants, and I felt the swelling under my ribs. I had sense enough to excuse myself, before my throat tightened up, and headed for the washroom.

When the door shut behind me and I had switched on the light and turned the lock in the knob, I fumbled my belt loose and collapsed on the bowl, trousers bagged around my ankles. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and waited. Nothing. The pressure was still there, now more like an overfilled tire, sidewalls hard as a rock. I opened my eyes, and the little room looked bare and cold as the inside of an igloo. The fluorescent light was humming, occasionally pulsing. Above the taps, the glass soap dispenser glittered, and to one side protruded the snout on the electric blower for drying your hands. A single drop of water hung from a spigot, reflecting a tiny, quivering spark of light.

I was getting scared. I shut my eyes again and squeezed, but it felt as if there were nothing in my bladder at all but compressed air. Jesus God, I thought, it's something rare, something they don't even know about yet, maybe a virus.

Or my heart. Under my feet, the floor began to shiver very faintly and I heard a distant roaring. It came to me I was dying, was swelling up to burst, rot and pus all over everything, and then a crazy shame, imagining them finding my erupted corpse in here, bare-assed. I reeled up, yanking my pants to my waist, and in that instant of horrible, horrible panic I remembered that it was only the forklifts outside, loading crates of x-ray plates probably. For virus and hearts x-rays did no good. What good did any of it do, stockpiling silver or picric acid or selenium, selling short, the vitamins, golfing with the Old Man, Jerry and the kids, the fucking insurance? Tears, by God, were running down my face!

I gripped the edge of the sink, my arms trembling all the way to the shoulder. While the engines growled, far away, I thought about my life in an incredibly swift torrent of scenes, the way you are supposed to do in the moments before you go out. Eleven years with Tri-Co, accumulating and processing receipts, people coming and going — short and tall, fat and skinny, smart and stupid — while Mandy and Billy went through mumps and braces and bicycles, the wedding on the lawn, roast pigs in Hawaii, the back seat of my old Dodge, high school, what's-her-name — Melissa — pumping gas in white coveralls, ice-cold cokes, Dad shouting red-faced —

All at once, like somebody throwing a switch to shunt juice through a wire, the pressure increased and at the same time the handle on the washroom door rattled. I made some kind of a sound and the rattling stopped, but whoever it was waited out there, listening. I tottered to the bowl and pushed the handle. The water, perfectly clear, began to gyrate and suck away loudly. I watched it, mesmerized. A twisting, wobbling hole, working like a tap root down into the pipes, dank conduits that must connect up to the leachfield in the marsh, where the salt tide would carry everything out to sea. I felt like those weird creatures at the black bottom of the ocean, only the tons of water holding them together, pressing them into life-shapes.

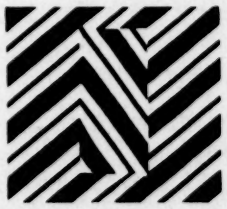
A sleepwalker, I went back and sent hot and cold water boiling into the sink, ran a comb through my hair, pulled at the knot in my tie. Scraps of the life-scenes came back, and as I looked in the mirror, one of them lodged fast and lunged up huge, like a zoom shot, just as I spotted the tiny black fleck in the glass. It was my Aunt Ruth, thirty-five years ago, looming over me, holding the sheet in both hands, the stripped mattress beside us. She was a narrow woman, hair gray and tight on her skull, and her whole life was keeping house.

My arm bent at the elbow like a puppet's, three fingers curling into my palm, the index extending. Her mouth was a line, ruler-straight, and I couldn't look her in the eye. She inhabited a universe of germs and dust and rubber gloves, because of her eczema, and out back in the garden the leaves of the tomato plants were heavy with the milk-white dust of her sprays. My lips contracted inward, stretching the skin beneath my nostrils. Her voice was quiet, sharp and intense, not asking because the marks were there, on the sheet, like pepper on mashed potatoes. The orders came at me quick as slaps. The finger went in, rotating and gouging, and the pressure blew like a boiler, an explosive jet of superheated gas, and then like a mainsail torn away in a hurricane, coasting over the waves like a huge bat, and I felt all at once light and airy, an athlete.

The doorknob rattled again. I stared at the clot under my fingernail, a dark whorl, a nut, imbedded in a nacreous gelatin with a tail curled like a comma.

"Dale, are you all right?" It was Geraldine, as Aunt Ruth, the resemblance now obvious.

"Fine." I brought the booger closer, breathed on it like a jewel. "Be out in a minute." I smiled, suffocating a giggle. "We'll pick up where we left off."



I DON'T KNOW HOW I knew just what to do that day, but I did. I carried the finger tucked into my palm, and while we went through files I found an opportunity to unload on the backside of a sheet of paper, a quick scrape with an ending flick. The paper returned to a stack and just knowing the little memento was there, pressed and drying, gave me a lift that was hard to believe. I was loose, quick, and sure the rest of the day, moving through columns of figures like a shark, nailing minuscule errors with telescopic hawk's vision. The rest of my staff caught my energy, and there were jokes, hands on shoulders, an impromptu dance — though the typewriters and calculators chattered like machine guns in a major assault, and we turned out work well ahead of schedule.

Three days later it happened again during the monthly executive meeting, a brain-storm session. I excused myself, bolted down the hall, and locked myself in the washroom again. When I came back I took my seat next to Breunig, and when he, just once, let his concentration stray to something the Old Man was gabbling on about, I brushed his calculator case, boogered it right on the sewn leather seam, no one noticing a thing. Right away the

rush came, and in the rest of that meeting I was full of fire, purposeful and confident. Leaving the board room, the Old Man squeezed my elbow, something he rarely does.

But of course I worried, and worried seriously when I realized the fits were happening more frequently. Externally, I was working in top form. The office was churning out its reports and estimates in record time, and the folders were even fatter than before. I lost eight pounds, and Dixie, still under forty with a tremendous pair of cans, started acting clumsy and short of breath when I called her in for conference. Once I leaned over her shoulder to check a total, and reaching under her arm to point at a line on the page, I laid one along her blouse, right under the swell of one of those luscious melons. She felt it, and when she looked up at me I already had the strong red wine of triumph in my veins, giving it right to her with my eyes, and she damn near fainted. But the frequency of the need, and even the hit of relief, because it was powerful like some kind of dope, was worrying me more and more.

I thought about Aunt Ruth, and some other memories surfaced. I recalled boogering my desk at school, working behind a propped-up book, until the whole undersurface of the wooden slat was marbled and prickly. When they dry out, they can form a sharp flake, and occasionally I would collect a little pile, murky pale yellow and amber crystals. Then I would snap a few across the room with a thumbnail, more subtle than a spitball, or crush them to powder and blow it away in a little cloud. It seemed to me this happened mostly in social studies. That was Mr. Boynton, a spectacled, venomous old maid who pranced around the room looking for opportunities to humiliate us, while he pretended to lecture through his nose about the Kwakiutl Indians and the laws of supply and demand.

Then, one time in high school when I was supposed to do a report on *Macbeth*, I and a couple of other guys tried to study together. We hated English so much — that was Mrs. Thompson, a fat gusher — we spent our time making fun of the assignment, getting goofier and dirtier. Striding around with lampshades on our heads and broomsticks for swords, we'd holler "Out, out, damned Dingleberry!" or "Pee on, Macduff!" and silly stuff like that. We threw the book around the room until the spine fractured and the pages were coming out, and when my buddies left — I was still worked up, and I think now that same pressure was building inside — I stuffed some of those pages in my mouth, chewed them up and swallowed them, and the next day when I took a dump I squatted down and peered at the turds curled in the porcelain chamber, hoping to find little dark flecks of ink and wads of paper, feeling excited by some secret power, probably imagining how Mrs. Thompson would react to this treatment of the Immortal Bard.

It was nuts, the way I picked up zest and authority from planting boogers, then sank into anxiety over being that weird. I went through the phone book looking for a shrink, but the offices seemed to be always in some quarter of the city where I could be seen by someone I knew. I bought some books and kept them in a locked drawer, but all I learned was a bunch of titles: *anal-retentive, coprophiliac, reaction-formation, obsessive-compulsive.* Explanations didn't help. Who cares what the fucking name is, except to make it sound impressive? One guy, who sounded like more of a weirdo than the others, made a suggestion that eased me a little. Primal Homeopathy. That doesn't mean queerdom, by the way. It's trying to get rid of a problem by expressing it, performing the very acts you are afraid of doing. That seemed right.

You have to really go into it, the guy said. A good idea for other reasons. As the urges came closer together, I was cleaning myself out, and found myself short a time or two, which gave me the cold sweats. So I started saving up, keeping a stash in an old cigarette case, stainless steel with a brass inlay. It actually helped a little just to have that case in my pocket, a row of dabs on a square of waxed paper, in all sizes and stages of solidity.

Then, at home, there were a couple of tense moments. Late one night, everybody else in bed, I was watching television, and something about the program and commercials was getting to me. This woman dressed in a white frilly blouse with flowers in her hair kept coming on with a pitch for some feminine deodorant — so smooth, so soft, so effective, so invisible. The way she turned her head to flounce out her hair, and twisted her upper torso, let you know real clear what she could do to you, off camera, with this hidden purity in her crotch. So about the third time she appeared I was ready, and boogered her across her sexy smile, on both nipples, in her flouncy hair. That was a big rush, and for another hour and a half I watched the news and a talk show, getting off tremendously as the anchorman went on in his tone of phony concern, and scenes of tanks and great leaders and depressed farmers materialized behind the flecks and smears; and the beautiful Hollywood people chatted and laughed and looked out at me knowingly through a little dark snowstorm.

I was tired and sleepy and exhausted, cleaned out, when I ran a sponge over the blank gray

screen, and so didn't do a very good job. The next morning, a Saturday, Mandy sat on the rug with her Special K, watching cartoons. All at once she reached out and pinched one of the remaining specks from the glass.

"Hey," she said, examining. "Mom? E-e-e-uh! Oogie!"

Her mother came out of the kitchen, Mixmaster in hand like a raygun. "What?" She leaned to examine, too, and my heart lurched behind the morning paper.

"Yum!" Mandy made a fiend-face, mouth wide, pretending to eat.

"Mandy! That's terrible. Billy?"

Billy looked up from his pocket Donkey Kong, his round little face already long-suffering.

"Did you do this?"

He shook his head, lips tight, and then glanced at me. I knew immediately that he had been watching, had caught me more than once despite the swift, ferret-fingered moves I had developed. It was only a glance, for he saw the pleading and threat in my eyes, and perhaps felt some rare, obscure bond between us. He also knew, I think, that nobody would believe him.

"Well," Jerry said to the room at large, "the little elves again. You kids had better set them an example. Mandy, go wash your hands, and Billy I want you dressed. Now hop, both of you."

She marched back into the kitchen and the two kids filed out of the room, huffy and suspicious.

Jerry shouted over the burring of her mixer. "What possesses them? On the *television*, for God's sake."

I grunted something behind the paper. Jerry could get by on grunts. She went on, but I wasn't listening. I was thinking about Mandy's pretended nasty gobbling.

THE DREDGE RECOVERY project was successful beyond our wildest dreams, partly due to the rocketing price of silver and partly due to the way I moved in to run the show. My new assurance, an intuitive grasp I had of the whole plan, brought me a new title: Advertising Consultant for Environmental Policy. I developed some commercials, and we went nation-wide with them. Some shots of the murky sludge in the vats, bubbling and stewing; then the marsh, reeds and cranes against a sunset, and at the end shining bars of pure silver with Tri-Co engraved on the side. Every memo, every

script, I sent out with my own personal mark on a backside or edge, but except for one passing remark from Dixie about my sloppy copy, no one said a word. I was, anyway, operating now at a level in the company that made me immune. Breunig and McMurtry had to smile and smile in my direction, and choke out an occasional compliment.

Then one morning I got a call from the Old Man. The recovery campaign had done so well that the company had been invited to give a featured presentation at a special session of the American Society of Manufacturers. Someone had to represent us, and I knew from the honey in the Old Man's tone that I would be the man. As a matter of form we would have to have a staff meeting, an election, but everybody knew what I had done, and the choice would be clear. There was another surprise, the Old Man said in his old coach voice, but he'd be a sonofabitch if he'd let me have the whole cake in advance.

I had a little surprise of my own, a wild leap I knew it was time to take. I had quit worrying, quit trying to figure out my own weirdness. In the life I knew, and in the whole country around me, there were things a lot crazier. You could see spots and clots everywhere: look under your car, in your oven, behind the sofa. And everybody pretending to look the other way. Cover it up. Bury it. Spray it with sweet goo. Doctors in their white smocks, politicians in their suits, with blow-dried hair, and somewhere out back the bloody messes in trashcans. As far as I could tell, I was doing homeopathy for the whole goddamned planet. The saviour, here he comes, Snot-Man!

When the meeting came down, we settled back in the leather swivel chairs, the Old Man with his tie already loose. A lot of joshing and easy banter, but the atmosphere was full of the ozone of titillation and envy. I had gone cold turkey for the day, not a single fingernail's worth, and deliberately let a balloon swell again inside me. To handle that, I had to stay cool, poised, and a little quiet, but it didn't even matter. Everybody was chuckles and backslaps around me. McMurtry brought himself to sit next to me, grinning like a hyena, his silver temples already damp with the sweat of hatred.

"Hey, buddy," he said, "lookin' good. The movie director."

I nodded, and gave him a little wink, like one gunfighter to another.

"He's tearing the place up," Polson, our advertising chief, said from across the table. "Finally got his shit together."

Then McMurtry gave me the perfect cue. He took from his pocket one of those five-cent afterdinner mints, and began unfolding the green foil around it.

From my pocket I withdrew the steel cigarette case and slid it in front of him. "Try one of these," I said, off-hand.

He paused, the chocolate wafer now exposed, his grin frozen.

"What you got, buddy?"

"Arab candy. From my Aunt Ruth. Puts lead in your pencil."

"Yeah?" He popped the lid and looked. There they were, pea-sized balls, a two-months' supply, rolled up with cinnamon, ground cloves, lemon peel and powdered sugar.

"Not that hashish stuff, kief candy? Old buddy, you wouldn't get us all high?"

"What's this?" Phillips, from marketing, reached over to take the case, passed it beneath his nostrils. "Hey, not bad." He took one of the balls. So did McMurtry, afraid he would be outdone in daring. Phillips tossed his right into his big, pink mouth, a gold tooth flashing. McMurtry nibbled.

"Not bad at all."

"I like that nutty flavor. You say Middle Eastern, Dale?"

It was all I could do just to smile, and not come apart.

Polson reached across, took two, and gave one to Breunig. "Jesus." He smacked his lips. "Those have got some zing." He helped himself to another.

"What's this?" The Old Man beckoned with two fingers and the case travelled in quick, swooping arcs down the line. "What the hell's this, Dale? This some of your recycled silver?" He poked at the balls with a fat finger and everybody laughed, like the track on a television comedy.

"You got it," I said. "Dale's Silver Dingles."

The Old Man made it a comedy. He held the little ball between thumb and forefinger, pinkie lifted for daintiness. Then, lips formed as if for a kiss, he squeezed shut his little piggy eyes and sucked in the pea. Everybody laughed when he opened his eyes again, crossed them, and gave a little piggy snort. "Hoo boy!" he bellowed. "That's got *character!* No wonder you're so jazzed up all the time." Laughter, laughter, more laughter, and that was lucky because I could let go too, and I was almost sobbing with excitement.

When the case was passed back to me with one ball remaining, I put it like a religious wafer on my tongue, snapped shut the lid, and the meeting began. It went swift and true through

announcement and discussion to quick and unanimous vote. I was going to Baltimore for the meeting, flying with projector and film cans on the company jet, booked into the Sheraton. My mission: to tell corporate America how they could salvage beauty and utility and extra profit right out of the sewer, just as Tri-Co had. The Old Man was proud of me, he said, winding up, because I had caught fire right when a lot of men quit and take the easy way out. I had shown that after fifteen years a man

As far as I could tell, I was doing homeopathy for the whole goddamned planet.

can have a creative rebirth, find reservoirs in himself that he never knew he had.

Then, his voice wobbling as if he were Knute Rockne and this was his last game, he said he had a little surprise for me. The Secretary of the Society of Manufacturers had called and informed him that they were in touch with the EPA, and the Administration liked the idea of improving its environmental image. On the evening of my presentation, the President of the United States was going to drop in, talk to the press for fifteen minutes, then join our brief reception.

"Dale," the Old Man turned to me, "you'll be there for all of us. Not just Tri-Co, but every sonofabitch of an executive who cares. Who cares enough to work his tail off, to get this country back where it used to be." The room was quiet and he looked around, his dough-face gone saggy with emotion. "Dale, for all of us, you're going to by God shake hands with the President of the United States. Maybe on TV."

"I will," I managed to say, riding way up on that balloon, exquisitely near bursting. I looked around the room, at those masks of cunning, greed and loathing. "For all of us." I smiled wide, cheeks tight as drumheads from internal pressure, because I knew already how it would be there at the top, the pinnacle. I would be a main speaker, memorable, so it wouldn't be just move along the line and pump the hand. No, I would rate a pause, a sincere grin and maybe a few jocular words. And when we clasped, full-palmed and firm, I hoped fervently the cameras would be rolling. They would catch his expression, maybe a moment later a glance down, a quick brush on the coat. The President of the United States, boogered! That was how it would be, and already I felt weightless as an astronaut, soaring. Like God, or some new and unknown germ, I felt I could reach everywhere. ■

REAL INTELLIGENCE

THE POLITICS OF MARTYRDOM

by Szanto

GOD is the most dangerous ally to have in a political struggle. When God enters the fray on your side or the other, politics often leads to war and God's wars have a way of lasting a very long time. The last issue of **CQ** focused on religion and politics. I was going to write about the changing nature of the Middle East Wars before then, but in the light of the articles in **CQ** it seems even more important. The implicit equation in many of the articles was: religion = morality, which means transcending mere personal interests in politics. Thus it is moral for a good Christian to stand against the arms race. But religion means much more. It means people and history. I've no easy answer to the issue of whether religion and politics mix — a question that I struggled with and found no comfortable resolution to when I was a C.O. during the Vietnam War. But for guidance on the question it's worth taking a look at the struggles in the Middle East, because there the confrontation of religion and politics is as ancient as the religions that began there.

Until recently the conflict between Israel and its neighbours was mainly a secular war for the right to rule a piece of turf. The European Jews wanted a homeland of their own after World War II and were willing to fight Palestine's Arab inhabitants for the right to make it theirs. With the sanction of the U.N. they took over in 1948 and have held their ground ever since. In this sense the struggle was like the conflict between the English and the Scots, the French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians, or the North and the South in the U.S. The basic issue, one of competing interests which through a fractured political process turned to violence, has at least the possibility of compromise. Politics needs live players to talk and agree. When God comes on the scene martyrs are right behind. A number of developments in the Middle East point to a changing character of the conflict as it moves from a secular to a religious basis.

As a context it is worth keeping in mind the following passage from the Koran: "Fight those who do not believe in Allah on the Last Day and who do not hold forbidden that which has been forbidden by his Apostle or acknowledge the Religion of Truth even if they are the People of the Book until they pay Jizya with willing submission and feel themselves subdued."

The most recent outbreak of fighting in Lebanon was between the Druze (a Moslem sect) and the Christian government in Beirut. But this is no new struggle. The foundation of the Druze belief system is the divinity of al-Hakim bin-Amr Allah who was the sixth caliph of the Fatmid dynasty of Egypt, ruling from A.D. 996 to 1021. Al-Hakim began the systematic persecution of the Shiah Muslims, the Christians, and later the Jews in the year A.H. 400 (according to the Muslim calendar 400 years after the Hizrah, Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina) — the Christian calendar would mark it as 1009. He burned the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem to the ground. Toward the end of his reign the persecution ceased and he was proclaimed the incarnation of God in 1017 (year 1 in the Druze calendar). One of the first converts to the belief in al-Hakim's divinity was a Shiite missionary, Mohammed ad-Darazi, from whom the name Druze derived. Ad-Darazi gathered followers in Lebanon, but was soon killed by them for being permissive toward sexual promiscuity and wine drinking. At the same time al-Hakim disappeared. Historians say he was murdered, but the faithful claim he went into hiding and would reappear after 1000 years.

In 1925 under a League of Nations mandate the French ruled Lebanon with a heavy hand. The Druze, living mostly in the hills, rebelled. After the Druze defeated the French in Lebanon the Syrian nationalists joined them. The fighting spread to Damascus leading to bombing raids by the French which

JAMES NACHTWEY/BLACK STAR/NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

An Israeli tank brigade conducting religious services during the war in Lebanon, February 1983.

Anonymous corporate planner Szanto's fourth "Real Intelligence" column pursues our religion and politics theme to its international implications: neither the Muslims, the Christians, nor the Jews will yield or compromise in the Middle East.

—Art Kleiner

ultimately subdued the rebellion by mid-1927. It was French rule that led to the partition of the ancient kingdom of Syria into the nations of Lebanon and Syria following World War II. Syria's present ruler, Hafez Assad, is an Alawite Shiite ruling a Sunni Moslem nation. Assad has joined with his brethren, the Druze, and the Shiites in Iran to oppose the Christians in Lebanon. But the Christians — like the Jews of Israel — will not yield or compromise because there is one more piece to the story.

Lebanon was the only non-Moslem Arab state. Everywhere else in the Middle East and North Africa the Moslems ruled. And in all those lands Arab Christians and Jews were at best second-class citizens. In Yemen, for example, a Jew on a donkey had to get off if a Moslem passed him on foot. In Lebanon, a fragile compromise between the seventeen religious sects kept the Christians in power since 1943. For them a thousand years of history tells them if they share power with the Moslems they will end up as outsiders in their own land.

In Israel a similar situation has developed. Most Americans think of Israelis as having European origins and, until recently, the majority were European. But the emerging majority now consists of Arab Jews who have also streamed to Israel in great numbers. These Jews and their fathers for more than a thousand years before them have lived under Moslem rule — albeit formal tolerance, but general exclusion. These Arab Jews are not interested in compromise and shared rule. They're tired of getting off their donkeys. They won't compromise. These are the people who elected Begin, who are occupying the West Bank and who had to be dragged from the Sinai.

As there are growing calls for Moslem unity, it is not surprising to hear the leader of the Christian militia (the brother-in-law of President Gemayel of Lebanon) call for "cultural and special ties between the minorities of the Middle East." The massacres in Lebanon of Moslem Palestinians were carried out by Christians while the Jewish Israeli forces looked the other way. The Israeli forces were led by General Etyan who compared Arabs to "drugged cockroaches in a bottle."

This increasing intrusion of religious alliances in secular affairs is not limited to Lebanon, Syria, and Israel. Iran and the Ayatollah Khomeini is an obvious case. But even the more moderate countries like Saudi Arabia are not immune. The following rules for foreign workers were issued by the Saudi Ministry of the Interior in December 1982.

"a. All foreign workers must abide by the laws, regulations and traditions of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia in matters relating to appearance, behaviour, habits, religions, social and ethical values.

"b. Each company with a housing compound must abide by the following:

(i) Separate the bachelor housing from the married housing.

(ii) Separate the living quarters of unmarried males from the living quarters of the unmarried females and must not allow them to mix within the housing compound.

(iii) Where there are recreational facilities, either within or outside the housing compound, every care must be taken to establish such facilities in accordance with the regulations and traditions of Saudi Arabia. For example, recreational facilities, swimming pools and playgrounds for women must be completely separate from those for men.

"c. The laws of Saudi Arabia strictly prohibit the importation, making and selling of alcoholic beverages and narcotics whatever the type or amount. The ban also covers the promotion or use of such intoxicants and narcotics. Anyone breaking this prohibition will be subject to stiff and deterring penalties.

"d. The laws of Saudi Arabia strictly prohibit the entry of films, magazines, publications and books except after review and approval by the Ministry of Information. The laws also prohibit the entry of pictures, paintings and scenes which violate religious rules.

"e. Anyone who violates the laws and regulations of Saudi Arabia will invite the imposition of severe penalties which will be imposed on the offender, his accomplices, and those who cover him."

The other great change, of course, is the increasing involvement of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Today Soviet and U.S. forces are less than a hundred miles apart in Lebanon/Syria. Both sides, of course, are playing all sides with the hope of a resolution in their favour. At one point the Russians were supporting both the Iraqis and the Iranians. Reagan meanwhile put forward his hopelessly naive Peace Plan, which, while eminently sensible, took no cognizance of the realities of religious warfare.

As God enters the Middle Eastern War, the possibility of peace in any conventional sense disappears. One option is the total victory of the Moslems over the outsiders. This can't happen because the U.S. won't permit it and the Israelis will fight to the death — and if recent history is a guide, it won't be their death. The superpowers can't engage wholly without coming into direct confrontation. So that option is out.

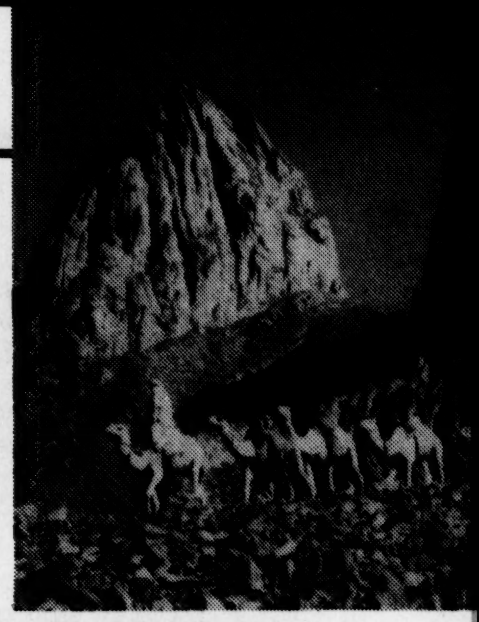
A millenium of history tells us that the only option is the management of conflict. Wars can have no total victories. Peace will not endure. Political orders are temporary. Because of oil the industrialized nations see vital interests, but they must recognize that any attempt to achieve "lasting peace" will fail and can even lead to ultimate war. When every warrior has God on his side, when each believes martyrdom is good politics, it is wise not to take today's battle too seriously, for it will not be the last. ■

NOMADICS

The Mountain Travel Book of Treks, Outings & Expeditions

This is a catalog of trips you can take — not all that cheap, either. So what's the big deal? Uh, well, it's just that it is very difficult to thumb through this thing without being seized with an uncontrollable urge to hit the road. I haven't been so fired up since my grandpa gave me a set of Richard Halliburton books for my tenth birthday! What's nifty about this catalog is that the treks offered are possible — people are actually doing this — now. This is a lot different than just reading about some fascinating place in the ***National Geographic****, this is something you can do if you want to. Each offering is detailed day by day. There is information here you could use to get your own trip started, in the event the fees asked are beyond your means. It also has the effect (which I'm sure the authors know all to well) of making such a trip "real." Add the gorgeous color shots, labelled as to location (such illustrations usually are not in other publications), and it all becomes highly inciting. Give one to your ten-year-old and you'll likely raise a world traveler. And it should be said that travel with the book's sponsor, Mountain Travel (**NWEC** p. 430), is a good way to get into a locale unfamiliar to yourself. No matter what your experience, an arranged trip can be much more pleasant than your own struggles. Bye.*

—J. Baldwin



Sahara Camel Expedition:

We will travel a mountainous region of the Sahara — the Hoggar Mountains — by camel and on foot, enjoying the mystique of the Sahara and experiencing the way of life of our nomadic Touareg guides, the blue-robed "nobles of the desert."

The Mountain Travel Book of Treks, Outings & Expeditions
1983; 140 pp.

$10.95
postpaid from:
Ten Speed Press
P.O. Box 7123
Berkeley, CA 94707
or Whole Earth Access

Mountain Skiing

Another ski book. This one, however, concerns cross-country and Nordic skiing where the penalties tend to be more severe than on the groomed and patrolled slopes of Happy Valley. Back in the boonies you need to know more than you are likely to get from a few hours with a handsome instructor. Lots of quite exceptional photographs show what you should look like out there, including detailed recovery from mistakes. The accompanying advice is the most experienced I've seen — I wish I'd been able to read it before spending time in Uncle Sam's Ski Infantry. The point of view is state-of-the-art rather than traditional. The attitude is friendly, jargon-free, and competent. The effect is to encourage you to greater things.

—J. Baldwin

Even the most wacky skiers will stop and think twice before attempting a slope that seems to be too dangerous for turning. The combination of blue ice, 20° chute, and cliffs or crevasses below, for example, can be much more threatening than a 50° open slope filled with soft corn snow. . . . The technique for such situations is the ski glissade, basically slideslipping with one pole acting as a brake and outrigger.

Mountain Skiing
Vic Bein
1982; 192 pp.
$8.95
postpaid from:
The Mountaineers
719 Pike Street
Seattle, WA 98101

Getting the wind speed measurement from a mountain anemometer.

The Avalanche Review

Here's a spicy newsmonthly that's good reading for serious snow travelers, researchers, and forecasters. The regional weather roundup is a valuable feature that forecasts snow conditions of avalanche-prone regions from the continental U.S. to Alaska. The weather words make you aware of mountain weather and how changes in snow conditions affect snow stability. Research news, probing fiction, book reviews, equipment lists from manufacturers, avalanche control techniques — it's all here for safe travel. It's a timely publication because avalanche-related mishaps have increased over the years, not because there are more avalanches, but due to the increasing popularity of winter travel in high country. Good reading, nice style. Bravo! My favorite quote: "Be careful, the avalanche does not know you are a specialist." [Also see ***Handbook of Snow*** *(p. 61).]*

—Charles Chesney

The Avalanche Review
$8/year (7 issues)
from:
The Avalanche Review
P.O. Box 20247
Broadway Station
Seattle, WA 98102-1247

Our New Baby

I grew up in the Spock era when kids got extensive sex education, but somehow even though I knew an awful lot about sperm and eggs I never got the actual "why" and "how" of the whole thing until later, from my best friend's older brother. In all that teaching they did they never mentioned that sex was fun and you did those things for other reasons than to make sperm swim up and into eggs. This book does not evade that or other related matters. The entire drama from a new baby being wanted, conceived, carried in utero, delivered, and brought home, is covered in comic book form from the perspective of a sibling. It is extremely realistic, from mom being grouchy during early pregnancy to the father describing the pain and excitement of the actual birth, to the lack of attention older kids get when friends of the parents come over to ogle the new addition. I read it cover to cover first and Sarah, not yet three, is fascinated by it all and either has us read her the book or reads it herself often. There are parts I still gloss over, at her age, but the unneurotic, straightforward approach to this subject is very refreshing. Kids are much more sophisticated these days and I think the best approach is to not hold out on them when the subject is as important as sex. This book can make it easy for a parent to explain all this.

—Andrea Sharp

Our New Baby
(A Picture Story for Parents and Children)
Grethe Fagerstrom and Gunilla Hansson
1977, 1982; 48 pp.
$7.95
postpaid from:
Barron's
Educational Series
113 Crossways Park Drive
Woodbury, NY 11797
or Whole Earth Access

It's MY Body

It's MY Body *is written by Lory Freeman, a Northwest children's book author and preschool teacher who believes that a child is a whole complete individual with valid, valuable feelings and insights into their world.*

It's MY Body *introduces children to the concept of turning inward for signals, and teaches them that they can trust their feelings, something that many parents have yet to learn. It gives the child tools and key phrases that are immediately useful in coping with many future stressful situations. The captivating illustrations are by Washington artist-illustrator Carol Deach.*

Each day at read-a-book time Felicia, our three-year-old, wants the "body book" read over and over. When I must go on to other things she then "reads" the "body book" over and over to herself.

—Dana Lundquist-de Luz

It's MY Body
Lory Freeman
1981; 24 pp.
$3.99
postpaid from:
Planned Parenthood of Snohomish County
Book Order
2722 Colby, Suite 515
Everett, WA 98201

Pony Express Book Service

At last, a mail-order source of the best in children's books. ***Pony Express Book Service*** *offers a catalog of more than 400 titles representing the finest in enduring fiction, fantasy, folklore, non-fiction and classics — all in paperback or inexpensive hardbound editions.*

Every book in the catalog has been chosen for its proven appeal to young people. If you should happen to be unfamiliar with a particular title, the short review accompanying each entry will give you an idea of the story line. (Our nine-year-old has recently been enjoying several books that we didn't know existed until we studied the catalog.)

—Ole Wik

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The Secret Life of Swami Muktananda

by William Rodarmor

Illustrated by Matthew Wuerker

There is no deity superior to the Guru, no gain better than the Guru's grace . . . no state higher than meditation on the Guru."

—Muktananda

ON THE American consciousness circuit, Baba Muktananda was known as the "guru's guru," one of the most respected meditation masters ever to come out of India. Respected, that is, until now.

When Baba Ram Dass introduced him to the U.S. in 1970, Muktananda was still largely unknown. Thanks to Muktananda's spiritual power, his Siddha meditation movement quickly took root in the fertile soil of the American growth movement. By the time he died of heart failure in October 1982, Muktananda's followers had built

There are few things sadder than a good guru gone bad. The cynics among us may object that a "good guru" is a contradiction in terms, and certainly the spectacle of corrupt and authoritarian cults in recent years has cast a pall over the role of spiritual teachers. Nevertheless I'm willing to maintain that a significant amount of wisdom and compassionate works have proceeded from various gurus and their followers, and I resist the impulse to write off the whole bunch as charlatans and power-trippers.

From all indications Swami Muktananda helped thousands of people in his day — a fact that even disillusioned ex-devotees don't dispute. However, the last few years of his life saw a proliferation of abuses which are only now coming to light. William Rodarmor, a former lawyer, park ranger, wilderness trip leader and presently a graduate student at the University of California at Berkeley journalism school, has spent months interviewing former and current followers of Muktananda for this investigative article. CQ independently contacted his major sources and confirmed the authenticity of their quotes and allegations.

—Jay Kinney

him 31 ashrams, or meditation centers, around the world. When crowds saw Muktananda step from a black limousine to a waiting Lear jet, it was clear that the diminutive, orange-robed Indian was an American-style success.

At various times, Jerry Brown, Werner Erhard, John Denver, Marsha Mason, James Taylor, Carly Simon, astronaut Edgar Mitchell, and Meg Christian have all been interested in Muktananda's movement. The media coordinator at the large Oakland, California, ashram is former Black Panther leader Erika Huggins.

Baba Muktananda said he was a Siddha, the representative of a centuries-old Hindu lineage. According to his official biography, he wandered across India as a young man, going from teacher to teacher, living the chaste, austere life of a monk. In Ganeshpuri, near Bombay, he became the disciple of Nityananda, a Siddha guru of awesome yogic powers. After years of meditation, Muktananda experienced enlightenment. When Nityananda died in 1960, Muktananda said the guru passed the Siddha mantle to him on his deathbed, though some of Nityananda's followers in India dispute the claim. When Muktananda himself died, a sympathetic press still saw him as a spiritual Mr. Clean, and his two successors, a brother-sister team of swamis, continue to draw thousands of people searching for higher consciousness.

To most of his followers, Muktananda was a great master. But to others, he was a man unable to live up to the high principles of his own teachings. "When we first approach a Guru," Muktananda wrote, "we should carefully examine his qualities and his actions. He should have conquered desire and anger and banished infatuation from his heart." For many, that was a warning that was understood too late.

Some of Muktananda's most important former followers now charge that the guru repeatedly violated his vow of chastity, made millions of dollars from his followers' labors, and allowed guns and violence in his ashrams. The accusations have been denied by the swamis who took over his movement after the master died.

In the course of preparing this story, I talked with 25 present and former devotees; most of the interviews are on tape. Some people would only talk to me if promised anonymity, and some are bitter at what they feel was Muktananda's betrayal of their trust. All agree that Muktananda was a man of unusual power. They differ over the ways he used it.

"I don't have sex for the same reason you do: because it feels so good."

—Muktananda

IN HIS teachings, Muktananda put a lot of emphasis on sex — most of it negative. Curbing the sex drive released the kundalini energy that led to enlightenment, he said. The swami himself claimed to be completely celibate.

Members of the guru's inner circle, however, say Muktananda regularly had sex with his female devotees. Michael Dinga, an Oakland contractor who was head of construction for the ashram and a trustee of the foundation, said the guru's sexual exploits were common knowledge in the ashram. "It was supposed to be Muktananda's big secret," said Dinga, "but since many of the girls were in their early to middle teens, it was hard to keep it secret."

A young woman I am calling "Mary" said the guru seduced her at the main American ashram at South Fallsburg, New York, in 1981. Mary was in her early twenties at the time. Muktananda was 73.

At South Fallsburg, Muktananda used to stand behind a curtain in the evening, watching the girls coming back to the dormitory. He asked Mary to come to his bedroom several times, and gave her gifts of money and jewelry. Finally, she did. When he then told her to undress, she was shocked, but she obeyed. "He had a special area which I assume he used for his sexual affairs. It was similar to a gynecologist's table, but without the stirrups." (To his later chagrin, Michael Dinga realized he had built the table himself.) "He didn't have an erection," Mary said, "but he inserted about as much as he could. He was standing up, and his eyes were rolled up to the ceiling. He looked as if he was in some sort of ecstacy." When the session was over, Muktananda ordered the girl to come back the next day, and added, "Don't wear underwear."

On the first night, Muktananda had tried to convince Mary she was being initiated into tantric yoga — the yoga of sex. The next night, he didn't bother. "It was like 'Okay, you're here, take off your clothes, get on the table and let's do it.' Just very straight, hard, cold sex."

Mary told two people about what had happened to her. Neither was exactly surprised.

Michael's wife Chandra was disturbed. Chandra was probably the most important American in the movement. As head of food services, she saw Muktananda daily, and knew what was going on. "Whoever was in his kitchen was in some way molested," she said. A girl I'll call "Nina" used to work for Chandra. One day, the guru remarked to her in Hindi, "Sex with Nina is very good." Nina's mother was later made a swami.

Chandra said she had rationalized the guru's having sex in the past, but was dismayed to learn it had happened to her young friend Mary. Aware of Muktananda's power over people who were devoted to him, she saw it as a form of rape.

The other person Mary confided in was Malti, Muktananda's long-time translator.

Mary said Malti wasn't surprised when she told her about being seduced by the aged guru. "She told me people had been coming to her with this for years and years," Mary said. "She was caught in the middle." Malti and her brother, who have taken the names Chidvilisananda and

Nityananda, are the movement's new leaders.

Another of Muktananda's victims was a woman I'll call "Jennifer." She says Muktananda raped her at the main Indian ashram at Ganeshpuri in the spring of 1978. He ordered Jennifer to come to his bedroom late one night, and told her to take her clothes off. "I was in shock," she said, "but over the years, I had learned you never say no to anything that he asked you to do. . . ."

Muktananda had intercourse with Jennifer for an hour, she said, and was quite proud of the fact. "He kept saying, 'Sixty minutes,' " she said. "He claimed he was using the real Indian positions, not the westernized ones used in America." While he had sex, the guru felt like conversing, but Jennifer found she couldn't say a word. "The main thing he wanted to know was how old I was when I first got my period. I answered something, and he said, 'That's good, you're a pure girl.' "

Devastated by the event, Jennifer made plans to leave the ashram as soon as possible, but Muktananda continued to be interested in her. "He used to watch me getting undressed through the keyhole," she said. She would open the door and see the guru outside. "I became rather scared of him, because he kept coming to my room at night."

Both women said the Ganeshpuri ashram was arranged to suit Muktananda's convenience.

"He had a secret passageway from his house to the young girls' dormitory," Mary said. "Whoever he was carrying on with, he had switched to that dorm." The guru often visited the girls' dormitory while they were undressing. "He would come up anytime he wanted to," Jennifer said, "and we would just giggle. In the early days, I never thought of him as having sexual desires. He was the guru. . . ." Mary knew otherwise: she talked with at least eight other young girls who had sex with Muktananda. "I knew that he had girls marching in and out of his bedroom all night long," she said.

While his followers were renovating a Miami hotel in 1979, Muktananda slept on the women's floor, and ordered that the youngest be put in the rooms closest to his, and the older ones down the hall.

"You always knew who he was carrying on with," said Chandra. "They came down the next day with a new gold bracelet or a new pair of earrings." Around the ashram, said Mary, people knew that "anyone who had jewelry was going to his room a lot."

For a time, Muktananda's followers found ways to rationalize his behavior. He wasn't really penetrating his victims, they said. Or he wasn't ejaculating — an important distinction to some, since retaining the semen was supposed

to be a way of conserving the kundalini energy.

Ultimately, Chandra felt it didn't make any difference. "If you're going to be celibate, and you're going to preach celibacy, you don't put it in halfway, and then pull it out. You live what you preach. . . ."

After years of repressing their growing doubts about Muktananda, Michael and Chandra finally drew the line when they learned he was molesting a 13-year-old girl. She had been entrusted to the ashram by her parents, and was being cared for by Muktananda's laundress and chauffeur. The laundress "told me Baba was doing things to her," said Chandra. "I think he was probing around in her." The laundress suggested it was only "Baba's way of loving her," but Chandra was appalled.

Charges of sex against Muktananda continued. In 1981, one of Muktananda's swamis, Stan Trout, wrote an open letter accusing his guru of molesting little girls on the pretext of checking their virginity. The letter caused a stir, but word didn't go beyond the ashram. In a "Memo from Baba," Muktananda merely answered that "devotees should know the truth by their own experience, not by the letters that they receive. . . . You should be happy that I'm still alive and healthy and that they haven't tried to hang me."

"Wretched is he who cannot observe discipline and restraint even in an ashram." ***—Muktananda***

IN THE first of his eight years with Muktananda, Yale dropout Richard Grimes said he was "in a funny kind of grace period, where you're so involved with the beginning of inner life that you don't really notice what is going on." But then he started seeing things that didn't jibe with his idea of a meditation retreat.

"Muktananda had a ferocious temper," said Grimes, "and would scream or yell at someone for no seeming reason." He saw the guru beating people on many occasions. "In India, if peasants were caught stealing a coconut from his ashram, Muktananda would often beat them," Grimes said. The people in the ashram thought it was a great honor to be beaten by the guru. No one asked the peasants' opinion.

Muktananda's ubiquitous valet, Noni Patel, was a regular target of his master's wrath. While on tour in Denver, Noni came down to the kitchen to be treated for a strange wound in his side. "At first, he wouldn't say how he had gotten it," Grimes' wife Lotte recalled. "Later it came out that Baba had stabbed him with a fork."

When ex-devotees talked about strong-arm tactics against devotees, the names of two people close to Muktananda kept coming up. One was David Lynn, known as Sripati, an ex-Marine Vietnam vet. The other was Joe Don Looney, an ex-football player with a reputation for troublemaking on the five NFL teams he played for, and a criminal record. They were known as the "enforcers"; Muktananda used them to keep people in line.

On the guru's orders, Sripati once picked a public fight with then-swami Stan Trout at the South Fallsburg ashram. He came down from Boston, where Muktananda was staying, and punched Trout to the ground without provocation. Long-time devotee Abed Simli saw the attack, but figured Sripati had just flipped out. Michael Dinga knew otherwise. Muktananda had phoned him the morning before the beating, and told him Trout's ego was getting too big, and that he was sending Sripati to set him straight. Dinga, a big man, was instructed not to interfere.

In India, Dinga and a man called Peter Polivka witnessed Muktananda's valet Noni Patel give a particularly brutal beating to a young follower: A German boy in his twenties, whom Dinga described as "obviously in a disturbed state," had started flailing around during a meditation intensive. The German was hauled outside, put under a cold shower, stripped naked, and laid out on a concrete slab behind the ashram. Dinga said the German just sat in a full lotus position, and tried to steel himself against what happened next.

Noni Patel took a rubber hose a foot-and-a-half long, and beat and questioned the boy for thirty minutes while a large black man called Hanuman held him. "They were full-strength blows," said Dinga, "and they raised horrible welts on the boy's body."

There exists a long tradition in the East of masters beating their students. Tibetan and Zen Buddhist stories are full of sharp blows that stop the students rational minds long enough for them to become enlightened. Couldn't that have been what Muktananda was doing?

"It could be seen that way," said Richard Grimes. "For years, we thought that every discrepancy was because he lived outside the laws of morality. He could do anything he wanted. That in itself is the biggest danger of having a perfect master lead any kind of group — there's no safeguard."

Chandra Dinga said that as Muktananda's power grew, he ignored normal standards of behavior. "He felt he was above and beyond the law," she said. "It went from roughing people up who didn't do what he wanted, to eventually, at the end, having firearms."

Though the ashrams were meditation centers, a surprising number of people in them had guns. Chandra saw Noni's gun, Muktananda's successor Subash's gun, and the shotgun Muktananda kept in his bedroom. Others saw guns in the hands of "enforcer" Sripati and ashram manager Yogi Ram. The manager of the Indian ashram showed Richard Grimes a pistol that had been smuggled into India for his use. One devotee opened a paper bag in an ashram vehicle in Santa Monica, and found ammunition in it.

A woman who ran the ashram bakery for many years said she knew some people had guns, but that it never bothered her. The Santa Monica ashram, for example, was in a very rough neighborhood, she said, and the guns were strictly for protection.

"In an ashram, one should not fritter one's precious time in a precious place on eating and drinking, sleeping, gossiping and talking idly."
—Muktananda

BY ALL accounts, devotees in the ashrams worked hard under trying conditions. In India, they were isolated from their culture. Even in the American ashrams, close friendships were frowned on, and Muktananda strongly discouraged devotees from visiting their families. A woman I'm calling "Sally" used to get up for work at 3:30 a.m. She said her day was spent in work, chanting, meditation, and silence. "Some days, you couldn't talk to anyone all day long. I would get very lonely." Recorded chants were often played over loudspeakers. Even a woman who is still close to the movement admitted that "the long hours were a drag."

Though he was Muktananda's right-hand man for construction, Michael Dinga worked "under incredible schedules with ridiculous budgets," putting in the same hours as his crew. In the six-and-a-half years he was with the ashram, he said he had a total of two weeks off.

As time went on, Dinga came to be bothered by what he saw as exploitation: "I saw the way people were manipulated, how they would work in all sincerity and all devotion [with] no idea that they were being laughed at and taken advantage of."

"Even a penny coming as a gift should be regarded as belonging to God and religion." ***—Muktananda***

MUKTANANDA'S movement was both a spiritual and a financial success. Once Siddha meditation caught on, said Chandra Dinga, "money poured into the ashram."

Particularly lucrative were the two-day "meditation intensives" given by Muktananda, and now by his successors. Today, an intensive led by the two new gurus costs $200. (Money orders or cashier's checks only, please. No credit cards or personal checks.) An intensive given in Oakland in May 1983 drew 1200 participants, and people had to be turned away. At $200 a head, Chidvilasananda and Nityananda's labors earned the ashram nearly a quarter of a million dollars in a single weekend.

There was always a lot of secrecy around ashram affairs, Lotte Grimes remarked. During Muktananda's lifetime, that secrecy applied to money matters with a vengeance.

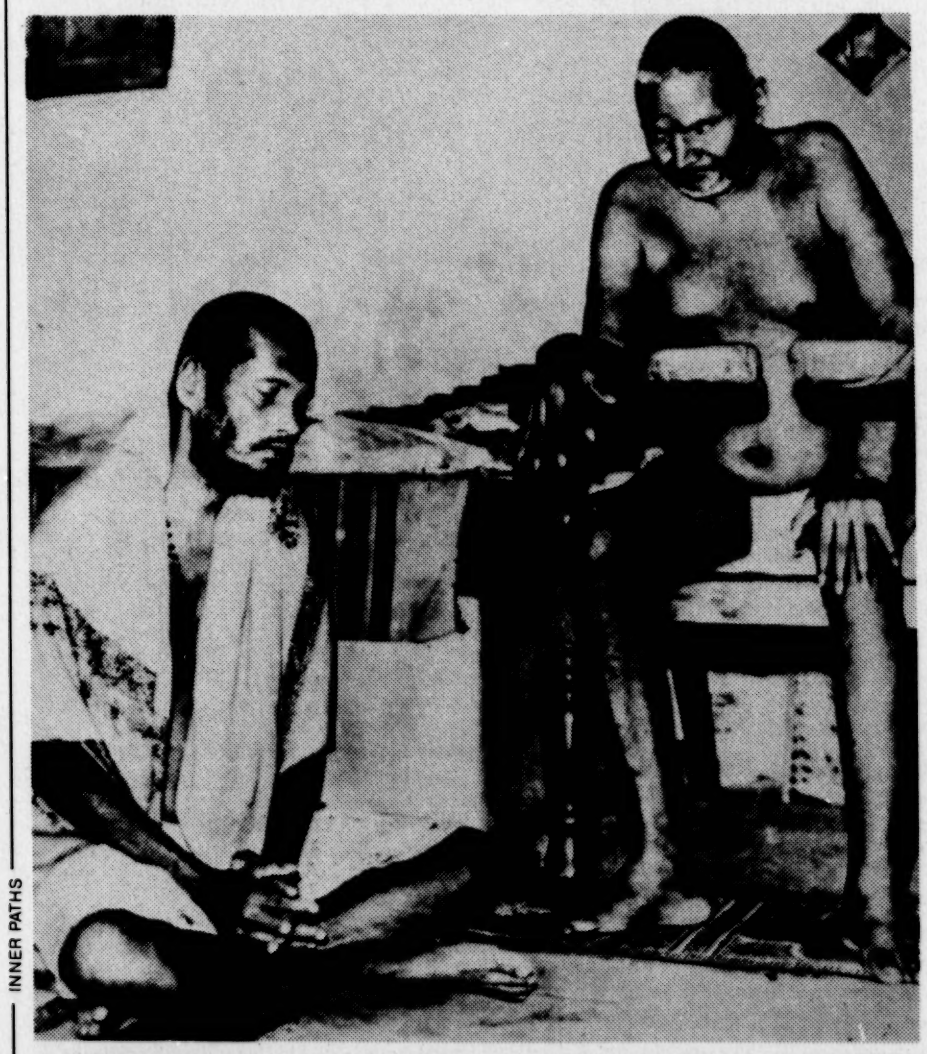
The number of people who came to intensives, for example, was a secret even from the devotees. Simple multiplication would tell anyone how much money was coming in. And when Richard Grimes set up a restaurant at the Oakland ashram, he said Muktananda "had a fit" when he found out that Grimes had been keeping his own records of the take.

Food services head Chandra Dinga said the restaurants in the various ashrams were always big money-makers, where devotees worked long hours for free. On tour during the summer, she said, they would feed over a thousand people, and bring in three thousand dollars in cash a day. Sally said that a breakfast that sold for two dollars actually cost the ashram about three cents.

Donations further fattened the coffers. If somebody important was coming to the ashram, Chandra's job was to try and get them to give a feast and to make a large donation. $1500 to $3000 was considered appropriate. "There was just a constant flow of money into his pockets," said Chandra. "It let him get whatever he wanted to get, and let him buy people."

Muktananda himself was said to have been very attached to money. "For years, he catered only to those who were wealthy," said Richard Grimes. "He spent all the time outside of his public performances seeing privately anyone who had a lot of money."

A parade of Mercedes-Benzes used to drive up to the Ganesh-



Young Muktananda, left, and *his* guru Nityananda before the latter's death in 1960.

puri ashram with rich visitors, said Grimes. In Oakland, Lotte Grimes saw Malti order a list drawn up of everybody in the ashram who had money, to arrange private interviews with Muktananda, by his orders.

Devotees, on the other hand, had to get by on small stipends, if they got anything. Chandra Dinga, despite her status as head of food services, never got more than $100 a month. Devotees with less prestige were completely dependent on the guru's generosity. Sally once cried for two days when she broke her glasses, knowing she would have to beg Muktananda for another pair.

How much money did Muktananda amass from his efforts? Even the officers of the foundation that ostensibly ran Muktananda's affairs never knew for sure.

Michael Dinga was a foundation trustee, and used to cosign for deposits to the ashram's Swiss bank accounts, but the amounts on the papers were always left blank. In 1977, however, he got a hint. Ron Friedland, the president of the foundation, told Dinga that Muktananda had 1.3 million dollars in Switzerland. Three years later, Muktananda told Chandra it was more like five million. "And then he laughed, and said, 'There's more than that.'"

A woman called Amma, who was Muktananda's companion for more than twenty years, told the Dingas that all the accounts were in the names of Muktananda's eventual successors, Chidvilasananda and Nityananda.

Michael and Chandra Dinga finally quit the ashram in December 1980. They had served Muktananda for a combined total of sixteen-and-a-half years, and had risen to positions of real importance. Both knew exactly how the ashram operated.

Together, they went to Muktananda to tell him why they wanted to leave. The guru wasn't pleased. To get the Dingas to stay, Muktananda called on everything he thought would stir them. He offered them a car, a house, and money. When that failed, he started to weep. "You're my blood, my family," he said. Then Muktananda abruptly changed tack. "You've come on an inauspicious day," he said. "I can't give you my blessing." Next morning, he called Chandra on the public intercom and said she could leave immediately.

After they left, the Dingas say they were denounced by the guru, and their lives threatened.

"Muktananda claimed he had thrown us out because Chandra was a whore," said Dinga, "that she was having sex with the young boys who worked in the restaurant. Later he said I had a harem. In other words, he was accusing us of all the things he was doing himself." Muktananda also claimed that none of the buildings Michael had built were any good. When one of Michael's crew stood up for him, he was threatened physically.

Leaving all their friends behind in the ashram, the Dingas moved to the San Francisco area, but Muktananda's enmity followed them. Their doorbell and telephone started ringing at odd hours, and Michael saw the "enforcers" running away from their door one night. A cruel hoax was played on Chandra. Someone followed her when she took her cat to the vet, then phoned the vet's office with a message that her husband had been in a bad accident. Chandra waited frantically at Berkeley's Alta Bates Hospital for three-quarters of an hour, only to learn that Michael was at work, unhurt.

Death threats started to reach the Dingas toward the end of April 1981, six months after they had left the ashram. On May 7, Sripati and Joe Don Looney visited Lotte Grimes at her job in Emeryville with a frightening piece of information: "Tell Chandra this is a message from Baba: Chandra only has two months to live."Another ex-follower said he got a similar message: If the Dingas didn't keep quiet, acid would be thrown in Chandra's face; Michael would be castrated.

The Grimeses and the Dingas reported the threats to the police. The Dingas hired a lawyer.

The threats stopped soon after Berkeley police officer Clarick Brown called on the Oakland ashram, but Chandra was badly frightened. Some ex-followers still are.

Michael and Chandra's departure sparked a small exodus from the ashram. Some of the ex-followers began to meet and compare notes on their experiences in the ashram. "We were amazed and rejuvenated," said Richard Grimes. "We got more energy from learning he was a con man than we ever did thinking he was a real person."

Just the same, the devotees who left the ashram are still dealing with the damage done to their lives. Michael and Chandra's marriage broke up, as did Sally's. Michael is only now coming out of a period of depression and emptiness. Richard and Lotte Grimes are bitter at having wasted years of their lives in the ashram. Stan Trout still considers Muktananda a great yogi, but a tragically flawed man.

Chandra Dinga has taken years to come to terms with her experience with Muktananda. "Your whole frame of reference becomes askew," she said. "What you would normally think to be right or wrong no longer has any place. The underlying premise is that everything the guru does is for your own good. The guru does no wrong. When I finally realized that everything he did was not for our own good, I had to leave."

Muktananda's two successors were at the Oakland ashram in May, and I asked Swami Chidvilasananda about the accusations against her guru.

To her knowledge, did Muktananda have sex with women in the ashram? "Not as far as I saw," she said carefully. What about the charge that Muktananda had sex with young girls? "Those girls never came to us," Chidvilasananda said. "And we never saw it, we only heard it when Chandra talked to everybody else."

Chidvilasananda also denied that there was a bank account in Switzerland. When asked about

the ashram's finances, she said that all income was put back into facilities. "We are a break-even proposition," the new leader said.

As for the alleged beatings, she said that Americans had their own ways of doing things. She said, "You can't blame the guru, because the guru doesn't teach that."

Why then, I asked, do the other ex-devotees I talked with support the Dingas in their charges?

Chidvilasananda replied, "I'm very glad they gave you a very nice story to cover themselves up and I want to tell you I don't want to get into this story because I know their story, too, and I do not want to say anything about it." When I said, "You have a chance to tell us whether or not you think these are accurate charges, falsehoods, or delusions," Malti's answer was: "I'm not going to probe into people's minds and try to find out what the truth is."

Two swamis and a number of present followers also said the charges were not true. Others say they simply don't believe them.

On the subject of money, foundation chief Ed Oliver conceded in an October 1, 1983, interview with the **Los Angeles Times** that there is a Swiss account with 1.5 million dollars in it. And when I repeated Swami Chidvilasananda's denials about women complaining to her, Mary, the woman who says the guru seduced her in South Fallsburg, said, "Well, that's an out-and-out lie."

"The sins committed at any other place are destroyed at a holy centre, but those committed at a holy centre stick tenaciously — it is difficult to wash them away." ***—Muktananda***

THIS IS a story of serious accusations made against a spiritual leader who is still prayed to and revered by thousands. Even his detractors say

Letter From a Former Swami

by Stan Trout

I'D LIKE to add this letter, if possible, as an appendix to the article on Muktananda by William Rodarmor. It is a statement of my thoughts and opinions of Muktananda after two years of deep deliberation following my discovery of his 'secret life.'

When I left Muktananda's service, I did so because I had just learned of the threatening action he had taken against some of his long-time devotees who had recently left his service. He had sent two of his body-guards to deliver threats to two young married women who had been speaking to others of Muktananda's sexual liaisons with a number of young girls in his ashram. It was immediately clear to me that I could not represent a guru who was not only taking sexual advantage of his female devotees but was threatening with bodily harm those who revealed the truth about him. However, after I had left Muktananda and had made the reasons for my departure known to others still in his service, another issue came to light for me, teaching me something not only about Muktananda, but about the nature of his organization and all other such organizations in which the leader is regarded as infallible by his followers, and is therefore obeyed implicitly.

When Chandra and Michael Dinga and later I myself realized the truth about Muktananda and his secret sex life, there was absolutely no means available to present the evidence for a fair hearing or judgment. There was no recourse but to leave, for the guru was the sole appeal, and he was as accustomed to lying as he was to breathing. Yet his word was regarded by his followers as so absolutely final that when each of us left and were branded "demons" by him, not a single soul among those who had been our brother and sister devotees for ten years questioned or objected, but unanimously rejected us outright as the demented infidels he said we were. One has only to observe the way each of us who discovered the guru's secret life were treated by our former comrades to understand the power for evil inherent in any relationship based on the infallibility of the leader and the unquestioned obedience of the subjects. . . .

It is clear to me that not only had the girls with whom Muktananda practiced his sexual diversions committed acts to which they had given no moral or rational consent, but so had the men who were ordered to threaten them with violence, and so had I myself when I had followed Muktananda's orders to express to others opinions which I did not sincerely hold. It is a sad but perennial phenomenon: Out of a love for truth and for those who teach it and appear to embody it, we unwittingly set ourselves up for exploitation and betrayal. Our mistake is to deify another being and attribute perfection to him. From that point on everything is admissable.

I think the lesson to be learned is that we simply cannot afford to relinquish our individual sovereignty — whether it be in a socio-political setting or in a religious congregation. Those

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Stan Trout, formerly Swami Abhayananda, served Muktananda for ten years as a teacher and ashram director. He left in 1981. "My summary withdrawal from Muktananda's organization was also a withdrawal from what I had considered my fraternal family, my friends, and, above all, my life's work," he wrote us. He sent this open letter after reading a draft of "The Secret Life of Swami Muktananda," in which he is quoted. ***—Art Kleiner***

Muktananda gave them a great deal in the beginning. "He put out a force field around him," said Michael Dinga. "You could palpably feel the force coming off him. It gave me the feeling I had latched onto something that would answer my questions." Former devotees say Muktananda's eyes had a kind of light; when they first met the guru, he radiated love and benevolence. He also had a way of making his devotees feel special.

"I think he liked me so much because I wasn't taken by all the visions and the sounds," said Chandra, "that I understood that having an experience of God was something much more substantial and more ordinary." Chandra still feels that spirituality is the most important thing in her life. She says the gradual unfolding of the dark side of her guru's personality chipped away at her love and respect. "When you have a loved one, you never dream that he might hurt you. At the end, I was devastated." Yet despite the unsavory conclusion to her ten years with the swami, Chandra still notes, "if I had it to do over again, I still wouldn't trade the experience for anything in the world."

In a way, the sex, the violence, and the corruption aren't the real point. Muktananda's personal shortcomings were bad enough, explained Michael Dinga, but "the worst of it was that he wasn't who he said he was."

A person can make spiritual progress under a corrupt master, just as placebos can actually make you feel better. But how far can a person really grow spiritually under a master who doesn't himself live the truth? There was a tremendous split between what Muktananda preached and what he did, and his hypocrisy only made it worse. His successors are now in a dilemma: If they admit their guru's sins, Chidvilasananda and Nityananda lose their god-figure, and weaken their claim to a lineage of perfect masters. But if they don't, people who come to them looking for truth are courting disappointment. ■

who willingly put aside their own autonomy, their own moral judgment, to obey even a Christ, a Buddha, or a Krishna, do so at risk of losing a great deal more than they can hope to gain.

About Muktananda himself I have thought a great deal. There is no doubt in my mind that he was an extraordinarily enlightened, learned, and articulate man who possessed a singular power, a dynamic personal radiance and charisma that drew people to him and inspired them to lay their lives at his feet. Surely such a power is divine; yet there is no way to justify the way in which he used this power. If God himself were to behave in this way, we would have to find him guilty of flagrant disregard for the law of love.

Some may say, 'He did no worse than any of us have done, or would do if we could.' And I would answer, 'No; he did worse than any of us have done or would have done in his place. For, though he was only human like the rest of us, he staged a deliberate campaign of deceit to convince gentle souls that he had transcended the limitations of mankind, that through realizing the eternal Self, he had attained holy "perfection." He planted and nourished false, impossible dreams in the hearts of innocent, faithful souls and sacrificed them to his sport. With malicious glee, he cunningly stole from hundreds of trusting souls their hearts and wills, their self-trust, their very sanity, their very lives. No ordinary, good person could do this, no matter how he tried; his heart and conscience would not allow it.

Like all of us, Muktananda was only human. And, like all men who worship power, he was inevitably corrupted and destroyed by it. His power could not save him from the weakness of the flesh, nor from the wickedness and depravity that servitude to it brings. He ended as a feeble-minded sadistic tyrant, luring devout little girls to his bed every night with promises of grace and self-realization.

Muktananda's claim of "perfection" (*Siddha-hood*) was based on the notion that a person who has become enlightened has thereby also become "perfect" and absolutely free of human weakness. This is nonsense; it is a myth perpetrated by dishonest men who wish to receive the reverence and adoration due to God alone. There is no absolute assurance that enlightenment necessitates the moral virtue of a person. There is no guarantee against the weakness of anger, lust, and greed in the human soul. The enlightened are on an equal footing with the ignorant in the struggle against their own evil — the only difference being that the enlightened person *knows* the truth, and has no excuse for betraying it.

Throughout history there have been many enlightened souls who have been thought great, who, in the pride of their perfection and freedom, have imagined themselves to be beyond the constraints of God's laws, and who have thus fallen from love and lost the glory they once had. Those glorious Babas and Bhagwans, thinking to build their kingdom here on earth upon the ruins of the young souls devoted to them, often succeed for a time in fooling many and in gathering a large and festive following, but their deeds also follow them and proclaim their truth long after the paeans of praise have been sung and wafted away on the air. "God is not mocked"; there is no freedom, no liberation, from His law of love, nor from His inescapable justice. It is indeed often those very persons who have thought themselves most perfect, most free and ungoverned, who have fallen most grievously; and their piteous fall is an occasion for great sadness, and should serve as a clear reminder of caution to us all. ■

EVENTS ARE THE TEACHER

by Katy Butler

Working Through The Crisis At San Francisco Zen Center

The subject of this article, Zen Center abbot Dick Baker, has been a friend and colleague of mine for nearly 20 years. He has been a member of our Point Board of Directors for eight years. A few months ago at one of our Creative Philanthropy conferences he made a remark that impressed me: "In most religious groups the rules gradually relax as you get more senior. At Zen Center it's the reverse; the rules are stricter the more senior you are." I nodded approvingly, the way I nod approvingly at ideas like that and have done ever since I bought the notion I heard in college days: "Western philosophers teach only with their talk. Eastern philosophers do it with their whole lives."

A couple weeks later the events described here became known, and I realized that I too had participated in the conspiracy of diffidence that had helped distort Dick's leadership and the structure and practice of Zen Center. Out of that sense of shared responsibility, I gradually became peripherally involved in the community's efforts to understand what had happened and to reshape things so it wouldn't happen again. This article is perhaps part of that effort.

For years Dick successfully kept journalism out of Zen Center, declaring that it was inevitably intrusive and destructive, and I agreed. I am no longer so convinced. When Art Kleiner and I heard that Katy Butler, a reporter for the ***San Francisco Chronicle****, was also a student at the Zen Center, we sought her out and asked if she was interested in reporting her perspective on the crisis. She agreed, with the caveat that she is neither an expert on Buddhism nor a long-time Zen Center resident. She is a committed lay participant in the community.*

I think she's done an admirable job. To what extent it's useful — to this group and other similar groups — remains to be seen. We invite comment, especially from people in like situations.

My feeling is that once again Zen Center is pioneering, is using the fundamental sanity of Zen Buddhism to find a new path of interest and consequence to all of us.

When charisma goes unmanaged, by self or others, it becomes unmanageable by anything short of crisis. Dick Baker is one of the most creative people I've known; I continue in awe of his accomplishments with Zen Center. He is tireless, fearless, brilliant, charming — a compelling teacher and powerful entrepreneur. His role as a spiritual teacher — exemplar — is now compromised, but his effectiveness in other roles may eventually be increased. Right now events are the teacher, and Dick has perhaps the most to learn from them.

When Dick and I talked, a couple of weeks after the crisis broke, it was a bit of a groping conversation. He had just suffered a deluge of bad news, I was soaring on good news with our software projects, so we were distanced. He said one thing about his situation that got me. "I'm proud of my students." —*Stewart Brand*

"Do not believe in anything simply because you have heard it.

Do not believe in traditions because they have been handed down for many generations.

Do not believe in anything because it is spoken and rumored by many.

Do not believe in anything simply because it is found written in your religious books.

Do not believe in anything merely on the authority of your teachers and elders.

But after observation and analysis, when you find that anything agrees with reason, and is conducive to the good and benefit of one and all, then accept it and live up to it."

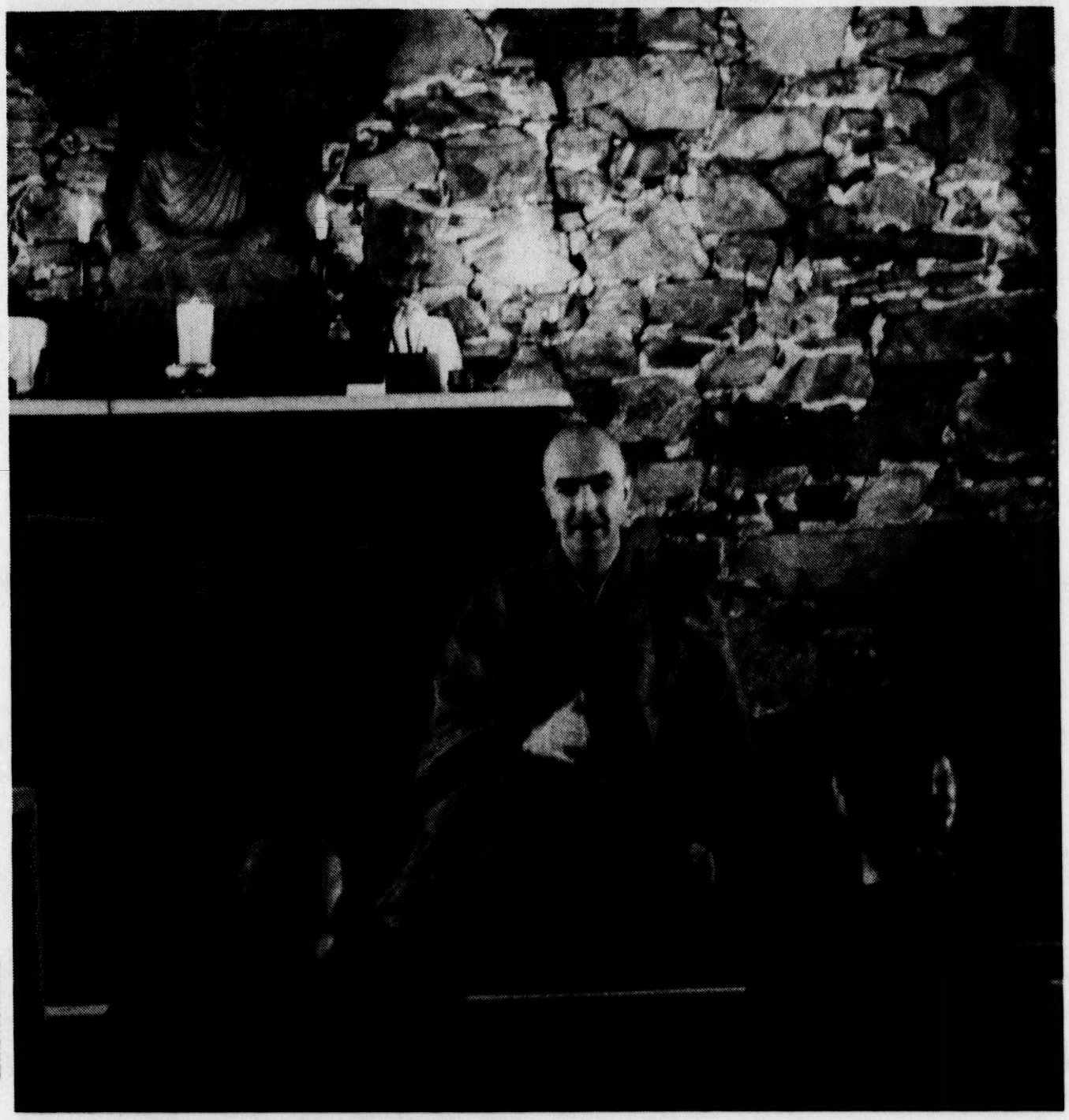
THIS PLEA FOR COMMON SENSE HAS BEEN HANDED down as the words of the Buddha, a man born in 560 B.C. in India, who studied with many teachers before finding his own way, through meditation, to enlightenment.

Last April 8, the day commemorated as Buddha's birthday, Zentatsu Baker-roshi, dharma heir of Shunryu Suzuki-roshi and a line of teachers tracing back to Buddha, was at Tassajara monastery near Big Sur, leading the intense meditation period called *sesshin*. At the same time, the sixteen members of the Board of Directors of Baker-roshi's San Francisco Zen Center were sitting on chairs in a circle inside the center's Victorian guest house in the city. Three senior priests (a woman and two men) told the group that Baker-roshi had recently become sexually involved with a woman student. Her husband, whom Baker-roshi had described as his best friend, was extremely upset.

Each Board member then spoke slowly and carefully in turns around the circle. All came to know what some had known for years, and others had suspected. There had been at least two other affairs with women students, both of them damaging to the efforts of those women to practice Zen. For Blanche Hartman, a 58-year-old former chemist and statistician who had been ordained a priest by Baker-roshi, "The meeting was devastating. A sinking feeling in my stomach, like, I knew it was coming, and here it is. My life is smashed. Our life together is smashed. Something very precious in me is destroyed. At that point, I couldn't see how we could continue." It was a moment that changed Zen Center, I believe forever.

Yvonne Rand, another priest who was first introduced to Zen Center by Richard Baker, said of the meeting, "It seemed very clear that this was an event that was out of whack. For myself, my sense was that there was a real shift in authority which I don't know how to describe in any other way but moral authority."

THE BOARD MET AGAIN THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE senior teaching priests, Lew Richmond and Reb Anderson, had met with Baker-roshi and brought back the news that he did not appear to understand how seriously the Board felt about the matter. At this meeting, Blanche Hartman began to understand that something had changed on the Board, which in the past had almost always acquiesced to Baker-roshi's wishes. This time, nobody tried to explain away his actions. Nobody tried to ostracize those who were critical of him, as had happened so often through the previous twelve years.



LEWIS RICHMOND

Baker-roshi at sesshin lecture, Tassajara Mountain Center, 1975.

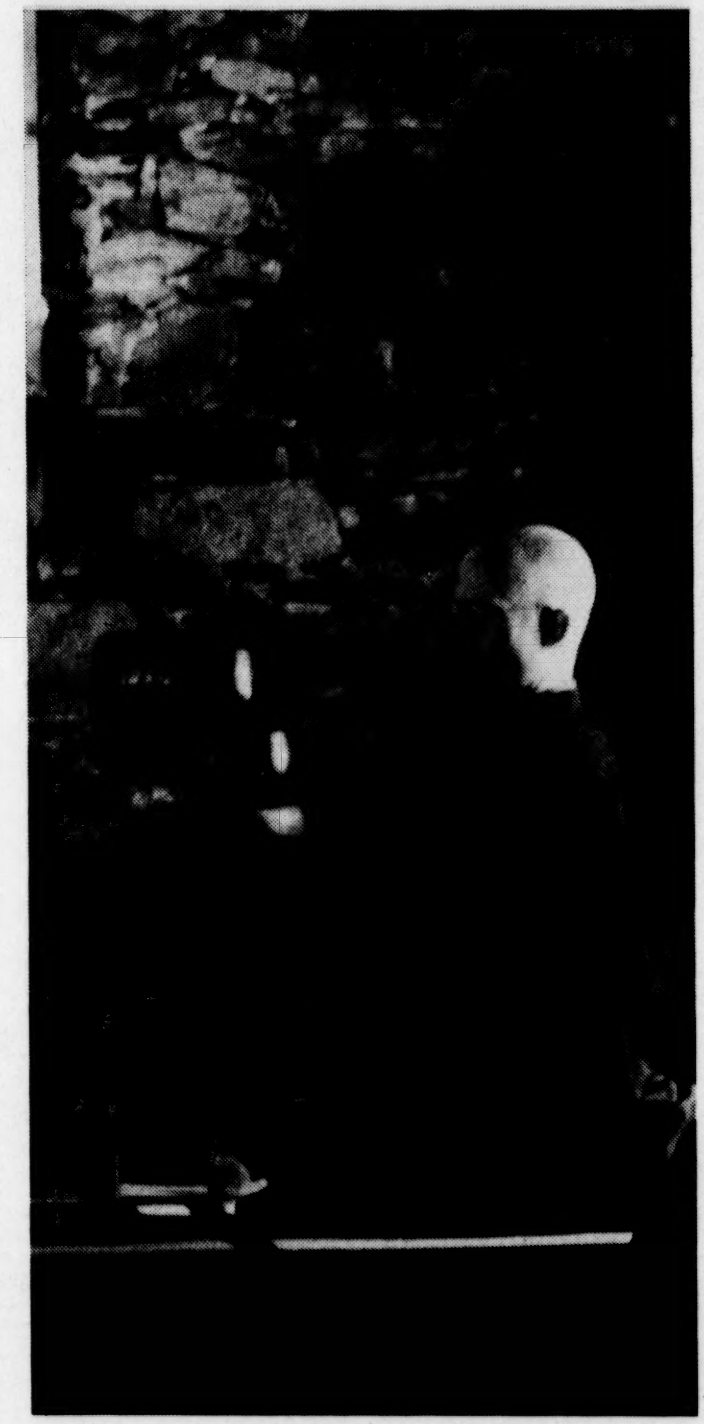
Remembers Blanche, "I began having a sense of the commitment of the group, the unanimity of concern and care. It reassured me that this time, there wasn't going to be any sweeping under the rug. We were going to face it together, and I wasn't going to have to leave (Zen Center)."

Baker-roshi appeared at the next Board meeting, the following day, by invitation. He walked into the room where the priests and students sat on chairs in a circle, wearing their black robes. He knelt on the floor in *seiza*, a strong, formal zazen position, and began to explain. Yvonne Rand, who was chairing the meeting, asked him to sit in a chair like the rest of them, and to listen to what the Board had to say. At first, he remained in *seiza* and continued to try to explain. Yvonne asked again that he sit at their level. And again. Baker-roshi rose and sat on a chair.

Many Board members later felt that the meeting had come to an impasse. Baker-roshi was "obviously distraught," remembered Ed Brown, the author of the Tassajara Bread Book and co-manager of Greens, the highly-regarded vegetarian restaurant in San Francisco run by Zen Center.

Brown came away from the meeting with the feeling that their words had not really penetrated.

ONE BY ONE, BOARD MEMBERS spoke to Baker-roshi, the man who had been their teacher for twelve years, for whom many felt great gratitude.



Last Spring we became the first new American religious community to effectively tell its leader to stop.

Said Yvonne, with great passion, "I want you to stop."

SO, LAST SPRING, WE BECAME THE first new American religious community to effectively tell its leader to stop. It has been painful, but I think that the way the people of Zen Center have faced this crisis could be an encouragement to other religious communities facing similar problems.

A process began which I and other Zen students are still living through. There has been shock, love, pain, grief, and anger. Some students have left. Others have likened their feelings to going through a divorce after a long marriage.

There has been intense self-questioning, as people try to unravel the role they played in effectively isolating Baker-roshi from meaningful feedback. The community has seized this crisis as an opportunity to re-create itself, and to change so that in the future its leaders may be less isolated from students. Nobody yet knows how it will all come out, or exactly how it happened.

After the first series of meetings, the Board members met in small groups with students, telling them what had been discovered and allowing them to express their emotions about it. Most students took the news of Baker-roshi's sexual involvements very seriously — something that has puzzled people who point out that we are not a celibate community, and that such relationships take two people.

But within the context of a religious community, the news was shocking. Baker-roshi, who is married, had not followed the code he had clearly described to Zen students who were having affairs: no deceit, no manipulation, and no harming of anyone else's spiritual path. Leaders, he had often said, were expected to set an example judged by tougher standards.

Hearing about the affairs was especially

They have since told me that they spoke of their own collusion in allowing him to become so removed from feedback. Said Blanche Hartman, "It was something we had done together; something we had to straighten out together. In the middle of a lot of anger, we knew it had to be done with a sense of right speech."

Blanche, and others, apologized to this man who had spent so many years trying to practice Zen and to lead this relatively young Buddhist community. "I told him I thought it had been doing him no service to say nothing about my suspicions. It was a mistake to protect him from the consequences of his own consequential actions," she said.

Another Board member said to Baker-roshi, "Listen. Please just listen."

confusing to some priests because Baker-roshi had discussed such situations at a monks' meeting some months before the crisis. Baker-roshi had referred to another Zen teacher with a reputation for sexual relationships with students. He had expressed his disapproval, saying that the teacher's board of directors should have strongly confronted the situation.

As a woman student, I felt particularly threatened. I felt burnt, as though my tongue had been singed with boiling tea. When I first approached the man whom I hoped would become my teacher in the deepest sense, I hoped to establish a relationship of trust. I wanted to reveal myself, to drop the games I used to survive in the "outside" world. I hoped he would help me continue to practice zazen (meditation) through times of self-doubt, frustration, and fear.

Given my own hopes, I see why some women might be very vulnerable to sexual advances from a religious teacher. It must be hard on these men: another woman student has told me she watched women flirt with Baker-roshi for years. "Of course there are sexual feelings," she said of her own close teaching relationship with Baker-roshi. "I was aware of it and working with it. I learned how not to take these feelings and run with them."

Although Baker-roshi gave me much helpful advice in the two years I was his student, we did not succeed in building a deep, trusting relationship. Hearing about the affairs has made me wary about trying again.

After the Board members told students about the situation, they asked Baker-roshi not to lead services or give lectures, and he agreed. He was also asked not to perform the *Jundo*, the silent morning walk during the first period of zazen, when each student responds with raised, palm-pressed hands. Some students began to refer to him as Richard Baker instead of roshi (teacher); others did not know what to call him.

Students began to talk to each other in a more open way, and all the other resentments about Baker-roshi boiled up as though a lid had been removed from a pot.

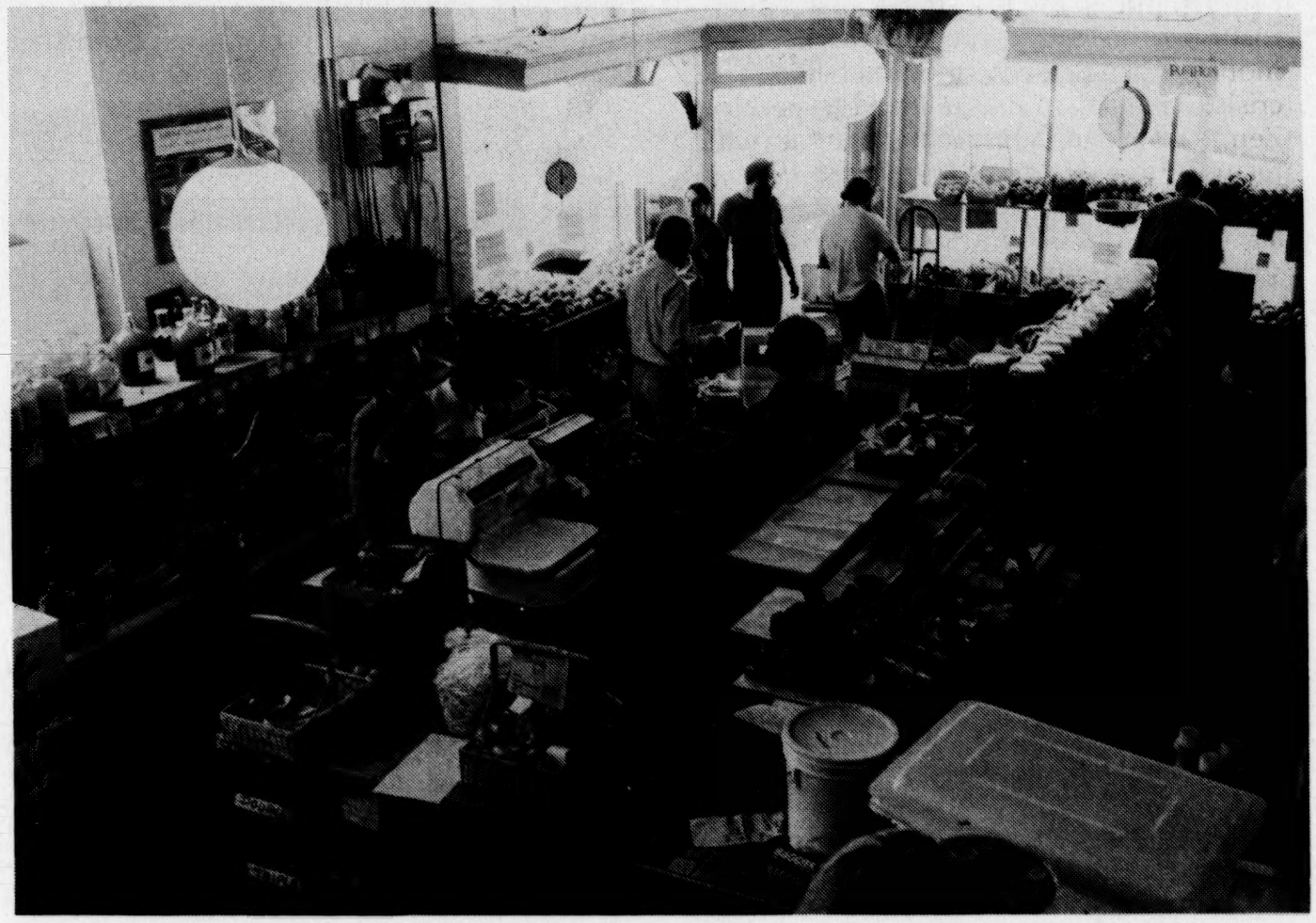
Uneasiness had been growing, especially during the last three years. He had travelled to Russia on a mission of world peace, but he had been seeing students increasingly rarely. He was almost never in the zendo. He seemed to be involved in a whirl of meetings, trips, telephone calls, and shopping, unable to rest on the ground. Decisions, it became clear, were made by him, and community meetings and the Board of directors had little weight. While students worked for minimum wage at Zen Center businesses, he spent more than $200,000 a year. Many of these expenditures related to his role as abbot; for instance, his office expenses and trips. But while students at Green Gulch Farm, Zen Center's Marin County practice center and working farm, lived in trailers and showered outside, he spent money impulsively on art, furniture, and expensive restaurant meals. One year Zen Center paid $4000 for his membership in New York's Adirondack Club.

The contrast between the abbot's and the students' lives was symbolized for many by his car. About three years ago, he had asked the Board if he could buy a very expensive BMW. The Board had voiced widespread uneasiness, but when Baker-roshi asked the treasurer to go to the bank with him and sign the papers, he had done so.

Now, suddenly, the emperor had no clothes. At the end of April, after numerous discussions with Baker-roshi, the Board reported that he had "requested" a leave of absence for an indefinite period, to be reviewed in a year. Baker-roshi, the statement said, would continue to "live, practice, and work with us." They quoted him as saying, "I want to understand this matter to its depths but I don't know how to do that. The best answer I have to this question now is to immerse myself in the practice of the *Sangha* [community] for I know Suzuki-roshi is there."

Over the next six months, Richard Baker's expense accounts were stopped, and he and his family were limited to a stipend of approximately $2500 a month, plus the use of his two Zen Center houses. His three *anjas* (attendants) and three administrative assistants were given other jobs, and their offices turned into temporary dormitory rooms. The notorious white BMW was garaged, and the Board announced plans to sell the vehicle, which is extremely expensive to maintain.

Richard Baker told people he wanted to walk alone from Zen Center to Tassajara, the Center's monastery near Carmel Valley, a distance of 175 miles. The trip was interrupted by visits to friends' houses, a weekend in Palm Springs with his wife Virginia, and detours to New York. Once at Tassajara, he worked for several days side by



As it grew, Zen Center came to include fifty priests, 250 students, 250 other members, and hundreds more who visited weekly public lectures; a farm; a city center; Tassajara, America's first Zen monastery; classes, lectures and cookbooks; a publishing house, clothing store, restaurant, and the corner grocery, Green Gulch Grocer, shown here.

side with students. Then he left for Europe, where he appeared at a conference, and then went to the south of France to spend time with Thich Nhat Hanh, a Vietnamese monk for whom he has great respect. He has mostly been absent from Zen Center, and has not met publicly with students since the crisis.

In his absence, Zen Center began to experiment with new ways of doing things. Meetings at the city center, which in the past had been extremely subdued, erupted with new frankness. At one meeting, a priest said he had never before felt free to speak his mind.

A volunteer committee of students brought in consultants and psychologists. Recognizing the lack of "horizontal" communication between ordinary students, they led small groups and workshops in communication skills. I began to feel free to express parts of myself which I had previously tried to leave at the door of Zen Center, and to talk in my own language. Other students underwent similar transformations.

One student, Betsy Sawyer, told me she has returned to her first questions about Zen practice, and has begun to examine her own need for psychological growth as well. "This big boo-boo has liberated me," she said.

"The students woke up," said Lew Richmond, the head of religious practice at Green Gulch Farm. "Something had been lifted, and they were who they were — and that's the way Buddhism is supposed to be."

The Board of Directors, which had been almost dormant for several years, began to meet every week and take on the running of Zen Center. Its meetings were opened to small groups of students, and its minutes made available. In a community where information had previously been tightly guarded, it was a radical change.

"Affinity groups" of eight to ten students and an overseeing "spokescouncil" were formed to discuss Zen Center's direction. There is now a new mood of shared decision-making, as people struggle to create a healthy community for the study of a profound teaching.

THE PROBLEMS ZEN CENTER BEGAN to face last spring are not new. Abuses of power, money and sex occur within the Catholic Church, political parties and corporations — as well as within the non-Western religious movements. Buddhism, for all its intellectual elaboration and long tradition, is not immune. It was brought to the West by pioneering individual teachers, most of them far removed from those who taught them. In America, teachers are too far apart — both in style and in geographical location — to supervise each other as an effective community of peers.

In New York, the community of Eido-roshi has been repeatedly split by accusations, which he has denied, of sexual relations with students. Elsewhere, another Buddhist teacher with a serious drinking problem openly and cheerfully sleeps with women students. Some Buddhist leaders are terrible administrators, some experiment with drugs, some are homosexual, and some think homosexuality is wrong. I believe that as our communities mature, we will learn to treat these talented teachers with a realistic American kind of respect they need. We have been driving them crazy by accepting everything they do as an expression of religious teaching. Living without feedback in a community of emotionally dependent people is something like living in a sensory deprivation tank. It distorts the perceptions and isolates the leader.

I think that something like this happened slowly and gradually at Zen Center as it grew. I believe that Zen Center had developed weaknesses as a community that made it hard to stay in touch with common sense, self-assertion, and trust in one another.

IN NOVEMBER OF 1971, RICHARD Baker, a former Harvard student and organizer of conferences for the University of California's extension program, put on blue and brown robes. In what is called the Mountain Seat Ceremony, his dying teacher, Suzuki-roshi, made him abbot of Zen Center, entrusting to him his gentle brand of Japanese Soto Zen.

Dick Baker was not then, and is not now, your typical monk: Maine-born, energetic, bright, talkative, hungry for new experiences and ideas, headstrong, and epicurean, he faced at 35 the difficult job of following a beloved Japanese teacher who had died too soon. I was not there, but the image I get of the community that watched this ceremony is that it was stripped down, oriented more toward zazen practice, with Suzuki-roshi's example of its effectiveness before it.

When Suzuki-roshi died two weeks later, Zen Center was little more than a place to sit zazen; there was the city center in the heart of the slums, and Tassajara monastery in a deep canyon near Carmel Valley. As Baker-roshi assumed leadership, Zen Center changed in many positive ways. He worked with other students translating chants from Japanese to English; he encouraged single women and families with children to try monastic practice at Tassajara. He engineered the acquisition of Green Gulch Farm, supported Buddhist scholars, and managed to be a helpful Buddhist teacher, especially at Tassajara, or in sesshin. He had a genius for entrepreneurship and a vision of a vigorous, self-supporting Buddhist community. But over the next 12 years, something happened. One older student told me that while Baker-roshi knew how to give help, he did not know how to take it. He knew how to nurture people who felt weak, but he had a harder time encouraging them to be strong.

Marc Alexander, Zen Center's current president, described it as the "frog in hot water syndrome": put a frog in boiling water, and he'll jump out. Put a frog in cold water and slowly heat it and he'll stay and boil to death.

Said Alexander, "The businesses began after students began coming back from Tassajara wanting to have some continuation of working throughout the day with other people doing the same Buddhist practices — mindfulness, compassion, right livelihood. Supporting ourselves was the secondary reason. But little by little, supporting ourselves became the stronger motivating factor. Baker-roshi was creating all these things while we didn't have the staff to take care of them fully. As a result, it became less interesting to work there."

From places devoted to "work practice" that were incidentally businesses, they became Buddhist-flavored businesses. It's a sad irony that over the years many of them became more successful to their patrons than to the people who worked in them. They are places where you can sit still. The Buddhist qualities of wholehearted attention, of a calm non-interfering kindness, permeated them. They are beautiful spaces, their clean Japanese aesthetic spiced with luxury. Every time my family comes to San Francisco, we have a

WIND BELL

Lunch at Greens, Zen Center's nationally known restaurant at Fort Mason: "a place where you can sit still" for patrons, "frenetic restaurant work" for some students.

ritual dinner at Greens, and things get said that haven't been said elsewhere. But students who worked in the kitchen began to complain that the frenetic restaurant work had gone beyond any conception of Buddhist practice, and the hours made it difficult to get to zazen.

John Bailes remembers working at Green Gulch Farm, which is an oasis of quiet for interested non-Buddhists who visit for Sunday lectures. "I'd be down in the fields struggling with the carthorses, sweating and not too happy, and Baker-roshi would arrive in his golden robes with a group of dazzled Marinites. They'd ask me, Wasn't it wonderful to be living here? There was a great gap that I would describe as feudalistic. I was enraged. It was coming out of my pores. But there was some kind of tension against speaking out."

As the businesses needed more workers, a confusion developed between serving the needs of the institution and serving Buddhism. Being serious became equated with one's willingness to work within a business or live in a residence. When I told Baker-roshi I was serious about studying Zen, he jokingly suggested that I quit my job, move into the building, and start working at Greens. Doing what I did — working outside Zen Center — was subtly denigrated, and what might be called "lay practice" was not sufficiently respected for its ability to contribute another perspective and some form of reality check.

While students worked long hours in the bakery, the restaurant, or the fields, they tried to live as though they were in a monastery. Zazen began at 4:30 in the morning, and students often nodded off in lectures. The monastic style of life that worked so well for a limited period of training at Tassajara — hierarchy, no discussion, and little sleep — was exhausting for families, city dwellers, and farmworkers.

I still do not understand exactly why people had such difficulty talking openly about their reservations, but I can describe my own experience. I came to sitting by accident. I was visiting Tassajara on a summer camping trip six years ago when I met an old friend, a student there, who invited me to sit. I remember walking out of the stone zendo at six a.m. into a clear

WIND BELL

Students in the vegetable garden at Green Gulch Farm.

morning light. I had time, and I had space in a way I had not experienced before.

Another summer I spent six weeks following the schedule of work and meditation at Tassajara, and began to feel there might be a place where I could allow my deepest, least-articulated motivations to come forward. Making beds with other Zen students, I did not have to prove I was the best; I could just try to be wholehearted about whatever I was doing. Rising at 4:30, sitting zazen, eating and working with long periods of silence, I did not have to manufacture an interesting "personality" in order to make conversation with people. I had been a union organizer and an investigative reporter. I knew how to assert myself and make trouble. But I was tired of it. I had felt starved for most of my life for a way to question and express my deepest self. I wasn't about to throw it away to raise questions about a crummy $26,000 BMW. And yet my common-sense questions kept rising. Like many other students, I thought I was the only one that had them.

Two summers ago, I sat sesshin at Green Gulch Farm. We were visited by a respected Japanese teacher, and the day he left we lined the driveway at Baker-roshi's request to say good-bye to him. Sesshin has a way of producing an intensity of awareness. I clearly remember standing in my black robes with some 60 others that gentle summer day. One of Baker-roshi's assistants drove the white BMW up. Another cleaned the windshield and the trunk. A woman stood at the side with a basket of flowers. Baker-roshi, his visitor, and other guests got into the car. As Baker-roshi's assistant loaded in the luggage and prepared to drive the entourage to the airport, we all bowed repeatedly, and I thought, with a smile, this is being in a cult.

I don't think Zen Center is a cult, of course, and I think the way this crisis has been handled proves it. But the day I stood there in front of that car, I was doing something I didn't understand, taking on a piece of Japanese behavior, simply because I had been asked to. I didn't tell anyone I felt that way.

Despite growing unhappiness and increasing resistance to Baker-roshi's expansion plans, the community could not effectively tell him to stop. Among the senior students, who might have said stop, the atmosphere was like a medieval palace, one said. The courtiers strove to outdo each other for approval of their insight. Said one

senior monk, "Then, when it comes time to confront Baker-roshi, you don't feel like the person you are competing with will support you."

Other senior students were not caught in this web of competition, but felt too dazzled to challenge him. He seemed so articulate and worldly to these men and women who had become monks in their early 20s. And so many of the projects for which he argued so convincingly had worked so well.

When a friend of Blanche Hartman's hinted that Baker-roshi had been involved in affairs she said, a little too quickly, "That's hearsay." Now she says she thinks she was saying, "Please don't tell me. I don't know what I'd do. I might have to leave, and I'm 58 years old; my whole life is here."

Among newer students like myself, a confusion about certain Buddhist ideas contributed to people's inability to trust their own common sense or speak out about their doubts. The first of these ideas is the concept of *Dharma* (teaching) transmission. Most simply put, as I understand it, the goal of each Buddhist teacher and student is to gain or allow access to the student's enlightened mind through meditation and practice together. The ceremony of transmission acknowledges that the student has found access to this clear, big mind, which all of us have the potential to find, which is the same as the teacher's mind, and ultimately, Buddha's.

It is a tricky concept. We speak of a Zen "lineage," or dharma "heirs," as though the essence of Buddhist teaching had been handed down through the generations like a patrimony. The language can lead us to think that the teacher who is a dharma "heir" possesses something as physical as the brown robe and bowl that symbolize it.

At Zen Center, the idea of dharma transmission became a way of keeping Suzuki-roshi alive. Richard Baker was conceived of as a fragile vessel that contained Suzuki-roshi's pure mind. Many senior monks told me they felt powerless to disgrace or stop Baker-roshi until he transmitted Tenshin Reb Anderson, so that Suzuki-roshi's lineage would survive. Thus, the concept of transmission began to tyrannize. In 1972, when the Board of Directors resisted the purchase of Green Gulch Farm, Baker-roshi threatened to leave if it wasn't bought. The Board then acquiesced. "He used the authority of dharma transmission to frighten us. He said, I'm going to take my baseball bat and go home, and you guys won't be able to play Buddhism any more," remembered one senior monk.

It's not, strictly speaking, accurate to speak of an enlightened person, but rather of enlightened activity.

The conception of dharma transmission is intertwined with a popular image of a perfectly enlightened human being whose every gesture is a teaching — an image that makes it hard to question a teacher's actions even when one's common sense cries out for an explanation.

"The idea is out of context here," said Lew Richmond, the head of religious practice at Green Gulch Farm. "In the Orient, every craft has transmission from master to disciple. Its purpose is to protect against unauthorized and self-appointed teachers. But this aggrandizement of transmission in the minds of young meditators has not served our interest. What are you authenticating? Every word and deed for the rest of your life? We have an idealized image of an enlightened person. It's not, strictly speaking, accurate to speak of an enlightened person, but rather of enlightened activity."

This is not a simple issue. Some trust is crucial. Reb Anderson likes to tell the story of helping Suzuki-roshi build his rock garden at Tassajara. Suzuki-roshi would ask Reb to lever a huge boulder into one position. Then to another position. Then back to the original position. When Reb protested and asked if they couldn't think it through first and then move rocks, Suzuki-roshi told him to shut up. Finally, Reb simply let himself go wholeheartedly into moving the rock and not thinking ahead.

From the outside, this could look like an eccentric old man forcing a student to meaninglessly move rocks around. For Reb, from the inside, it was a way of learning. There's no easy litmus test for when a teacher's actions tend toward liberation, and when they're selfish. Your own common sense, how your body feels, and the actions' results can help guide you. There are no teaching stories about teachers enriching themselves at students' expense or sleeping with their students. But how are you to know when your resistance is an expression

of common sense, and when it's the pride of your small mind balking at moving rocks around all day in the sun? Part of Zen practice consists of trust, some willingness to try something out, not to be too sure of yourself.

Another confused notion of Zen teachings played a role in creating a community where plain talk was often discouraged. Zen warns against too much dependence on written teachings. Many of its teaching stories don't make rational or linguistic sense — in fact they're designed not to. At Zen Center, some students seemed to interpret this to mean that there was something wrong with speaking in simple English sentences during our student meetings. We were encouraged to practice living without saying, "This is good, this is bad," or "I like this, I don't like this." The older the student, the less was said, and this silence was mistaken for wisdom. In our weekly meetings, people, including me, were afraid of looking like fools, of revealing that they did not dwell constantly in their widest minds.

We sat straight-backed and still in the zendo, breathing deeply, inevitably releasing unconscious material. Outside the zendo, we tried to follow practices of right conduct, right thought, and right speech. But it appeared that for fear of harming others, some of us were afraid to express anything at all. It was a pressure cooker. I don't think that the structure of Japanese Zen provided a way for Americans to work with the unconscious material released in zazen, to release or express it in a way that would not harm others. People also subtly withdrew within a community which had no nonjudgmental way of sharing unacceptable thoughts and feelings.

Suzuki-roshi often described Zen as similar to putting a snake into a bamboo tube as a way of showing it its nature. How to stand, bow, and sit in the zendo is carefully prescribed, and very powerful when 70 people do it together. When I first came, I discovered what a relief it can be not to mechanically smile, but to bow instead. Outside the zendo, after the bow, I didn't always know what to say. The Japanese forms became a way of avoiding contact. This coldness, awkwardness and this lack of peer contact, contributed to a flow of energy and emotion upward into the hierarchy. Each person thought they stood alone.

Much of this has been stood on its head since the April crisis. As mentioned earlier,

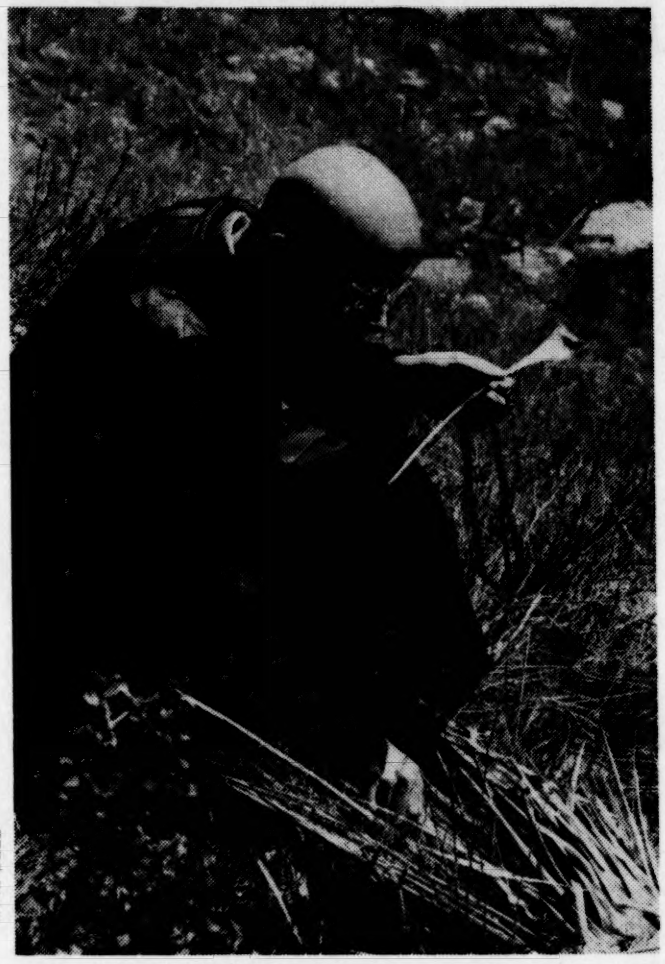
There seems to be widespread agreement over the need to separate "church" (practice) from "State" (administration), so that students don't feel their spiritual understanding is on the line when they question an administrative decision.

a committee of students brought in consultants to teach us to talk to each other, and we have formed affinity groups that meet twice a month to discuss the future direction of Zen Center. The formal structure of the organization is still hierarchical — legal power rests with Baker-roshi and the Board, unless they fail to agree. Then the students would break the tie.

Most of the affinity groups have recently told the Board that they want to resolve our relationship with Baker-roshi, one way or another. Some students do not want him to be their teacher again. Others would like him to return, but not on the same terms. There seems to be widespread agreement over the need to separate "church" (practice) from "state" (administration), so that students don't feel their spiritual understanding is on the line when they question an administrative decision. The affinity groups are encouraging feedback from the "bottom" — if not outright democracy.

Some students are leaving; some feel bitter that their trust and Buddhist teaching have been abused. One student said, "If he could give up all attachment to being a teacher, the student could begin to trust him. As long as he seems to need being a teacher, they don't trust him. They're expecting him to transform himself without safety. You can't learn a whole new way to be, under attack. People are saying, 'transform,' and yet they're still angry."

Students, and a visiting Zen teacher, have suggested that Richard Baker try working side by side with students, or studying with



WIND BELL

Baker-roshi at Green Gulch Farm.

another teacher, or counselling, as a way of completing his Zen training. How he will respond to such ideas still remains to be seen. Some students say they will never think of him as a Buddhist teacher again, and hope that he will resign. Among some of them, there has been a kind of satanization of Richard Baker, as though all of Zen Center's ills can be laid at his feet. To them, he's too powerful, too manipulative to be safely reined in by ordinary people. It is the flip side of the delusion of the perfectly enlightened person. There are others, like poet Philip Whalen and businessman John Nelson, who would like to see Richard Baker return as Baker-roshi, the same as before.

"It worked for me," said Nelson, who came to Zen Center shortly after graduating from Yale, and found a way to spend time at Tassajara with his wife and children as monastic students, and also build a career. "When he lectured, I was inspired. He never really followed the schedule, but he made everybody else follow it. When I bowed to him fully, I felt I was bowing to our heritage. He represented in his person the legacy of our teachers. He was always helpful to me, even when he was hard on me. I knew he was driving a fancy car and all that, but I feel tremendous gratitude. I see my teacher in trouble and I say wait, let's take better care of this. I'm willing to let him spend a lot of money. What am I supposed to say? Fine, please go off him?"

WE TRIED TO SWALLOW WHOLE the Japanese form of Zen — or at least, our naive understanding of it. Now we're in the process of chewing it up, digesting it, making it into an American Zen. For a long time, most of us accepted, without thinking it through, foreign conceptions of hierarchy, of information restricted on a "need to know" basis. Coming from a culture almost devoid of ways of showing respect, some of us hungrily took on another way. Now, those foreign ideas are being tested for their usefulness against the values that are the genius of Western culture: democracy, open information, a free press, psychological development, the separation of Church and State, and systems of checks and balances.

AS I WRITE THIS IN EARLY November, it is unclear exactly how Zen Center's members will resolve their relationship with Baker-roshi, and what form the community will take in the future. The process is still evolving, and for all the self-questioning by Zen students, I don't think anyone fully understands exactly how people stopped taking the risks of speaking out.

One senior student has written of "our confusion about how to work with a teacher, our not knowing how to question and trust him simultaneously, our isolation of him and of ourselves, our abdication of our own perspective . . . our impoverishment with our own cultural inheritance, our emotional immaturity, our readiness to imitate forms not fully understood.

"Our coming to rest in zazen expressed for many of us a great need to deepen our lives and to find satisfactions deeper than our culture offers," the student wrote. "The fact that this small group of Americans does not yet understand how to take this brilliant, simple, impossible practice and create a social form around it that supports the individual and the community is the deepest teaching for all of us, and I would hope, the deeper teaching of this event in American religious life." ■

Perils of the Path

by Rick Fields

SOME YEARS AGO THERE WAS A Japanese Zen master who decided to modernize one of the old koans so that his students could more easily relate their spiritual practice to contemporary life. The old koan went something like this: "How can you stop a galloping horse while sitting still?" In place of the galloping horse, the roshi used the image of the Tokyo Express, so that the koan now went: "How can you stop the Tokyo Express while sitting still?"

Koans sometimes drive people to very intense grapplings with the paradoxical nature of reality, and one of the master's students in particular found himself engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Tokyo Express koan. No matter how hard he tried, or didn't try (for he tried that, too), the master would simply ring his little bell and dismiss the student.

Finally, at the end of his rope, the student left the monastery early one morning, made his way to the tracks that carried the speeding commuter trains to Tokyo every morning, and sat down on the tracks, legs crossed in the proper full-lotus position, lowered his eyes just so, and began to sit zazen — right in the path of the 7:05.

He never knew what hit him, and if he did get the answer to the koan, he never got the chance to tell anybody.[1]

Based on the previous two articles, the casual reader might assume that around here we feel that all religious leadership is corrupt, and that all religious communities are best avoided. We don't feel that way (as much as I can speak for Stewart, Jay, and everyone else). One reason we feel compelled to examine the abuses of religious communities is because the communities are so valuable to so many people. Since he knew about this series from the beginning, Rick Fields sent us this small compendium of insights as a consumer aid for entering religious practice gently and beneficially.

In person, Rick Fields combines tenacious spiritual sincerity with a healthy dose of down-to-earth New York street smarts. In his writing, he's the closest America has to a traveller's guide for alternative religions, particularly Buddhism. His history of Buddhism in America, ***How the Swans Came to the Lake****, was reviewed in CQ Spring 1982. He's contributed to our magazine and the* ***New Age Journal*** *for years; he's just taken on editorship of the* ***Vajradhatu Sun****, a bimonthly Buddhist newspaper ($15/year from 1345 Spruce Street, Boulder, Colorado 80302). He was also a Time, Inc. fellow in nonfiction at the 1983 Breadloaf Writer's Conference. This article was itself adapted from material Rick is writing into a* ***New Age Journal*** *guide for spiritual fulfillment in everyday life. The result, to be called* ***Chop Wood, Carry Water****, will be published by J. P. Tarcher in the spring.* —*Art Kleiner*

These 26-foot-high 12th century statues guard the Great South Gate of the Todaiji Temple at Nara, Japan. In Buddhist tradition, we are not to be intimidated from the spiritual path, but to pass between the guardians.
ASUKA-EN, NARA, IN JOSEPH CAMPBELL, THE MYTHIC IMAGE

In Japan, where people have some experience with such things, there was no scandal, though some people shook their heads. He had acted correctly by throwing himself one hundred percent into his koan. But he had made one mistake, and a fatal one at that: he had taken the teacher's words literally, and in doing so he had missed the point.

Having to make a distinction between following instructions and taking those same instructions too literally is just one of the many distinctions that we must make on any spiritual path. This is true even in cultures with a tradition of spiritual practice. It is even more true in a culture like our own where the idea of living a life of spirituality in the world is, for most people, a fairly new idea. There is not much in the way of tradition or experience — "granny wisdom" — to guide us. Given this situation, it is sad though not surprising that many people have become sitting ducks for self-styled teachers, charlatans, quick-change-your-life-in-one-weekend artists, and hosts of other con men and women.

The spiritual path itself is perilous and slippery with paradox. Meditation practices, for example, have their own dangers — such as the so-called kundalini syndrome or Zen *makyo*-delusions, visions or hallucinations. There are also the ever-present dangers of spiritual materialism, spiritual pride, and the fall into states of being blissed- or spaced-out. Every stage, every step of the path, it seems, has its twin sidetrack or stumbling block. It is no wonder that the Upanishads, one of the oldest sacred texts in the world, describes the spiritual journey as walking on the razor's edge.

In other times students at least had the help of a teacher and a tradition, which gave them some understanding of the difficulties of the path. But in a culture like our own, which lacks a coherent tradition of spiritual life, merely finding a competent teacher or tradition out of the hundreds that seem to be available is, itself, a problem. How can the sincere and trusting seeker choose wisely among all the possibilities that present themselves so appealingly on the shelves of the "spiritual supermarket"? And having chosen, how can we balance surrender and trust with an open mind and healthy skepticism? And what about the frightening reports we hear from those who have returned from the so-called cults with tales of authoritarianism and spiritual fascism? What relation, if any, do such things have with the notion of true spiritual obedience as expressed, say, by St. Benedict in his monastic rule?

Certainly there are no easy answers to any of these questions, and the final authority — since any spiritual path must be freely chosen — belongs to one's own common sense, intelligence and curiosity. But there are certain guidelines — some from great masters and others (more recently) from outside observers — that can help you hone your intelligence and keep your balance. For, while there are many reasons to take care, there is no reason to turn back, even if that were possible. The pitfalls, perils, and dangers, the stumbling blocks and obstacles, are part of the journey. *How* we respond to their challenge is the way we make the journey our own.

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1. A version of this story appeared in **The Empty Mirror**, by Janwillem Van de Wetering; $3.50 postpaid from Washington Square Press, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; 1973, 1978.

On The Peril Of Having And Not Having A Teacher: Four Warnings

There is a Tibetan proverb which puts the case rather neatly: A guru is like a fire. If you get too close you get burned. If you stay too far away, you don't get enough heat. A sensible moderation is recommended.

In our society the idea of a spiritual teacher, instructor, guru, preceptor, is conspicuous by its absence. We think of teachers as imparting the contents of some subject, period. Most people with experience on the path recognize the necessity for establishing a relationship of some kind with a teacher — but the exact nature of that relationship differs greatly from one person to another, and from one tradition to another.

The Buddha On Hearsay

Now look you, Kalamas. Do not be misled by report of tradition or hearsay. Do not be misled by proficiency in the Collections, nor by mere logic and inference, nor after considering reasons, nor after reflection on some view and approval of it, nor because it

fits becoming, nor because the recluse (who holds it) is your teacher. But when you know for yourselves: These things are not good, these things are faulty, these things are censured by the intelligent, these things, when performed and undertaken, conduce to loss and sorrow — then do you reject them.

—World of the Buddha (Grove, 1968), edited by Lucian Stryk

Ram Dass On Fear

Some people fear becoming involved with a teacher. They fear the possible impurities in the teacher, fear being exploited, used, or entrapped. In truth, we are only ever entrapped by our own desires and clingings. If you want only liberation, then all teachers will be useful vehicles for you. They cannot hurt you at all. If, on the other hand, you want power, a teacher may come along who talks about liberation but subtly attracts you by your desire for power. If you get caught and become a disciple of such a teacher, you may feel angry when this teacher turns out to be on a power trip, not leading you to enlightenment. But remember: at some level inside yourself, you already knew. Your attraction to this teacher was your desire for power. Your anger is nothing more than anger toward yourself.

—Journey of Awakening: A Meditator's Guidebook (Bantam), by Ram Dass

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Michael Murphy On The "Halo Effect"

We do need teachers, and there is such a thing as true authority — a person who really knows something. But the trouble is what they used to call in psychology "the halo effect": a person's authority is overextended, and you get people going to, say, Einstein for political opinions — or to a guru for an opinion on every matter. Independent judgment is a fairly rare quality among human beings. Part of being alive and growing and the whole art of living is to refine that independent judgment — to learn a kind of courage to stand up for one's inner voice and to be able to say when the emperor has no clothes.

—From an interview in New Age Journal

Thomas Merton On The Most Dangerous Man In The World

The most dangerous man in the world is the contemplative who is guided by nobody. He trusts his own visions. He obeys the attractions of an interior voice, but will not listen to other men. He identifies the will of God with anything that makes him feel, within his own heart, a big, warm, sweet interior glow. The sweeter and the warmer the feeling, the more he is convinced of his own infallibility. And if the sheer force of his own self-confidence communicates itself to other people and gives them the impression that he is really a saint, such a man can wreck a whole city or a religious order or even a nation. The world is covered with scars that have been left in its flesh by visionaries like these.

However, very often these people are nothing more than harmless bores. They have wandered into a spiritual blind-alley and there they rest in a snug little nest of private emotions. No one else can really bring himself either to envy or admire them, because even those who know nothing of the spiritual life can somehow sense that these are men who have cheated themselves out of reality and have come to be content with a fake.

No one can become a saint or a contemplative merely by abandoning himself unintelligently to an oversimplified concept of obedience. Both in the subject and in the one commanding him, obedience presupposes a large element of prudence and prudence means responsibility. Obedience is not the abdication of freedom but its *prudent use* under certain well-defined conditions. This does nothing to make obedience easier and it is by no means an escape from subjection to authority. On the contrary, obedience of this kind implies a mature mind able to make difficult decisions and to correctly understand difficult commands, carrying them out fully with a fidelity that can be, at times, genuinely heroic. Such obedience is impossible without deep resources of mature spiritual love.

—New Seeds of Contemplation (New Directions, 1972), by Thomas Merton

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The Basic Issue Is Religious Freedom

"As bizarre as some of the new religious movements may seem to us (and some of them appear bizarre indeed), it is hard for people to see that oddness or distastefulness has nothing to do with a religious movement's claim to religious freedom. It is precisely *un*popular movements that most need due process of law, the supposition of innocence until proven otherwise, and the protection guaranteed by the Constitution."

—Professor Harvey Cox, a noted theologian at the Harvard Divinity School

This is not to say that we can confuse the principle of freedom of religion with a lack of discernment on the part of the individual seeker. If anything, the First Amendment means that we must sharpen our criteria for involvement with a spiritual group. There is no Better Business Bureau of Spirituality (Jim Jones' Peoples' Temple was affiliated with the very respectable National Council of Churches) — and the problem is further complicated by the way in which taste, needs, and levels of understanding differ from person to person.

Still, there are certain guidelines people can look to as they investigate the wares in the "spiritual supermarket." In ***The Observing Self*** (Beacon, 1983), an eminently reasonable book about psychotherapy and mysticism, Dr. Arthur Deikman provides us with a sane and useful set of guidelines for finding a spiritual group.

1. Does the group operate in such a way as to help new members clarify their motivations for joining the group or does it assume that they are just showing good judgment? If the latter is the case, be wary.
2. Does the group provide members with the means for seeing and understanding the motivational patterns of ordinary living? If not, be wary.
3. Does the group gratify wishes for dependency, new experiences, emotional excitement, special status and vanity? If so, steer clear of it.
4. Does the group employ emotional arousal, repetition, guilt, and the use of group approval or disapproval? These are the principal components of thought reform (brainwashing) or conversion processes.

Careful attention to these points will help a would-be student of mystical science to avoid the numerous ineffective organizations that serve to fulfill the more primitive needs of both student and teacher, but do not serve the aim of conscious evolution. Still, it is important to recognize that cults and religious organizations of various kinds do perform important functions for their members. They satisfy members' needs for acceptance and protection, and often provide members with a disciplined, healthy routine of balanced living, good diet, and exercise. By also providing security, firm direction, and a controlled community life they can have a psychotherapeutic effect, reducing anxiety and teaching more adaptive behavior. The group's dogma can provide a framework of meaning and hope absent in the lives of many of its members prior to joining. At the least, such groups provide distraction, entertainment, and social opportunities. The worst offer group and parental security at the price of destructive regression.

How To Get Out When You've Been In

People who leave close-knit spiritual groups sometimes find that the return to the world can be lonely and disorienting. They may also find it hard to find anyone to talk to about their experiences. Old friends they have left may have nothing to do with them, and people who have never been involved in a spiritual group simply have no idea what they are talking about.

Sorting It Out is an organizaton that was formed to help people through the transitional period of returning to the world. *Sorting It Out* offers on-going support groups, individual counseling, and workshops where people who have left spiritual groups can share their experiences and perceptions. *Sorting It Out* can be reached at P.O. Box 9446, Berkeley, CA 94709 (Phone: 415/524-3200).

Early Warning Signs For The Detection Of Spiritual Blight

Daniel Goleman, Ph.D, ***Psychology Today*** editor, author of ***Varieties of Meditative Experience***, and long-time observer of the spiritual scene, suggests we should be wary of:

Taboo Topics: Questions that can't be asked, doubts that can't be shared, misgivings that can't be voiced. For example, "Where does all the money go?" or "Does Yogi sleep with his secretary?"

Spiritual Clones: In its minor form, stereotypic behavior, such as people who walk, talk, smoke, eat and dress just like their leader; in its more sinister form, psychological stereotyping, such as an entire group of people

who manifest only a narrow range of feeling in any and all situations: always happy, or pious, or sardonic, etc.

Groupthink: A party line that over-rides how people actually feel. Typically the cognitive glue that binds the group, e.g., "You're fallen, and Christ is the answer"; or, "You're lost in *samsara,* and Buddha is the answer"; or, "You're impure, and Shiva is the answer."

The Elect: A shared delusion of grandeur that there is no Way but this one. The corollary: You're lost if you leave the group.

No Graduates: Members are never weaned from the group. Often accompanies the corollary above.

Assembly Lines: Everyone is treated identically, no matter what their differences; e.g., mantras are assigned by dictates of a demographic checklist.

Loyalty Tests: Members are asked to prove loyalty to the group by doing something that violates their personal ethics; for example, setting up an organization that has a hidden agenda of recruiting others into the group, but publicly represents itself as a public service outfit.

Duplicity: The group's public face misrepresents its true nature, as in the example just given.

Unifocal Understanding: A single world-view is used to explain anything and everything; alternate explanations are verboten. For example, if you have diarrhea it's Guru's Grace. If it stops, it's also Guru's Grace. And if you get constipated, it's still Guru's Grace.

Humorlessness: No irreverence allowed. Laughing at sacred cows is good for your health. Take, for example, Gurdjieff's one-liner, "If you want to lose your faith, make friends with a priest."[2]

2. These warnings first appeared in **The Journal of Humanistic Psychology**.

The Center For Spiritual Emergencies

Very intensive meditation practice can awake a certain kind of energy which can seem anything but relaxing. People occasionally find themselves going through involuntary bodily movements — shaking, trembling, violent twitching, and muscular spasms, for example. Painful headaches and visual aberrations have also been reported. According to some writers these effects may be due to the awakening of a powerful force called "kundalini," which is said to lie, coiled like a serpent, at the base of the spine.

The awakening of kundalini is just one of the spiritual emergencies that people have reported. Other spiritual emergencies stem from experiences of unusual or heightened states of consciousness — the despair of **The Dark Night of the Soul**, the ecstacy of visionary experiences, the fear experienced during the "melting" of the individual boundary. Even the most positive experience, if it is sudden and unprepared for, can leave people frightened and disoriented.

The Center for Spiritual Emergencies is an attempt to build a network of qualified doctors and helpers for "the increasing number of people who are having unusual experiences and are seeking understanding, assistance and support."

Write: Center for Spiritual Emergencies, Esalen Institute, Big Sur, CA 93920, or call 408/667-2151.

Eight Books To Read Before You Leap

1. **Turning East, The Promise and Peril of the New Orientalism**, by Harvey Cox ($5.95 postpaid from Simon and Schuster, Attention: Mail Order, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, 1977). Harvey Cox, professor at Harvard Divinity School, investigates the new orientalism in his front yard, which he calls Benares-on-the-Charles.

2. **Karma Cola, Marketing the Mystic East**, by Gita Mehta ($6.95 postpaid from Simon and Schuster, Attention: Mail Order, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, 1979). Written by an Indian woman educated in the West, **Karma Cola** is an acerbic insider's view of Westerners' guru-hunting in Poona, Goa, etc. A mordant, witty, and true rendition of actors in a tragicomic Cosmic Play.

3. **Krishnamurti, The Years of Awakening**, by Mary Lutyens ($3.25 postpaid from Avon Books, Mail Order, 959 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10019, 1975). A finely etched biography by a woman who knew Krishnaji as a child (her mother was his close friend). The true story of

what happened when a spiritually gifted young boy is picked by Theosophists Ledbetter and Besant to become the next World Teacher, and of the spiritual crisis that led him to denounce his title and dissolve the Order that had grown up around him. Must reading for all would-be Avatars.

4. **When Prophecy Fails**, by Leon Festinger ($7.45 postpaid from Harper and Row, 2350 Virginia Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740, 1956). This is a study of what happens to people who belong to groups that prophecy the end of the world when the world doesn't end. Sociologist Festinger calls the result "cognitive dissonance," and finds that when "two beliefs do not fit together, the individual will frequently emerge, not only unshaken, but even more convinced of the truth of these beliefs than ever before."

5. **Let My Children Go**, by Ted Patrick and Tom Dulack (out of print from Ballantine Books, 1970). Ted Patrick is the crusading Big Daddy of Deprogramming. "They're all crooks," he says. "You name 'em. I've taken 'em all on." Along the way he did his best to destroy the First Amendment, with the winking compliance of local police and courts. To say nothing of individual rights. A good case of the cure being worse than the disease.

6. **Beginnings Without End**, by Sam Keen ($5.45 postpaid from Harper and Row, 2350 Virginia Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740, 1975). Includes a chapter on Sam Keen's basic Anti-Tyranny Kit, by a veteran of the spiritual wars, who has come through with his sanity intact by believing in "permanent imperfection" and "endarkenment," among other things.

7. **The New Religions**, by Jacob Needleman (out of print from Doubleday and Company, 1970). One of the first — and still one of the best — books on the subject. Needleman is the man behind the Center for the Study of New Religious Movements, and combines scholarship and sympathy in an exemplary way.

8. **The Romance of American Communism**, by Vivian Gornick ($6.45 postpaid from Basic Books, 10 E. 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022, 1978). Josh Baran of **Sorting It Out** recommends this as the best book on the subject of belonging, heart and soul, to a Group.

A Story

As God and Satan were walking down the street one day, the Lord bent down and picked something up. He gazed at it glowing radiantly in His hand. Satan, curious, asked,

"What's that?"

"This," answered the Lord, "is Truth."

"Here," replied Satan as he reached for it, "let me have that — I'll organize it for you."

If I Had My Life To Live Over

You don't, or won't — but since you're still living this life, there's no better closing advice for this chapter than the following poem written by an 81-year-old woman in Louisville, Kentucky. It has been fairly widely reprinted, and it demonstrates that the voice of experience is innocent, after all:

If I Had My Life To Live Over

I'd like to make more mistakes next time. I'd relax, I would limber up. I would be sillier than I have been this trip. I would take fewer things seriously. I would take more chances. I would climb more mountains and swim more rivers. I would eat more ice cream and less beans. I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but I'd have fewer imaginary ones.

You see, I'm one of those people who live sensibly and sanely hour after hour, day after day. Oh, I've had my moments, and if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them. In fact, I'd try to have nothing else. Just moments, one after another, instead of living so many years ahead of each day. I've been one of those persons who never goes anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a raincoat, and a parachute. If I had to do it again, I would travel lighter than I have.

If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall. I would go to more dances. I would ride more merry-go-rounds. I would pick more daisies.

—Nadine Stair ■

Original Blessing

Original Blessing
(A Primer in Creation Spirituality)
Matthew Fox
1983; 348 pp.
$12.05
postpaid from:
Bear & Company
P.O. Box Drawer 2860
Santa Fe, NM
87504-2860
or Whole Earth Access

The long-standing philosophical questions are still the most perplexing. Take the age-old issue of humanity's basic goodness. The nagging doubt as to whether we can really trust humans (either collectively or individually) hangs like a skulking wraith over such contemporary problems as the arms race, nuclear power, or environmental damage. Has our hubris painted us into several corners simultaneously or, on the contrary, is a failure to trust our best impulses the root of our ills?

For nearly two millenia, Christian theology has taken a rather dim view of "natural man," with the familiar doctrine of Original Sin serving as the cornerstone of a moral edifice emphasizing people's inherent sinfulness. In ***Original Blessing****, the Dominican theologian Matthew Fox challenges this assumption and draws upon the writings of various medieval Rhinish mystics, contemporary thinkers, and reinterpreted passages of scripture to formulate a creation-centered spirituality, which emphasizes life as a blessing, not a curse.* ***Original Blessing*** *follows Fox's excellent treatment of Meister Eckhart's mysticism,* ***Breakthrough*** *(**CQ** Fall '83) and utilizes the same analytical categories with which he illuminated Eckhart's thought. This new book is subtitled "A Primer in Creation Spirituality," and it is a salutory development in theological ecumenism that Fox includes non-Christian spiritual traditions as essential elements in his presentation.*

As always, Fox writes with a clear style that makes what could be an abstract discussion come alive. ***Original Blessing*** *is a significant response to the challenge of reformulating western religious life to better serve our current social crises.* —*Jay Kinney*

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What is the solution to the killing of God and the loss of human soul? It is our moving from theism to panentheism. Now panentheism is not pantheism. Pantheism, which is a declared heresy because it robs God of transcendence, states that "everything is God and God is everything." Panentheism, on the other hand, is altogether orthodox and very fit for ortho-praxis as well, for it slips in the little Greek word *en* and thus means, "God is in everything and everything is in God." This experience of the presence of God in our depth and of Dabhar in all the blessings and the sufferings of life is a mystical understanding of God. Panentheism is desperately needed by individuals and religious institutions today. It is the way the creation-centered tradition of spirituality experiences God. It is not theistic because it does not relate to God as subject or object, but neither is it pantheistic. Panentheism is a way of seeing the world sacramentally. Indeed, as we have seen previously, in the creation-centered tradition, the primary sacrament is creation itself — which includes every person and being who lives . . . .

Power in the Helping Professions

Here is a poem of empathy for teachers/healers who abuse their students/patients with sexual come-ons, false promises, or ego domination. Though meant for therapists, it resonates for any professional who cares for people — doctors, nurses, teachers, prison wardens, social workers, and spiritual leaders. The author, a Swiss medical psychotherapist with a Jungian background, tells his colleagues how to recognize when they're unconsciously manipulating their patients, how to stop, and why they should stop (it makes them as miserable as their victims or closes them off from their own growth). Most everyone has been on both sides of power-manipulation relationships; we know how easy they are to start and how horribly traumatic they feel when one of the people involved breaks a trust. In a nation where subconscious sadomasochism between, say, psychologists and patients is almost a cultural cliché, this book is a welcome, clearheaded, non-Puritan starting point for change. —*Art Kleiner*
[Suggested by Art Funkhouser]

•

At the start of treatment the establishment of the fee plays some role. A certain charlatanism often shows up in the analyst's attitude here. It is remarkable how often psychotherapists find it necessary to emphasize that the fee is itself a therapeutic necessity for promoting the healing process. May this not be, among other things, a shadow statement? The fee, after all, is not "therapy"; it is there to permit the therapist to live in a manner appropriate to a man of his level of education and training. Here, too, we find a counterpart in the patient. He is often willing to pay a very high fee because it gives him the impression that he is buying the analyst, who, as his employee, will save him the trouble of honestly examining himself; at the same time he pretends to himself that, because he has chosen the most expensive analyst, he is certain to be helped.

•

Quite often, a patient's sexual longing for her analyst is nothing more than her desire to destroy him professionally, a desire which is in turn a result of her own particular psychic state. We cannot here deal with the many reasons why a patient may wish to destroy her analyst. But the fact remains that this destructively impelled activation of sexuality often constellates an equally destructive sexuality in the analyst. It is one of the oldest charlatan tricks to try to bind women patients by awakening sexual desire. It is very easy for a psychotherapist to fall into this particular shadow aspect. And it is frequently reinforced by something even more uncanny: a certain self-destructiveness.

•

Purely intellectually, of course, the doctor knows that his patients are people like himself. But the honest physician must frequently admit to himself the impossibility of avoiding a negative attitude toward his patients. Especially to a hospital doctor, patients often become poor, unhappy creatures without status or dignity, virtually a different class of human being. They are often unreasonable, do not take their medicine, do things harmful to themselves, sometimes obey and sometimes not — just like little children. A polarity takes shape with the regressed, childish, fearful patient at one end and, at the other, the superior, proud physician, aloof though perhaps still somewhat coolly courteous.

Power in the Helping Professions
Adolf Guggenbühl-Craig
1971, 1982; 155 pp.
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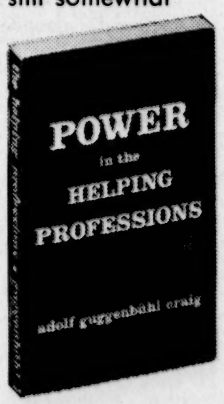

Of politics and religion

The letters on the following two pages are a selection of responses to last issue's section on Politics and Religion. As good material and letters continue to arrive, expect to see more on the subject in coming issues. —*Jay Kinney*

Running as a Quaker-Republican

Questions of religion and politics are central to my life at this time. I live in a rural township of Central New York, a municipality of 1350 residents who are currently choosing their next town supervisor/county legislator. After years of political theorizing and much personal soul-searching, this opening (resulting from the serious illness of the incumbent) comes at a perfect time for me and for my family, so I am running a busy campaign as the (no snickers, please) Republican candidate for supervisor. The primary campaign was hard-fought, with a former mayor (male) and a 4H staff member (female) as my competition. . . .

To make a long story moderate, I won the Republican primary with a majority (as versus a plurality). 80 percent of the 420 registered Republicans voted. Thirty-five new voters, mostly young people, have registered since the primary (26 Republican, 8 Independent, 1 Democrat). I face a Democrat (120 registered in the town) and an Independent (80) in the November election, and I am hopeful about the outcome.

How does this relate to religion? I am a Quaker by strong affiliation, although currently not part of a meeting. At the heart of Quakerism is a belief that we each can find the Spirit within us without intermediation by a hierarchical church organization. Similarly, I believe that each person has some wisdom to contribute to the process of governmental decision making, and that an elected representative has a major responsibility to draw upon that wisdom.

The campaign that I have run has been based upon empowerment over and above any other issues, and the voters of my town seem to find the point compelling. . . .

My "campaign promises" have been: publicize the agenda of upcoming town board meetings and the issues under discussion by the county board of supervisors so that the citizens know when questions of interest to them are being decided. What could

be simpler? Yet these things have never been done in my community, nor, probably, in your own.

Instead, the same familiar faces are elected and reelected on the basis, at best, of past community service and reputations for good character. The election process itself justifies calling oneself a "representative," but few people attempt to learn the opinions of their constituents so as to truly represent them.

Many people observe this process with distaste while holding themselves apart from the political mainstream. They cluster with like-minded others and express their righteous indignation. Sometimes they run for office as minority party candidates with no expectation of election and few relevant messages for the local electorate.

When I tell my acquaintances in the "peace community" that I am a Republican candidate, they act as if I must be either a traitor or a hypocrite. Better to forever be a member of the "loyal opposition" than to actually hold office.

The fear of power expressed in this attitude is a problem with which Quakerism, as a nonhierarchical church, has also struggled. I feel that if people of high moral principle are reluctant to hold political office, those who are less scrupulous will step into the breach and fulfill our worst fears.

Susan Waterstripe
Sheds, New York

Catholic centrism

The "right" and the "left" are mixed bags. In principle, there is no reason why a person can't be rightish on some issues and leftish on others. The official Catholic view on many issues resembles, at least superficially, that of the right, but on many other issues, that of the left. It may surprise you to know that the Catholic Church has always been officially opposed to military actions deliberately directed against noncombatants (and any military actions for punitive and other non-defensive purposes) as it has been to abortion and contraception. It may also surprise you to learn that the Catholic Church has been officially opposed to laissez-faire capitalism ever since laissez-faire capitalism was first worked out on paper.

What makes things more confusing is that a seemingly left-wing stand might be taken to preserve values that might seem more typically rightish.. For example the Catholic Church has, on occasion, denounced antimiscegenation laws on the grounds that they encourage shacking up by people who might get married instead if they could do so.

So I don't put much store in the terms left and right. As a Catholic and a member of Juli Loesch's Pro-Lifers for Survival, I much resent the way society tries to prepackage our ideas in bundles called left and right.

Those who want to learn more about "Catholic Centrism" should read the following mags:

The New Oxford Review (1069 Kains Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94706; $14/year); and

Worldview (Subscription Department, 170 E. 64th Street, New York, NY 10021; $19.97/year)

Very centrally yours,
Charlene Bevins
Seattle, Washington

P.S. I'll be a lot more spiritual as soon as I get a Welsh tapestry bedspread.

The price of equality

Dear Stewart,

I meant to give you a detailed reaction to your [invitation to write about the politics of religion]. It was interesting. But I wanted to remind you that I don't think the leader's temptation to break the rules he makes for the others is the main problem, at least not until he has got some kind of tight grip on them so they can't leave. Before that the great issue is the threat of secession by all and sundry, which can't be solved until they have taken an oath or made over all their worldly goods so they really can't leave.

Equality is the solution to the jealousy of free riders. And bickering is the price of equality.

Mary Douglas
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

Among the cyanide guzzlers in Oklahoma

After reading Jay Kinney's "Editor Tells All" (**CQ** Fall '83) I felt compelled to send you this poem that I wrote soon after the suicides in Guyana. I do not know entirely what it means, even though I wrote

it, but it seems to vindicate the "gut-level distrust of Jim Jones' tinted eyeglasses." In matters of politics and religion, the intellect is a deceptive tool. No political ideology can fill the heart if there is no community. No religious dogma can fill the void of the soul.

It may seem easy to say all this from the apparent safety of Oklahoma, but we have a breed of cyanide guzzler here that will break your heart.

Maylan Dunn
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

message from guyana

"Within the circuit of this plodding life,
There enter moments of an azure hue,
Untarnished fair as is the violet
Or anemone, when the spring strews them
By some meandering rivulet, which make
The best philosophy untrue that aims
But to console man for his grievances."

—*Thoreau*

lord, my eyes are ragged with the things i see
and there's nothing to heal them
they burn, they burn
in exegesis the scripture is lost but the vision keeps burning
for a thirst-quenching drink of thoreau's anemone i would pay the price
and never count the cost
and yet the price-tag is a relief to me
—look for certainty nowhere, for death may fool you
and uncautiously embrace all beauty where you find it
drink deep and you will never need to be consoled with cyanide
though all your life you'll scream from ragged eyes

Jao, man, *Jao!*

I really enjoyed the politics and religion section and your own notes. The only thought I had to add in your "outro" — and maybe you even made it implicitly — is that spirituality is really an individual phenomenon, whereas politics is what we do in groups. I've been with scads of gurus, swamis, and various monks and teachers over the past 15 years, and I know that the very best the real ones could give was the inspiration to 1) learn how to be quiet and alone with myself; and 2) go out to live fully in the whole world and pursue whatever political, aesthetic, or intellectual interests felt natural.

The former seems to be spiritual grounding and the latter might be called the politics of living. Frankly, I'm cynical by now of the potential for true spiritual deepening in any group or ashram. I've had so many mystical experiences through the years which have convinced me that spirituality is between each one of us and God. The saint who seems to be my guru, who meets me in such experiences, had one favorite word when he was alive: *Jao!* — which means "go." Go live; go do; go serve; go mingle; go get corrupted and ashamed and afraid and depressed; go anywhere, and see that it's all fair game; see that it's up to us to bring the living spirit into everything. As has always been the case, most group spiritual contexts seem to go beyond practical instruction like meditation, yoga, etc., which can help us to live consciously; they seem to provide a narrow Utopian fishtank outside of which is a cold, cruel world.

Unfortunately, the "spiritual subculture" is the ripest pickings for any sort of semiholy opportunist, as I consider most of the well-known yogis and swamis and growth leaders to be. Rather than instructing and releasing people, most of the trips try to extract lifelong commitments from the people they "serve." I could go on for days telling you remarks I've heard firsthand from famous, respected "New Age" leaders that sound like marketing statements from executives at Coca-Cola. But I won't belabor the point (unless I already have).

If folks could renew their own personal connection with the Spirit, then the politics that follow are politics which don't have to rely on lobbying power of spiritual empires, but rather on the unspoken, fully assimilated values and morals which continue to spring forth from within each of the people involved in the political process. So there's no need as you say "to build a political platform around" any particular spiritual realizations; political platforms get built around the best political guesses of people who are centered in the Spirit. And any spiritual awareness which doesn't hold up "at the hands of a Salvadoran death squad" is not yet fully assimilated; it came from outside and is now taken away by forces outside. You or I may not be able to predict how we would hold up, but certainly we're both working toward the kind of inner strength that could use such torture as a gateway to Paradise (and even forgive the rotten bastards who did it to us; that's a tough one for me).

Bo Lozoff
Prison-Ashram Project
Durham, North Carolina

Outgrowing religion?

I liked seeing politics crossed with religion. What a juicy issue! The only significant disagreement I felt in your organization of it was with your assumption that there's a basic human need for religion. Why make such an assumption when the opposite one (that the need was temporary and we're outgrowing it) may be even more provocative and productive? Like in an investigation of free will — you have to be able to suspend belief in predestination or you can't test your own personal power.

Charles Munch
Lone Rock, Wisconsin

Every dictator has his day

Yes, Lee Kuan Yew is many cuts above Pol Pot or Idi Amin. But I remember a day when I saw just how "benign" a dictator he is.

Lee came to my university to speak in 1970. He was hosted by my residential college. Among my classmates was a Malaysian Chinese boy, who claimed to have smuggled radio parts and food to the communist rebels in Malaysia. Whether he was talking big or not, I don't know, but he was very definitely left politically.

Anyway, Lee was talking glibly to a group of about 20 or 30 of us, telling much the same things that you describe in your article. And I have no doubt that they were true. The Chinese boy started asking some uncomfortable questions about political prisoners. Lee called him a deluded kid, and lamented how communist propaganda could poison idealistic young minds. A fair lament. But the kid wouldn't leave Lee alone, and got more accusatory. So,

Lee sort of leaned forward, narrowed his eyes and said, "What's your name?"

"What do you want to know my name for?"

"Such a dedicated young man. I assume you are from Singapore?"

Silence.

"I thought I would like to pay my respects to your parents when I return home, to let them know you are studying hard." And then he stared. And stared.

The Chinese kid left. The meeting broke up soon afterwards.

I agree with Jay Kinney: " . . . dictators give me the creeps."

Ellis Amdur
Tokyo, Japan

Softer technology than "Sani-fem"

That gadget you reviewed (Sani-fem, **CQ** Spring '83) to enable a woman to pee standing up still gives me a good chuckle in odd moments. (What do you *do* with it when it's all pissy — put it in your back pocket? Or maybe your *purse*?)

"Soft" technology is cheaper, more portable, and virtually unbreakable: using the fingers of either your dextrous or sinister hand, pull upwards until the skin is tight. If your plumbing is tolerant, practice in the shower; otherwise you could head for the bushes wearing a shirt and no panties. Enough practice, and — voila: yellow-monogrammed snow!

If you're stuck on a treeless, bushless plain, or elsewhere with no cover, in tight jeans, and your shirttails don't cover the few inches of drop, you could always tie your sweater around your waist, no? A friend of mine learned this technique from the peasant women in Ghana; but I've met north country women who already knew how to pee standing up, too.

Name withheld
(woman)

Unclassifieds abuse

You were kind enough to run an unclassified in your most recent issue of **CQ** for our **Quilt Book Catalog**. We got some response, too. But I regret to inform you that various nefarious types are using your unclassifieds as a source of addresses for chain letters. Last Tuesday I received *three* chain letters in the mail. All had the same kind of flimsy bullshit come-on ("I am writing this letter from a Hawaii beach, where I have been vacationing with my wife and seven children . . .").

How, you might ask, do I know that these slimy toads are using your unclassifieds to indulge their greed? Why not simply look up our store address in the phone book? Well, they all sent their letters addressed to Walking Owl Books. Now this bookstore is not called Walking Owl Books. It is called Waking Owl Books. Perhaps you can see the difference. (Anyway, what kind of nut-case owl would want to walk?) The *only* printed material that calls us Walking Owl Books is a small unclassified ad in the back of a west coast quarterly called **CQ**.

Patrick de Freitas
Salt Lake City, Utah

Billboard backscatter

Dear William Board ("Alter a Billboard," **CQ** Summer '83):

You and your spray can are not alone. We fully endorse your methods of community feedback as a means of reclaiming our visual space. Hopefully more people will pick up their brushes and ladders and follow your fine example.

The Venice Billboard
Enhancement Society
Venice, California

Information Orange

Vietnam veteran commenting on a proposal to do more studies in order to get more information on the effects of Agent Orange:

"Hell, there's more information around than there is shit to know about!"

J. Baldwin
Petaluma, California

The straight poop on geckos

Richard Engling's "Gecko as Roach-deterrent" article (**CQ** Fall '83) left out one important piece of information: Lizards aren't house-broken. I moved into a 3-bedroom shack along the Chesapeake Bay in late winter. The first warm days of spring brought hundreds of roaches to my kitchen. A few weeks later I began to hear strange grinding sounds under my refrigerator. Then one night I saw a lizard run under the fridge with a live roach in its mouth. I soon saw as many as four lizards at a time in my kitchen, and in about six weeks they had almost completely eradicated the roaches. However, they also dropped little lizard turds all over my kitchen floor every day; small, odorless, cylindrical droppings nearly an inch long with a white mark at one end.

Although I hadn't introduced the lizards, I am pleased with their pest control prowess, and feel the trade-off between their roach eliminating ability and their shit production is worth it. Others may not agree, however, and they should be forewarned.

Ned Teplitz
Solomons, Maryland

Geckoly love

Interesting about the geckos. I had a pair of geckos once, in Boston. Never thought to let'm loose though we had millions of roaches. Huge ones. So big in fact I thought it'd be interesting to pick a couple and treat'em as pets. (The distinction between vermin and pet is largely one of human attitude. Cats in Bulgaria are regarded as vermin. No one houses or feeds them — gives them a completely different mindset — makes them act like rats, which makes people treat them like vermin.)

So anyway I put the roaches in with the geckos and continued to feed the geckos live flies. The roaches ate the geckos' shit. They got on fine! Quite a startling sight to see the roaches and geckos all sleeping together in a little cozy pile during the day.

Which suggests that if you want to use geckos for roach control, better make sure you tell the geckos that the roaches belong to an "Evil Empire" that's trying to conquer the world and lizards are the world's "Last Best Hope."

Robert Horvitz
Providence, Long Island

Former Fug defends roaches

Yr late issue's Gecko article has some *bad* info. Boric acid is extremely toxic to humans and has caused over 100 deaths *and* has been practically eliminated (after many MDs' recommendations) from the **U.S. Pharmacopeia**.

Didja ever stop to think that it's *their* house (the roaches) as well as yours? They were here before us — and mayhaps will be after us. Yr framehouse is just a hollow tree to them — they're first cutters.

People hate roaches because they're anxious. (Both species!) and they shit a lot and in their nests: just like tree-living primates. (Western children have to *learn* to despise shit.) *Ratus norwegicus* is *both* the city rat and the country rat. But in the city its life is angst-ridden and it has an adrenal gland four times the size of the *same species* in the wild.

Tuli Kupferberg
New York, New York

Forced relief, damned welfare

"Hawken economics is rooted in the individual" (Review of **The Next Economy**, **CQ** Spring '83)?! No, Stewart, not concerning Social Security. The debate is not about whether the elderly should be supported, but between governmental action and individual responsibility. It would be nice if we could retribalize America. But the effect of government social programs has been to detribalize us. First, it has become easier to ignore the needy, because "the government will do something." How many modern families care for their own aged?

Second, government relief is funded involuntarily. No more moral benefit accrues to the taxpayer than to the victim of a robbery. Perhaps giving in a tribal society is equally involuntary, but it is not perceived as such because the force used is more subtle. One feels differently when giving clothing to a family whose home has burned than when filling out the 1040. The use of armed force inevitably turns "us" into "me vs. them."

Third, the institution of mandatory retirement ages, or even a minimum age for receiving Social Security, asserts that the old are useless. Fourth, instead of millions of us investigating poverty next door, we have thousands of social workers, who can gather less knowledge; the resulting welfare check is (dare I say

Personally responsible investing

I first learned about "socially responsible investing" in Professor Richard Jennings' corporations class at Berkeley in 1973. Reading Joe Kane's piece (**CQ** Summer '83) made me think about the lessons I have learned since then about doing good and managing money. They are as follows:

1. There are no nice neighborhoods in the world of money trading. There is an aged cliché about the stock market that is entirely true: "Loyalty on Wall Street is a quarter of a point." What it means is that your good and true friend will do you out of the business if he can save $.25 per share on a trade of common stock.

2. Buying and selling securities is not investing. In the economist's sense of the word, "investing" is taking money and giving it to people for what they do and what they make. It is what families and individuals do when they buy a home or pay for an education. Exchanging part of your bank balance for sheets of embossed paper or computer data entries that signify ownership of stocks and bonds is not investing in any economic sense. It is trading in securities. Most people would call it gambling.

3. Securities' prices are reflections of purely monetary expectations. For the most part the bets made in the stock and bond markets are speculations regarding the future prices of the different pieces of paper; they are not ethical or aesthetic assessments of the company or its business. From the point of view of the marketplace, the reasons why a trust company, pension trust, or individual buys or sells a security are irrelevant; all that matters is the price at which they will buy or sell.

These may seem rather dismal lessons to those readers who share Mr. Kane's desire to have the world of money and the world of values be directly connected. One would like to think that we can have our virtuous cake and eat it, too. It would please me to think so, but my experience says that it is not the case, that there is no connection between the personal values of the financial speculator and his or her rewards from trading in securities. Good people go bust, and awful people make scads of money. The only correlation that I have found is the one between the speculator's technical abilities as a trader and investment analyst and the profitability of his or her trades. Clever people make most of the money, even if they are not very nice.

This is difficult for most "socially responsible investors" to accept; they find it hard to believe that the money system is so thoroughly amoral, that it can be so cruel to good intentions. They find it easier to believe that the system is evil, that cleverness is somehow directly connected to bad character. That is also not the case. There are a number of decent, responsible human beings who are also successful financial speculators. The point is that the marketplace is not playing by moral rules; it is, in its pricing, entirely amoral.

Let me offer an example from our firm's own experience. In 1978 the Regents of the University of California were being pressured to remove from the university's employee pension trusts all investments in companies doing business in the Union of South Africa. We were retained to review the investment performance of the Regents. Our clients were pleased to have our opinion that the Regents and their fund managers had done a mediocre job. They were not pleased, however, with our conclusion that it would be financially imprudent for the funds to exchange their investments in multinational companies doing business in South Africa for 9 percent 30-year mortgages in low-income housing. It appeared to us that inflation was likely to increase and that an

it?) "mass without information," full of bureaucratic waste.

In short, to say that the American people aren't doing their job is not an argument for giving that job to their overlords. One learns to assume responsibility by having it thrust upon one.

Jeffrey A. Quick
Ann Arbor, Michigan

But the middle justifies the muddle

I long ago parted with the Catholic Church, but I will always admire the Jesuits for their teaching — the end does *not* justify the means. The phrase made for lively discussion all through high school.

Evan Eisenberg writes in his article, "The Joy of Arms Control" (**CQ** Fall '83): "The Americans, being Christians, follow the Jesuit principle that the end justifies the means." Jesuits teach the opposite and the mistake ruins an otherwise excellent article.

The end justifies the means for the minority Christian Fascists, estian type simpletons and liars, pyramid sales types, most likely arms negotiators, and certainly arms merchants. These are many, true, but not all Americans.

Greg Higgins
Stanwood, Washington

What they do for fun in Bloomington, Indiana

This is a submission to **CQ**. It is also something you should try sometime. It's a lot of fun.

Experience styrofoam packing. Fill a bag with rounded styrofoam packing disks, the ones shaped like red blood cells. Find some (sun)glasses, a chair, and a friend.

Lie on the floor, face up, with the glasses on. Have your friend stand beside you on the chair and drop the disks on your face. Tell him to drop them slowly.

You'll giggle and laugh uncontrollably.

It might be too much: an overload.

Everyone I've done this with has gotten a kick out of it. Maybe it's the way the little styrofoam buggers shuffle side to side as they float down.

"Hey kid, ya' wanna' buy some funny disks?"

Merry Disking,

Thomas M. Roberts
Department of Physics
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

investment in such mortgages would lose the employees of the University of California a good deal of money. It was our further conclusion that the purchase of South African gold mining stocks was likely to be one of the best hedges against such inflation — even if such an investment was entirely repugnant on moral grounds.

That time we were right, and our clients were wrong. It could have been the other way round. What is important is that the prices of low-income housing mortgages and South African gold stocks had nothing to do with their relative merits as good investments for the people in the world. Wall Street is a place to make money, not a place to change how people live; its shifting prices are only reflections of the financial implications of what people have done elsewhere to make things different. If you want to change the world, take the money you or your parents or grandparents made in the stock market and spend it wisely in the world. All one can do with financial speculation per se is make or lose money.

When Christ talked about rendering unto Caesar, he was not suggesting capitulation to the state and its rules of legal tender. He was reminding his disciples that money had its own terms and that these were not God's; it was only when the stuff was put to use that it had any moral value. To date, "socially responsible investing" has had no net effect on how we live and work in this monetary society. It has simply been the most recent meliorist illusion about "reforming" the financial system in America, and its principal effect has been to allow financially comfortable people of good heart and weak minds to believe that they can have wealth without paying its price, that there is some other choice beside accepting one's own complicity in the system's ahuman mechanisms.

Fortunately, there are a number of good people out there who are comfortable with the paradox of money, who have learned the techniques of accumulating capital without surrendering their consciences or moral intelligence. The following is the briefest of summaries of what they have written and said about the techniques of financial speculation; I hope it is of good use to you:

1. Do not buy a security unless you are willing to put it away in a drawer and forget it. The best speculations are those which mature over several lifetimes; if you must trade, try to hold a security for three to five years before selling.

2. Develop an empirical model based on financial variables and use it as the yardstick for measuring what to buy. Then apply it without exception. Hunches are wonderful things in life, but they are usually disastrous mistakes in the financial markets. Computers have revolutionized the financial markets precisely because they are, as yet, entirely unintuitive; they simply crunch the numbers. Develop your own system for crunching numbers and accept its conclusions. The model our firm uses is based on discounted cash flows; others have had success using ratios to book value, dividend yields, net financial assets, earnings growth rates, and trading volumes.

3. Ignore the financial press. It is very hard to make money on financial news; you rarely know who else has already heard it. When you do know, it is usually because the information is "insider" data. Under most circumstances, it is illegal to profit from the use of insider information in securities trading.

4. Sell the successes and be patient with the failures. The investments that pay quick dividends, that give one reason to be prideful over one's brilliance and financial acumen are rarely the best overall speculations.

5. Enjoy the technical challenge for its own sake and remember — it is only money.

Stefan Jovanovich
Jovanovich and Turner
(Law Offices)
Los Angeles, California

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We print ads in the order received. "UNCLASSIFIEDS" — no categories. **CQ** subscription rates are $18/year ($21/year foreign and Canada). Please add this amount to your payment if you are not currently a subscriber. Order forms for subscriptions are at the back of this magazine. Mail ad and payment (made out to **CoEvolution Quarterly**) to **Debbie Hopkins, CQ UNCLASSIFIEDS, P.O. Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94966.**

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OLD-TIME FLAVOR — Can you top these tomatoes for taste? Here are two delicious heirloom tomatoes for your next garden — Tappy's Finest and Mortgage Lifter Yellow. These are large, meaty tomatoes, not pulpy. Perfect for sauce, juice, canning, and great sliced. For a packet of each variety, plus free seed catalog and garden guide, send $2.50 to Southern Exposure Seed Exchange, North Garden, VA 22959-0158. Limited offer.

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ANIMALS PLAY AN important part in nature and, as individuals, have needs and rights to consider. If you care about animals, read Agenda, the magazine about the animal rights movement. 40 pages bi-monthly with news, views, and movement developments. The most talked about periodical in the animal rights movement today. $2 sample, $15 subscription ($25 overseas air). Write: Agenda, P.O. Box 5234, Westport, CT 06881.

LITERARY MACHINES by Ted Nelson, 1981. A book describing the Xanadu Hypertext Software System, a global electronic library and publishing network. See NWEC p. 536. $10 postpaid. Brian Wanty, Networker. P.O. Box 4307, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-4307.

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DIET AND NUTRITION Rudolph Ballentine, M.D. 650 pages. "A welcome addition to the literature on alternative approaches to health care .... Highly recommended." — Library Journal. $12.20 postpaid. Free mail order catalog. Himalayan Publishers, Dept. CQ, RD 1, Box 88A, Honesdale, PA 18431.

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RAINBOW SIGN/MENORAH — Journal of Jewish Renewal — creative spiritual political practice from wrestling with God and Jewish values to repair the World Ark and keep her afloat. Network with other Jewish spiritual/practical workers. Editor: Arthur Waskow (see CQ Fall 1983). Subscribe $24 to Menorah, Dept. CQ, P.O. 1308V, Ft. Lee, NJ 07024.

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SELLING YOUR BUSINESS is tough at best, but if you're reading this magazine, your business is probably tougher than most — because of its subject matter or view of the world. It occurred to me that a central exchange for firms involved in . . . well, the kinds of things CoEv gets interested in . . . would be useful to both sellers and buyers of these businesses. No altruism on my part; I make my living selling businesses for a fee. If you contact me, it'll stay confidential. (Or if you're interested in buying, let me know that.) William Nelson, Calhoun, 7100 France Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55435. 612/920-8808.

A SHOCKING HORROR STORY of another era . . ." (Judith Williams, CBS News). "If you've never raised a savage cry, licked blood and spit, made the world meat, skip this story and go straight to heaven . . ." (The Sun). These are reviews of the new book, The Cripple Liberation Front Marching Band Blues, by Lorenzo W. Milam. It's a frightening tale of hospitals and medical care of twenty-five years ago, and how one person learned to deal with his own body "suddenly turned seventy-five years of age." It's horrible, sad, funny, touching — and a testimony from one who went on to build an unlikely collection of non-commercial, community radio stations around the United States. This is his story; and, we might, as The Sun concludes, ". . .say a prayer for Lorenzo. . .say a prayer for his passage towards us, across the oceans of his life, on this tiny boat of words that holds so much." Prepublication price $5.75 plus $1 postage from Mho & Mho Works, Box 33135, San Diego, CA 92103 (until March 1, 1974; $9.75 ppd thereafter).

TIRED OF BABY Talk in your search for reliable information concerning important issues in childbirth, parenting and family health? Can you handle a strong point of view? Mothering is not just another mediocre baby magazine — it is a resource of clear thinking and support for committed parenting, exploring alternatives YOU need to know about. Send $12 for 1 year (4 issues), or $3.50 for sample issue, to Mothering Pubications, Dept. CQ, PO Box 2208, Albuquerque, NM 87103.

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JAMES DONNELLY

WHAT'S ASTROLOGY FOR? Seeing how the world around you is a large-scale rendition of the one inside you, and how a minor adjustment inside is a major improvement outside. Using your exact time, date and place of birth, I mathematically map out your physical, mental, emotional and higher consciousness energies and indicate when they peak. Then you receive a 2½ hour personally recorded audio cassette describing the process of growth and development involved in realizing each of your potentials. You can use this to reshape your thinking so your mental pathways are serving as adequate channels for even your highest potentials. I'm a Phi Beta Kappa, graduate of Rutgers University, have 13 years' professional experience in New York, Toronto and Atlanta, and am 40 years old. H. Miller, Tumbling Waters, Route 2, Box 2330, Clayton, GA 30525. $50. Refund if not fully satisfied.

CAREERS IN RADIO-TV Extermination! Illustrated prospectus, handy I.D. card $1.00 in stamps, SASE: Benecki, Box 756, Truro, MA 02666.

STEWART BRAND BLUES (a science poem): The synthetic organics polluting the land, Cannot be blamed directly on a genetic strand, There is no gene code making DDT, Just a human brain mumbling fiddle-de-de, There once was a doctor named Bateson, Who claimed the mind had no time-space in, His theory was a mess, And as you might guess, Einstein had no real place in, But when he died and his mind entropyed, It dispersed from the space he denied, And only a year or so later, His former home was used to empty a container, It was malathion a pesticide, From the very mind space he denied.

In Sacramento there's the Bateson building, Dedicated by Governor Brown who thought it was a solar building, But the solar heated air in it wouldn't move, Thus the solar heated toxins it couldn't remove, From the solar heated atmosphere of the Bateson building, it may have been formaldahyde, Or another synthetic organic outgassed from the building materials inside, But the state employees became sick inside, From the very mind-space Doctor Bateson denied. For copy of complete poem ("Ode to the Psychomolecular Code") or further details send $1 to Tony Ryals, 976 Fanning Grade, Ben Lomond, CA 95005.

MUSIC YOU'VE BEEN Missing. Have you wondered where all the good music has gone? New Acoustic Music embodies the most vital qualities of acoustic instrumental tradition: melody, technical virtuosity and challenging compositions, and it's fun listening, as well! For $3.00, postpaid, we'll send you a beautifully-packaged album sampler of 11 of our best New Acoustic Music cuts, by Tony Rice, Bela Fleck, Mark O'Connor and others. Roundup Records, Dept. COS, P.O. Box 154, North Cambridge, MA 02140.

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SOIL LOVERS REJOICE — "The Soul of Soil: A Guide to Ecological Soil Management" by Grace Gershuny is now available for $5/copy from: Extension Publications, Morrill Hall, Burlington, VT 05405.

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THE GREAT PLAINS Tipi — a delightful shelter for temporary or year round living. The tipi is a spacious, well-lighted, sturdy structure. Send $1 for catalog to: Great Plains Mfg., 1906 N. 34th., Seattle, WA 98103 or call 206/634-3154.

GLOBAL VIEW LINKS Findhorn, Auroville, Tibetan communities in India and Nepal, hilltribe people of northern Thailand and other wonderful craftspeople in Asia, with western appreciators of their special crafts and handmade clothing. We helped develop cottage industries in Auroville, and some of us visit the Asian artisans yearly. Global View expressed our belief in mutual right livelihood in nurturing personal relationships with both producer and consumer as directly as possible. Our catalog illustrates natural fiber clothing, accessories, bedspreads, tapestries, the hammock-chaise, woodcrafts, stationery, books: $1.00. Our retail store: Global View, Rt. 3-CQ, Spring Green, WI 53588. 508/583-5311.

NEW AGE SINGLES advertise free in Contact Magazine. Details free (current issue, $3). Box 500-CQ, Mendocino, CA 95460.

NEWMAN/REDFORD IN '84 — Put a five-star team in the White House. Bumper stickers ($1.00), posters ($4.00) and T-Shirts ($8.00). 20% discount per dozen. Dealer inquiries welcomed. Shirt-sizes S,M,L. Fulcrum, P.O. Box 128, Narberth, PA 19072.

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WONDERFUL LUNAR/SOLAR Calendars — Engagement format — Space made for menstrual recording. Begins on spring equinox. Send $10.00 per calendar to: Michael Snodgrass, 1801 Blake Street, Berkeley, CA 94703.

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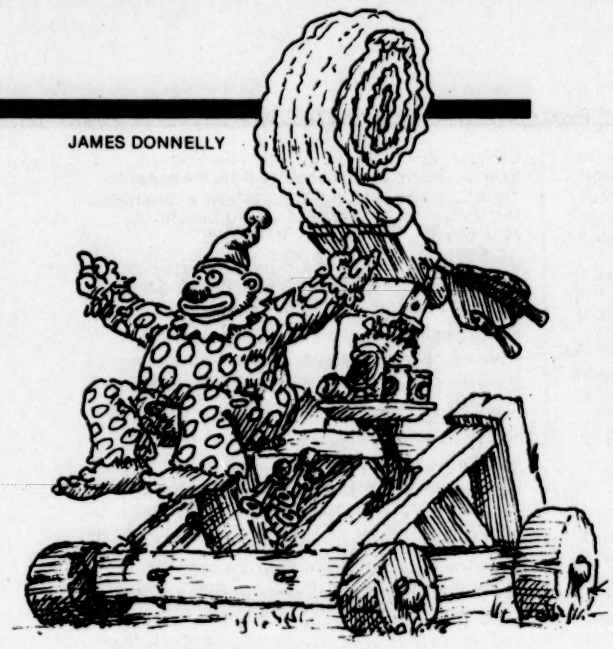
LAND FOR SALE. Beautiful 32-acre east/west valley inside 113-acre restricted wildlife sanctuary. Improvements: workshop, sauna, septic tank, phone, gravity water system, fruit/nut orchard, grape arbor. Five major springs, two creeks. Land protected by the following restrictions: no timbering, commercial power, further subdivision, hunting. Total privacy. 3 miles from town, one hour from Nashville. $29,800. Freedom Wakoa, General Delivery, Lobelville, TN 37097.



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WORLDS MOST COMPLETE Alternative Energy Catalog. 237 pages, 23 chapters including: Photovoltaics, Wind, Hydro, Batteries, Water Pumping, Appliances, Communications, Solar Cooling and much more. Send $4.95 refundable with order, to Real Goods Trading Company, 308(M) East Perkins, Ukiah, CA 95482.

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HUNGER AND PESTICIDE Abuse can be ended through Sustainable Agriculture. Find out how: International Alliance for Sustainable Agriculture, In the Newman Center, University of Minnesotà, 1701 University Avenue SE, Room 202, Minneapolis, MN 55405. 612/331-3437.

BUSINESS WORKSHOPS. Noren workshops have been created to provide access for all people in business to the experience of others who practice openness, honesty, service, and sharing. 'Noren' is Japanese for the fabric that hangs in the entrance to a Japanese store when it is open for business. Classes are held on the premises of businesses which illustrate the principles of courses such as: Financing your Business, Creative Marketing, Honest Management, Fun In Business, and more. For more information call or write Noren Workshops, 62 Stanton St., San Francisco, CA 94114, 415/237-6145.

OPEN COMMUNITY SCHOOLS — Seeking to network histories, resources and wisdoms. For questionnaire and inclusion, contact: Stickler, 3171 NE 81st, Seattle, WA 98115.

WANT GOOD BOOKS About Boats? Send for 'International Marine Books,' a great free catalog of the best 500 current marine books. International Marine, Box CQ, Camden, ME 04843.

Point Project Reports: August, September, October 1983

Whole Earth Software Catalog & Review	
Income	
Software Review	
Advance Subscriptions	5,181
Advance from Doubleday	0
Interest Earned	13,020
Total Income	18,201
Expense	163,014
Profit/Loss	-144,813
Uncommon Courtesy	
Income	1,750
Expense	6,993
Profit/Loss	-5,243
Chronicle Column	
Income	6,500
Expense	4,459
Profit/Loss	2,041
Other Products	
Income	13,760
Expense	15,054
Profit/Loss	-1,294

Point Foundation October 31, 1983

Assets	
Cash in Bank	332,610
Accounts Receivable	
Distributor — CQ	26,357
Mailing List — CQ	8,849
Inventory	
CQ Back Issues	9,101
Other Products	8,933
Random House (**NWEC**)	53,093
Liabilities	
Accounts Payable	
Miscellaneous	0
Subscriber Liability	
CQ	259,140
Software Review	7,504
Random House (**NWEC**)	139,818
Doubleday Advance	567,500

CoEvolution Quarterly August, September, October 1983

Income	
Subscriptions & Renewals	89,390
Newsstand Distribution	20,014
Back Issues	2,406
Mailing List	10,609
Unclassified Ads	2,430
Retainers & Sustainers	1,112
Total Income	**125,961**
Expenses	
Point Corporate	6,144
CQ Graphics	1,303
Machinery & Equipment	1,712
Freight (Distribution)	1,386
Printing (Magazine)	28,956
Mailing List	1,276
Sub. Promo. & Fulfillment	11,414
Writers & Contributors	7,458
Salary — Editorial	10,842
Salary — Production	9,911
Salary — Office	19,757
Salary — Circulation	7,114
Equipment Rent/Lease/Maintenance	1,315
Supplies (Office, Prod., Computer)	3,104
Postage	2,256
Publicity & Promotion	363
Rent & Bldg. Maintenance	5,850
Telephone	3,154
Utilities	419
Miscellaneous Operating Expenses	4,953
Total Expenses	**128,687**
Profit/Loss	**-2,726**

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Gossip

Along with our abiding respect and affection for San Francisco Zen Center have come some changed formal relations. One deeper involvement is signaled in the article on page 112 about the Zen Center's leadership crisis. However, the rebalancing efforts chronicled there have led inadvertently to a distancing in our business collaboration.

As part of Zen Center's reorganization it is severing or shutting down several of its draining business operations. One that was working hard and providing worthy service but only breaking even financially was the Whole Earth Bookstore, which handled mail order sales of most of the books listed in ***CoEvolution*** *and* ***The Next Whole Earth Catalog****. The inventory and the business were sold to . . . (dramatic pause) . . . the dear old Whole Earth Access Company, the excellent New Age department store based at Seventh and Ashby in Berkeley, California. They've recently taken on mail order with a big catalog of fine goods at unusually low prices — power and hand tools, natural fiber clothes, woodstoves, housewares, electronic gear, books (now including ours), etc.*

So we welcome our new collaborators, the owners of Basic Living Products — Laura Katz, Larry Farb (brother to:), Gene Farb (married to:), Toni Garrett. As before, we are linked closely by information — we hope that Whole Earth Access can help with tool evaluation — and linked financially not at all.

Next turn on the plot line. The former manager of Zen Center's Whole Earth Bookstore, Arnie Kotler, is now working with us part-time as financial clarifier, helping get our accounts, budgets, bookkeeping, and organization in order. The new financial report form on page 139 reflects some of his efforts.

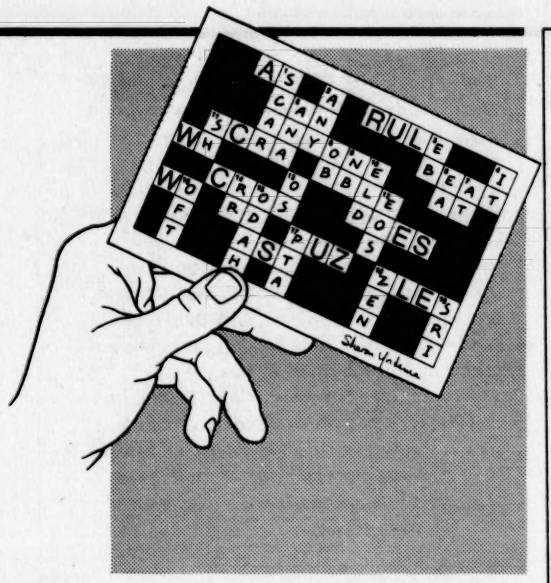
Under normal circumstances, how many "Rules of Thumb" article readers respond with their own suggestions? Only author/editor/illustrator Tom Parker knows for sure. His collections of rules (CQ Fall '82 and Fall '83) have now been compiled into a new book, *Rules of Thumb* ($6.95 postpaid from Houghton Mifflin Company, Attention: Mail Order, Two Park Street, Boston, MA 02107). CQ readers are probably his biggest single group of contributors. If you procrastinated too long, don't worry, he's compiling a computer database of the stuff! Send your rules to Rules of Thumb, care of Houghton-Mifflin. At right, one of Tom's illustrations that didn't make it into CQ previously.

—Art Kleiner

Not since the creative frenzy around making ***The Next Whole Earth Catalog*** *in '80 and '81 have there been so many new faces and role swaps at* **CQ***. One new face is James Donnelly, typesetter, Kentuckian, and droll cartoonist (he illustrated both "The Hand-Me-Down Network," p. 48 and the "Unclassifieds"). Another is Rebecca Wilson, freelance graphic artist (see "Catcher in the Rom," p. 10) who is helping with design and paste-up. Yet another is Hank Roberts, who has either ascended or descended from legal proofreading to reading our proofs with Susan Erkel. Keeper of the* **CQ** *"Unclassifieds" Annette Jarvie has set out for Europe for six months or more; mailroom demon Debbie Hopkins has taken over her duties. Copy editor and* ***San Francisco Chronicle*** *Whole Earth columnist Joe Kane is somewhere in the Pacific off Mexico in a small sailboat; Soft Tech editor J. Baldwin is filling in for him on the column; typesetter Deborah Hamilton is handling the copy-editing chores. The whole production scene has moved from dust heaven (and paste-up, camera and computer hell) next to the volleyball court to across Gate Five Road in Whole Earth Software Towers (2d floor of two). The carpet is wall-to-wall (in fact the interior walls are built on top of the carpet),*

POINT FOUNDATION

Point Board
Paul Hawken, Huey Johnson, Alan Rothenberg, Stewart Brand
Uncommon Courtesy
Irmine Steltzner
Whole Earth Chronicle Column
J. Baldwin, Joe Kane
Whole Earth Software Catalog
Richard Dalton, Barbara Robertson, Matthew McClure, Kathy Parks, Jim Stockford, Cliff Figallo, Ralph Ragucci, Cindy Craig



the air conditioning is either luxurious or broken, and there is the usual high-stakes feverish atmosphere that accompanies the computer biz these days. Since **CQ** *and the* ***Whole Earth Software Review*** *(also quarterly) are sharing production space and production people, the layout tables never cool off anymore.*

You may be wondering what will be the overlap of content between **CQ** *and the* ***Software Review****. We intend to have little. Computer news of cultural scale — such as Illich's "Silence is a Commons," p. 4 — will appear here. Computer news of the how-to variety will be in the new publication and not here. Users there, watchers here.*

To end on an exceptionally convergent note, the author of the Zen Center article, Katy Butler, was married to long-time Zen student Bob Britton at Zen Center's Green Gulch Farm on October 15th. A week later I also got married there, to Patty Phelan, who years ago was **CQ** *librarian and organizer of the Whole Earth Jamboree in 1978, and who these days is director of Planetree Health Resource Center (a medical library for the public) in San Francisco.*

Both Katy's and our ceremony began (after the Heart Sutra — "no per-cep-tions, no im-pulses, no con-scious-ness," etc.) with this passage from Wendell Berry's ***Standing by Words*** *(reviewed on p. 21): "The meaning of marriage begins in the giving of words. We cannot join ourselves to one another without giving our word. And this must be an unconditional giving, for in joining ourselves to one another we join ourselves to the unknown. . . ."*

—Stewart Brand

Stewart Brand, Patricia Phelan, Zen priest Dan Welch.

Great books ignored by literary establishment

I write to ask a favor. I need help in getting the **Handbook of North American Indians** (**NWEC** p. 45) reviewed in the **New York Times Book Review**, **New York Review of Books, New Yorker**, and **Times Literary Supplement**. I have sent a review copy of each of the four volumes so far published, beginning in 1978, but none has been reviewed (nor mentioned, listed, or acknowledged).

The series is reputed to be among the best sellers at the Superintendent of Documents, and the Government Printing Office is keeping previous volumes in print (and has reprinted two as stocks ran low). The sales figures so far are as follows:

Vol. 8, California (1978):	17,665
Vol. 15, Northeast (1978):	15,166
Vol. 9, Southwest (1980):	12,312
Vol. 6, Subarctic (1982):	5,356

I can think of several possible reasons why the volumes have not been reviewed. Perhaps the editor sees it as a series and wants to wait for its completion (but each volume stands alone, so far it's been about 18 months between volumes, and at the present rate the last of the 20 volumes won't be out until after 2000 A.D. — and we need the support of reviews to keep going and to speed up). Maybe it's viewed as a government document and thus not suitable for review (but the reasons it is printed by the G.P.O. are only that it's easier for the Smithsonian, and holds the prices very low). Maybe it's too difficult to find a suitable reviewer, since nearly all the experts are among the contributors in each case (but a little imagination and some outside suggestions could resolve this).

Maybe the Superintendent of Documents' discounting policy is the reason — they offer a maximum of 25 percent, which is not enough to enable bookstores to stock it. Maybe it's the advertising budget — we can't afford a decent-size ad in a major reviewing journal. All these last are related to the low list price and the willingness of the G.P.O. to keep it in print and to distribute many free copies to libraries.

I don't think the contents, aim, importance, size of the edition, or nature of the potential audience could be among the reasons for not reviewing it, judging by other things that are reviewed.

I have previously tried various methods to bring the volumes to the attention of major reviewing editors, but all have failed. The only thing I can think of now is to call on someone who may be known to the editor or editors and whose opinion might be respected. Can you help? Can you think of anything I might do? Judging from previous experience, sending a review copy with or without a special letter from me to the editor won't work.

In about a month I will be sending out about 50 review copies of Vol. 10, which covers the Navajo and other non-Puebloan Southwestern groups. The volume editor is Alfonso Ortiz. The volume has 868 pages, and it will retail at $25. The first printing is about 18,000 copies.

William C. Sturtevant
General Editor
Smithsonian Institution
Washington, DC

MATT HERRON

"Or Whole Earth Access"

That phrase under access information in the **CoEvolution Quarterly** means you can mail order the item from the Whole Earth Access store, operated by Basic Living Products (**CQ** Summer '83 and **NWEC** p. 370). *Do not send orders for books reviewed in* **CQ** *or the* **Whole Earth Catalog** *to* **CoEvolution Quarterly**; *we sell only our own products.* Send your mail order book orders to:

Whole Earth Access
2990 Seventh Street
Berkeley, CA 94710

All orders: Add $1 for one book; $1.50 for 2-4 books; $2 for 5 or more books.

Rush orders U.P.S. (Continental U.S.): 40 cents additional charge per book.

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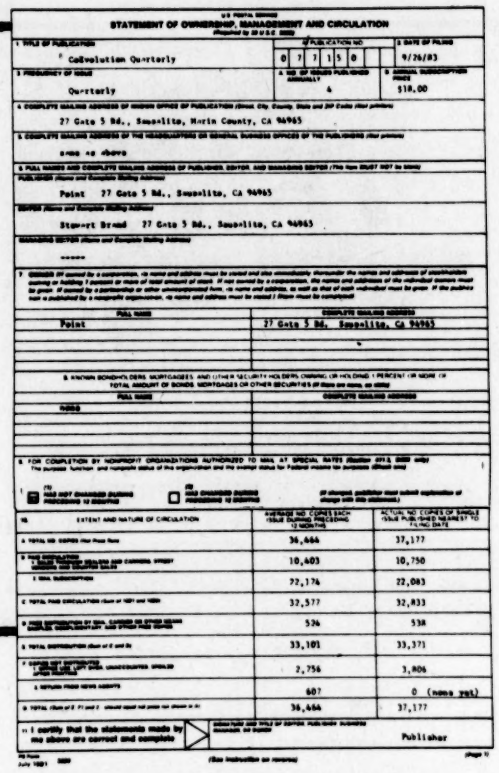

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10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES (Net Press Run)	36,666	37,177
B. PAID CIRCULATION 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS, AND COUNTER SALES	10,403	10,750
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11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signature and title of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) Publisher

PS Form 3526 July 1981 (See instructions on reverse) (Page 1)

Publishers Aide

Long time subscribers may notice a change in their mailing label on this issue. After eight years with a local computer house, we have moved our subscription fulfillment operations to a different bioregion. Publishers Aide, of San Diego County, California, will be storing the **CQ** *and* **Whole Earth Software Review** *subscriber files on their IBM mainframe; maintaining our records and producing labels and mailing our renewal notices. For subscribers this means that you will see a date on your mailing label which indicates the expiration of your sub, and the reply envelope that comes with your renewal notices will carry a San Diego return address. For* **CQ** *it will mean a more streamlined operation and a substantial savings in our fulfillment expenses.*

It doesn't mean that we're phasing out the **CQ** *sub gang. Orders for* **CQ** *products and new subscriptions should still be sent to our Sausalito office. R. Fugett, general purpose clerk, will still handle customer service problems with his inimitable good humor, Debbie Hopkins and Denise Partida will "interface" with the postal world to get T-shirts and back issues to you swiftly and accurately, and I will be coordinating efforts with Publishers Aide to provide you with a brand new* **CQ** *every quarter.*

Along with welcoming Publishers Aide to Whole Earth, we want to say thanks to Larry Crook and Jeanette Kamalski at DFA in San Jose for all the help that they have given us over the years. And a big tip of the hat to Mike Young, who first computerized the **CQ** *mailing list those many years ago.* —*David Burnor*

Thank you

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WHOLE EARTH Software Review

This new quarterly magazine from Point — publishers of **CoEvolution** and the **Whole Earth Catalog** — starts in January 1984. Charter subscriptions cost $16/year. The regular sub price is $18/year, and single copies will be $5 on newsstands.

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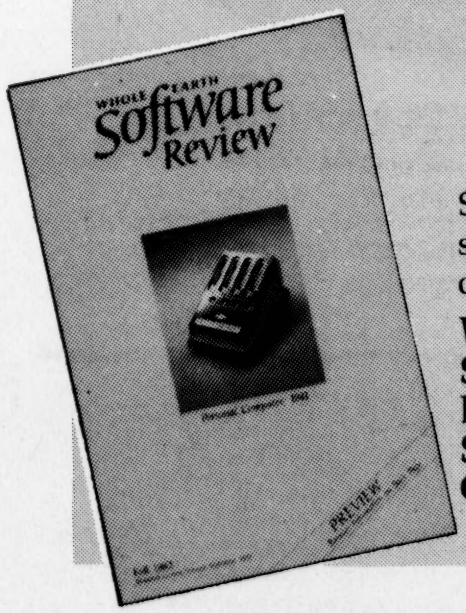

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- Concise comparative reviews with specific recommendations of what to purchase and where the best prices are.
- Articles on larger implications of new technologies (such as "The Next Phone Company"), criticism of self-serving habits within the industry, enthusiasm and lore about the empowering that personal computing at its best offers.

—Stewart Brand, Richard Dalton

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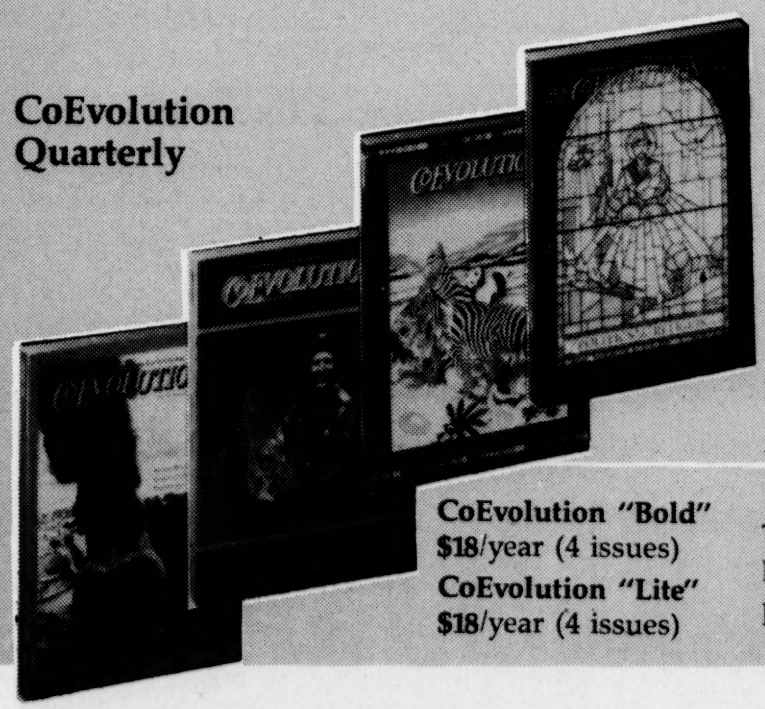
CoEvolution Quarterly



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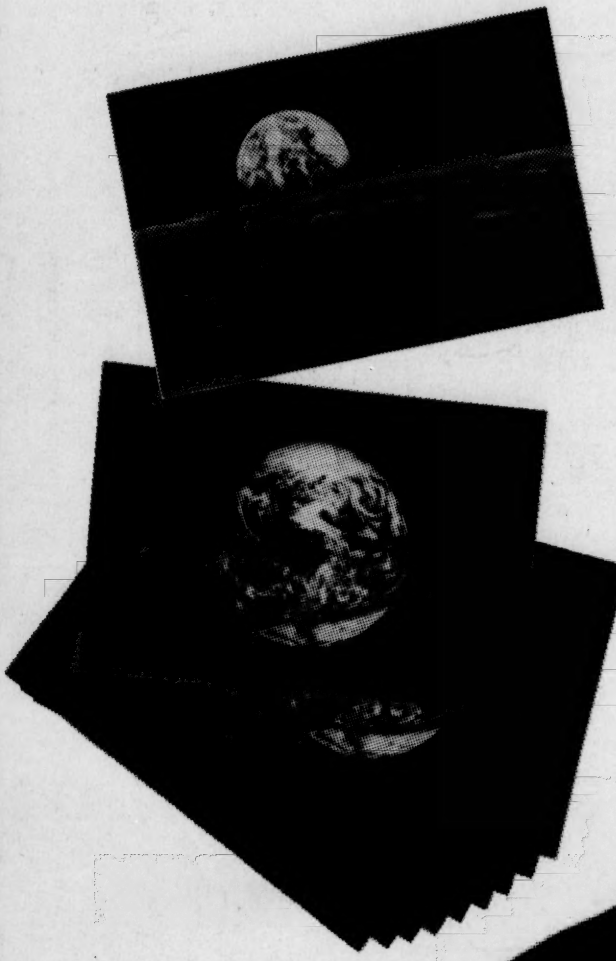

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Nowhere in the Solar System is the contrast between a living and a dead planet so conspicuous as on the Moon at Earthrise. This photo was taken in July, 1969, from the Command Module of Apollo II, the original Moon-landing mission. If they could have, the astronauts might have liked to post this card to their friends.

Whole Earth Postcard

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Home sweet home sharply photographed from the reaches of space. Ten 4" x 6" cards eminently suited for succinct correspondence.

CoEvolution Sweatshirt

$16 postpaid

Oceanic azure and cirro-stratus white on interstellar black, this **CQ** sweatshirt is no-shrink 50-50 cotton blend. Small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44), and extra large (46-48). (NOTE: Sizes have been running small, so we suggest ordering one size larger than you normally would.)

Wall O' Water

$9 postpaid/package of three; **$15** postpaid/package of six

If you've ever used a cloche, coldframe, hot caps or just clear plastic sheeting, you know what a difference can be made in extending the growing season for frost sensitive plants. This ingenious little device outperforms them all, besides being portable, reusable, and cheap.

Wall O' Water is an 18 inch high ring of polyethylene tubes that are filled with water and set around a plant. The principle is simple — during the day the sun heats the water in the clear plastic tubes, producing a warm water enclosure to fend off the night chill; it's solar mass doing the same job as drums of water in a solar greenhouse.

It's enough to keep a tomato not only alive, but happy, down to 20°, as well as blocking the wind and warming the soil thru greenhouse effect. And with its adjustable open top it won't overheat in the daytime. I've been able to set out seedlings 2 months before the frost free date & consistently get plump, juicy red tomatoes long before anyone else in my area. For extra early Spring planting these can't be beat. *—Dick Fugett*

CoEvolution Quarterly P.O. Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94966

3401

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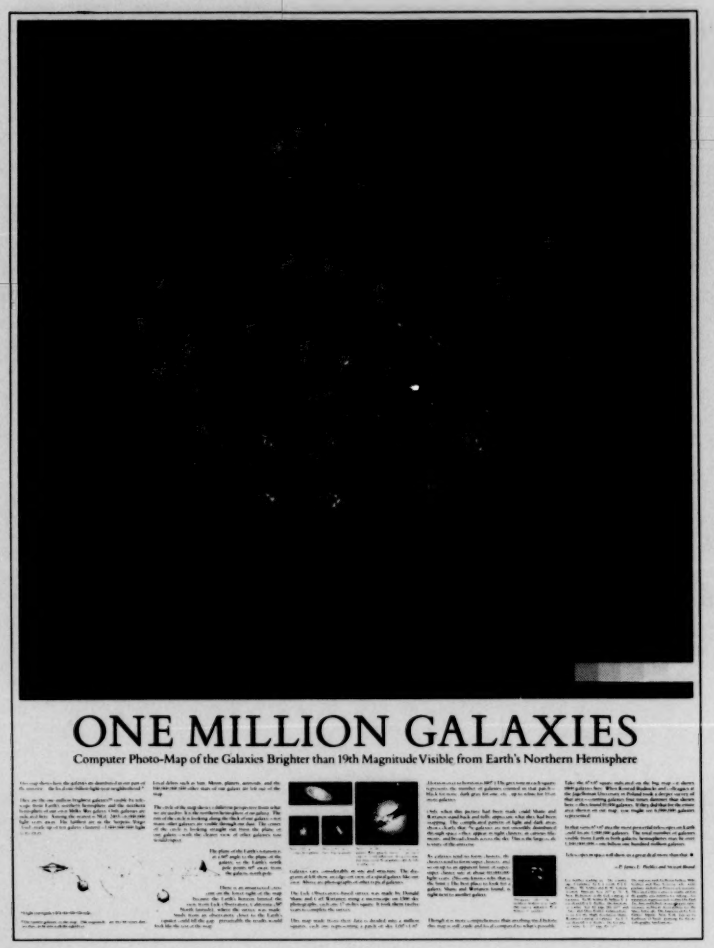
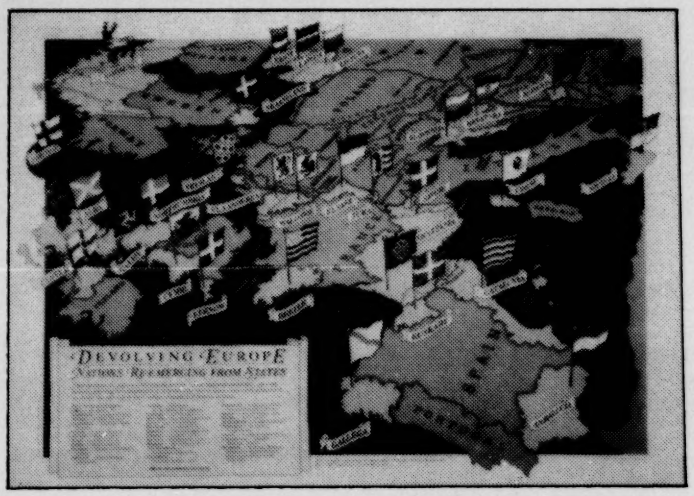


One Million Galaxies Map

39"x47" **$5 continental U.S.** (elsewhere $7.50) postpaid (mailed in tube)

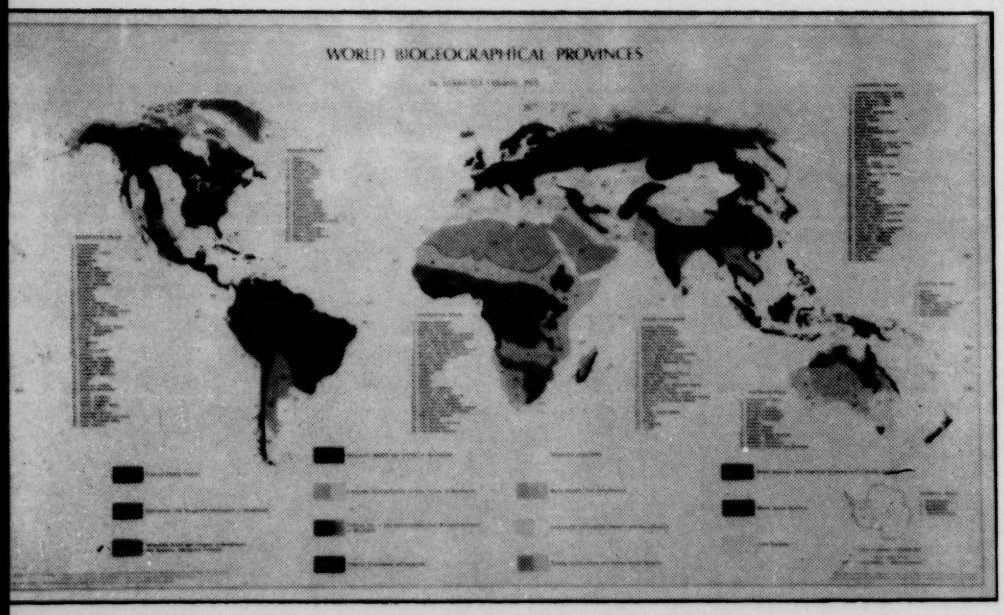
"On a square yard of glossy black this poster image, profound, enigmatic, beautiful, presents in a clotted tangle of tiny gray squares one abstract but faithful view of the entire thing . . . . No Tantric demon or benign celestial choir provides a more vivid symbol of the vastness of the universe in which we live."
—Philip Morrison, **Scientific American**



Devolving Europe Map

11"x15" **$3** postpaid (mailed in tube)

The once and future Europe, where twenty-eight fiercely different movements for independence or self-rule are forcing political acknowledgement of regional cultural diversity. The phenomenon is worldwide and growing. Map by Bruce McGillivray, accompanying articles by Peter Berg and Jon Stewart.



World Biogeographical Provinces Map

22"x39" **$4** postpaid (mailed in tube)

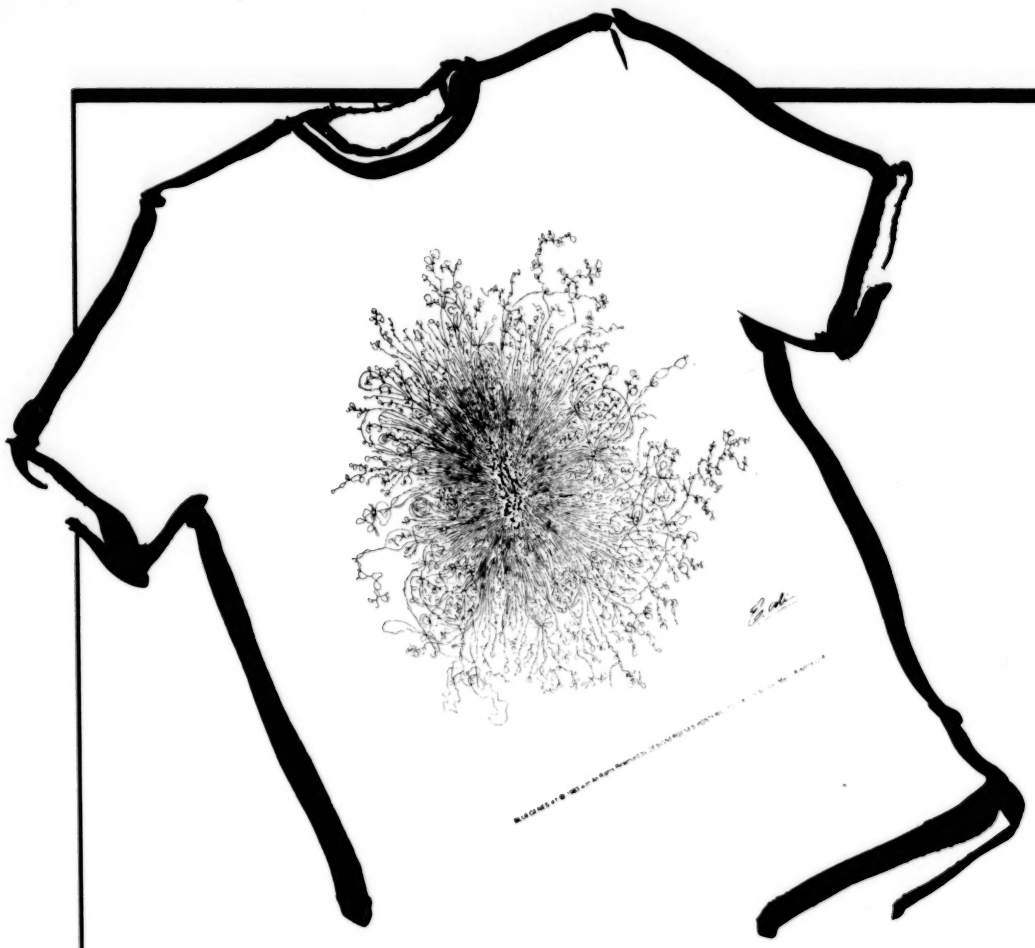
The world of plants and animals is divided differently than the world of humans. This scientific and beautiful map traces the deeper politics. Map by Miklos Udvardy and Ted Oberlander, accompanying article by Ray Dasmann.

CoEvolution T-shirt

$8 postpaid

XS (youth's 14-16), S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48)

Such a classy item that people will swipe it from your dryer at the laundromat if you don't look out. Navy blue with an azure Earth and white wings and type. Five sizes, all of them cotton, and slightly shrinkable.



Bluegenes T-shirt

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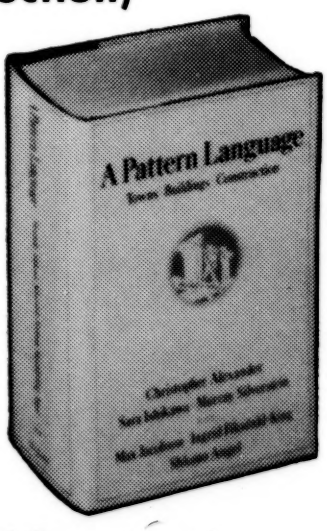
from CoEvolution Mail Order

One DNA molecule, the ultimate software, anthrabis indigo on white, 100% cotton. Signed "E. Coli" — for ***Escherichia coli***, the subject — this remarkable electron microphotograph is by Ruth Kavenoff. Story on page 1.

S (34-36), M (38-40),
L (42-44), XL (46-48)

Christopher Alexander's

A Pattern Language
(Towns, Buildings, Construction)



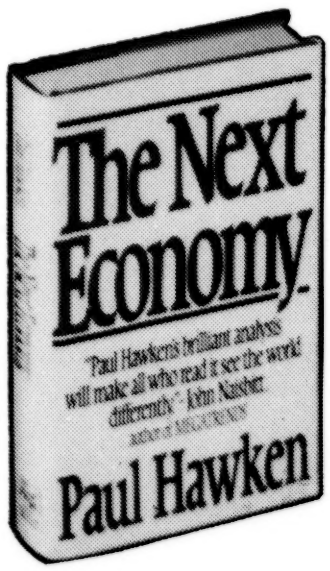
$45 postpaid
from CoEvolution Mail Order

IN TERMS OF BRILLIANCE and universal usefulness, this is the best book we've ever reviewed.

Here's how to design or redesign ***any*** space you're living or working in — from metropolis to room. Consider what you want to happen in the space, and then page through this book. Its radically conservative observations will spark, enhance, organize your best ideas, and a wondrous home, workplace, town will result.

A Pattern Language, published in 1977, was 10 years in the researching and compiling. It's from Oxford University Press, and it looks like one of their durable bibles — 1440 pages of bible paper, page size only 7½" × 5", richly illuminated with innumerable tiny photographs, sketches, diagrams, maps, and plans, as well as a clarifying variety of typefaces on every page. Even at $45 it is a remarkable bargain.

The premise of the book is a highly conservative inquiry — what are the elements that make people love the best of existing towns and buildings? **A Pattern Language** is antidote, I wonder, to what poison? How, in all our prosperity, did we so utterly lose track of what feels best, works best? —Stewart Brand



Paul Hawken's

The Next Economy

$14.50 postpaid
from CoEvolution Mail Order

Economic civilization is going around a corner the like of which it's never seen before. This is the only guidebook so far. —Stewart Brand

Enemies and Friends:

the varied nations of Central America

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